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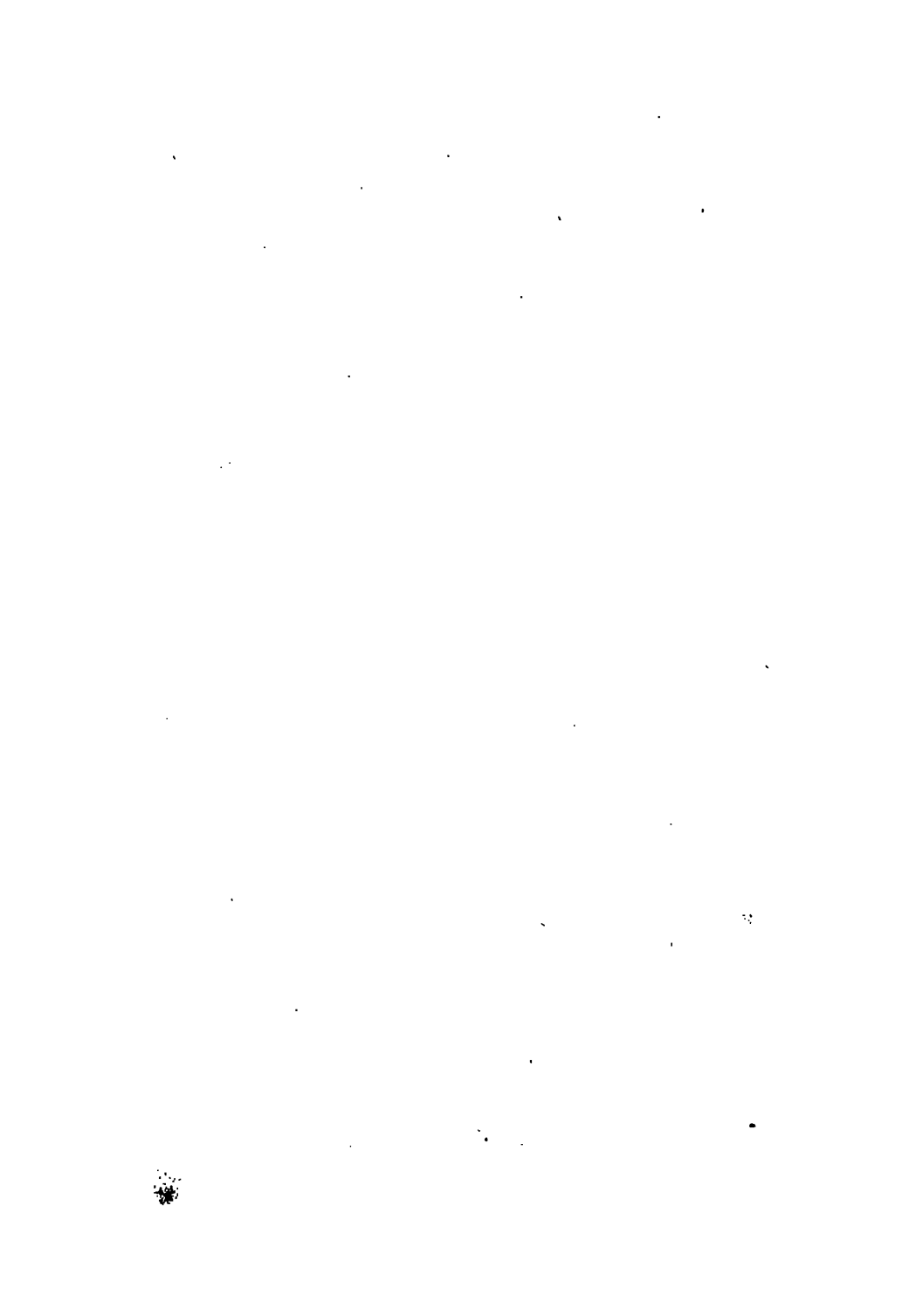
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**MUSÆ SEATONIANÆ:**

A COMPLETE  
COLLECTION

OF THE  
**CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS,**

FROM THE  
FIRST INSTITUTION OF THAT PREMIUM  
*By the Reverend Thomas Seaton, in 1750,*  
TO THE YEAR 1806.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
**THREE POEMS,**

Likewise written for the Prize,  
By Mr. BALLY, Mr. SCOTT, and Mr. WRANGHAM.

—  
**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

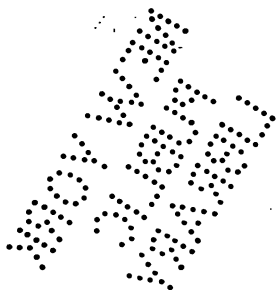
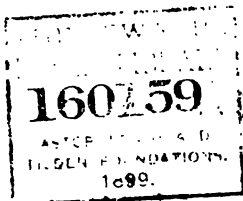
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**VOL. I.**  
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**CAMBRIDGE,**

PRINTED BY F. HODSON, FOR J. DEIGHTON;  
And sold in London by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,  
Paternoster-Row.

—  
**1808.**





## ADVERTISEMENT

Prefixed to the edition of 1772.

---

**I***F the present age is not celebrated for poetical genius, it is remarkable for poetical taste, even the most refined. Numerous poems might be adduced in proof of this, but none with greater propriety than those contained in the following collection.*

*A design was formed some time ago to collect all the poems which gained Mr. Seaton's prize; but it was either interrupted or neglected. The design was too laudable to be entirely laid aside; we have therefore resumed it. We felt for the cause of literature when we saw scattered in obscure corners, poems which have done so much honour to their authors, and which have so faithfully answered the intention of the pious donor, by inculcating and embellishing the great truths of the Christian Religion.*

*We deemed this no improper opportunity to give the world some account of Mr. Seaton; a man who is generally known to it only by his liberality in the cause of Religion and the Muses; but our researches have been unequal to the task. It is remarkable, that the history of a public-spirited man should*

have been sunk in the shallow gulph of little more than twenty years; for the anecdotes of his life which are known are but few, and indeed not very interesting.

The Rev. Thomas Seaton was born at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1684; and, after passing the usual times at the usual studies, was admitted, in 1701, a Sizar of Clare hall in the university of Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Clarke, the then Bedel of the university. Three years after, while Bachelor of Arts, he was admitted Scholar of that college, and at the end of the subsequent three years he acquired a Fellowship. Here he resided fifteen or sixteen years; in the course of which he wrote, among other little things, a pamphlet against Whiston on the Eternity of the Son of God. In 1721 he resigned his Fellowship, and went to reside at his living in Northamptonshire, to which he had been presented by the late Lord Nottingham, whose chaplain he was. Here he married, and possessed the universal good wishes of his parish 'till his death. He was a man assiduous in promoting the cause of religion, because he loved it; and he gave no small testimony of his attachment to it in his will, from which the following clause is extracted:—

“I give my Kissingbury estate to the university of Cambridge, for ever, the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall, for the first year, be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being,

“ and so the succeeding years, 'till the subject is exhausted;  
“ and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment,  
“ Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatsoever else  
“ may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare hall,  
“ and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour  
“ of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And  
“ they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to  
“ that Master of Arts whose poem on the subject given shall  
“ be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be  
“ always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which  
“ shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the  
“ residue given as a reward for the composer of the Poem, or  
“ Ode, or Copy of Verses.”



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ON THE  
*ETERNITY*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1750.

---

**H**AIL, wond'rous Being, who in power supreme  
Exists from everlasting, whose great name  
Deep in the human heart, and every atom  
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,  
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—  
**INCOMPREHENSIBLE!**—O, what can words,  
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,  
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove  
Thro' the vast concave of th' æth'ial round?)  
If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way  
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,  
And deluge'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

**VOL. I.**

**B**



May then the youthful, uninspired Bard  
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar  
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high  
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them  
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe  
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,  
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st t' assist,  
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course  
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light  
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word  
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;  
Before "the Morning Stars together sang,  
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds;"  
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,  
All Wisdom and Omnipotence thou art!

But is the æra of Creation fix'd  
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard  
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,  
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?  
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,  
That Puissance immeasurably vast,  
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest  
Content, exhausted with one week of action—

No—in th' exertion of Thy righteous power,  
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,  
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd  
Systemas innumerable, matchless all,  
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights  
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)  
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,  
The best of Beings on the noblest theme  
Might ruminat at leisure, scope immense,  
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,  
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.  
This were enough to fill the boundless All,  
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!  
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,  
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan  
The two prime pillars of the universe,  
Creation and Redemption—and awhile  
Pause with the grand presentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,  
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—  
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,  
Whom to describe's presumption, (all we can,  
And all we may,) be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come, when all this Earth shall perish,

Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come  
When all the armies of the elements  
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,  
To make Perdition triumph; it shall come,  
When the capacious atmosphere above  
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,  
And vanish into void; the earth beneath  
Shall sever to the centre, and devour  
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.  
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,  
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,  
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,  
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,  
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice  
To quench the inextinguishable fire?  
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars  
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,  
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,  
And fix the earth continual? Athos, where?  
Where, Teneriff, 's thy stateliness to-day?  
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these?—No more  
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain  
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt  
Of nature and of justice too must pay.  
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,  
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee

More largely and with filial tears must weep,  
O, Albion! O, my country! Thou must join,  
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join  
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;  
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,  
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,  
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,  
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

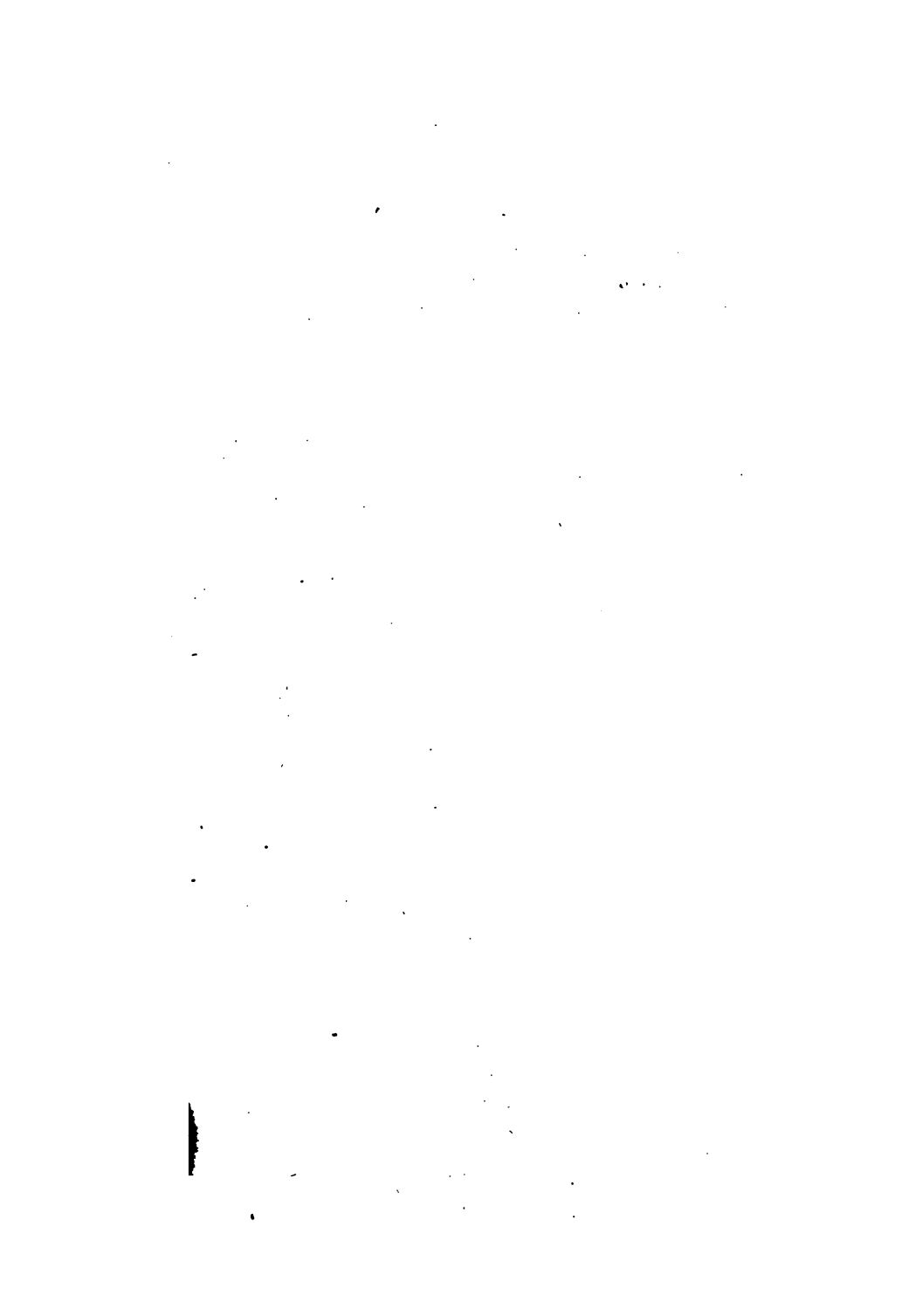
But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,  
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air  
With all the elements must pass away,  
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,  
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,  
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;  
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon  
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;  
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st  
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet still survives  
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,  
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;  
The flaming-sword's intolerable blaze  
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above:—  
“Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,

"Awake incorruptible and arise:  
"From east to west, from the Antarctic pole  
"To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,  
"Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—  
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,  
"Awake incorruptible and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind  
Shall find itself at home; and, like the ark,  
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft  
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;  
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempests past,  
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven:  
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul  
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:  
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give  
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.  
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,  
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!  
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain  
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts  
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.  
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers  
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,  
The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd  
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain  
To speak Him as he is, who is INEFFABLE,  
Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith

View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,  
And Adoration on her bended knee  
With heaven-directed hands, confess His reign.  
And let the Angelic, Archangelic band,  
With all the Hosts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,  
And forms Seraphic, with their silver trumps  
And golden lyres attend :—" For Thou art holy,  
" For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone  
" Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."



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ON THE  
*IMMENSITY*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1751.

---

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,  
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake, my glory,  
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,  
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird  
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

List ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues  
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,  
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!  
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,  
I gladly join your Matins, and with you  
Confess His presence, and report His praise.



O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,  
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,  
Prefer'st to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept  
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house  
Of Glory' immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd  
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,  
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East, nor West,  
Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to blow;  
Albeit He there with Angels and with Saints  
Hold conference, and to His radiant host  
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest;  
Yet know, that nor in Presence or in Power  
Shines He less perfect here; 'tis Man's dim eye  
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,  
Alike in all his Universe the same.


Whether the Mind along the spangled sky  
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view  
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the Planets  
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing  
Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun;  
Or where the Comet thro' space infinite  
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)  
Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal;  
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Heavens,  
Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll  
With Satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the Ocean's boisterous back  
Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm  
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,  
The suppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,  
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm—  
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides  
Along the glassy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,  
Down the great depth descending; there thy works  
Would also speak thy residence; and there  
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,  
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!  
Behold! behold! the unplanted garden round  
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,  
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom  
Rise richly varied, where the finny race  
In blithe security their gambols play:  
While high above their heads Leviathan,  
The terror and the glory of the main,  
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see  
The Ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth  
Easy may Fancy pass; till at thy mines,  
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,  
And from the adamant's imperial blaze  
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.

Thou ideot, that asserts there is no God,  
View, and be dumb for ever—  
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build  
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—  
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come  
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry  
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—  
Hence, ye prophane! for God himself is here.  
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace  
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—  
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star  
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;  
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird  
Were extant on the surface of this ball,  
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea  
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air  
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;  
Yet man at home, within himself, might find  
The Deity immense, and in that frame  
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,  
See and adore His providence and power—  
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!  
O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!  
The knee, that Thou hast shap'd, shall bend to Thee;  
The tongue, which Thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt Thy praise;  
And, Thine own image, the immortal soul,  
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.



---

ON THE  
*OMNISCIENCE*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1752.

---

**A**RISE, divine Urania, with new strains  
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,  
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump!  
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,  
And power, and domination in the height!  
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice  
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,  
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,  
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.  
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone

Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,  
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself  
A living sacrifice before His throne!  
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,  
That in the center of the arched Heavens  
Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with some branch  
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay  
A senseless embryo, then my soul Thou knew'st,  
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,  
And every faint idea yet unform'd,  
When up the imperceptible ascent,  
Of growing years, led by Thy hand, I rose,  
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns  
Insensibly to day, Thou didst vouchsafe,  
And taught me by that reason Thou inspir'dst,  
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,  
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wond'rous,  
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound;  
And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,  
Which Ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from Thee;  
It is the operation of Thine hands  
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis Thy wisdom,  
That glorious shines transparent thro' Thy works.  
Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay

To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry  
 Boasts not a glossier hue; nor does the plum  
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye;  
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd  
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.  
 They know to taste is fatal; whence alarm'd  
 Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.  
 Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic Man;  
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—No:  
 Full many a race has fell into the snare  
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;  
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim  
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd;  
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.  
 For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet  
 Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps;  
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims  
 The learned lamp, t' investigate the powers  
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air;  
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,  
 Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;  
 Studious in vain! till haply, at the last  
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,  
 And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:  
 While the domestic animal, that guards  
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd

By sudden sickness, at his master's feet  
Begg not that aid his services might claim,  
But is his own physician, knows the case,  
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.  
Hark from afar the feather'd matron\* screams,  
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew  
Accept the signal one and all, expert  
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:  
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,  
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd,  
That the rapacious adversary's near.  
But who inform'd her of the approaching danger?  
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk  
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?  
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,  
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain  
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares  
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade  
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?  
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void  
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?  
Her science is the science of her God.  
Not the magnetic index to the North  
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:

\* The Hen Turkey.

She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,  
Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows  
What Newton † or not sought, or sought in vain.

Illustrious name! irrefragable proof  
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!  
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew His works  
Before creation form'd them, long before  
He measur'd in the hollow of His hand  
Th' exulting Ocean, and the highest Heavens  
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd  
The mighty mountains in His golden scales;  
Who shone supreme, who was Himself the light,  
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,  
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread command  
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,  
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors  
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard  
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes,  
O! how sublimely glorious to apply  
To God's own honour, and good will to man,  
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd  
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.  
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons  
Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view

† The Longitude.



The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,  
And best œconomist of all the field!  
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb  
To measure times and seasons, nor consults  
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;  
Yet conscious that December's on the march,  
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,  
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd  
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd  
Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.  
For when, as yet the favourable Sun  
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,  
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils  
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,  
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;  
While all her subterraneous avenues,  
And storm-proof cells, with management most meet  
And unexampled housewifery she forms:  
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,  
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.  
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,  
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length  
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:  
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips  
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner  
In mischievous fertility it steal,  
And back to day-light vegetate its way.  
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,

And by her wary ways reform thine own.  
 But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought  
 More glaring evidence demand; behold,  
 Where yon pellucid populous hive presents  
 A yet uncopied model to the world!  
 There Machiavel in the reflecting glass  
 May read himself a fool. The Chemist there  
 May with astonishment invidious view  
 His toils out-done by each plebeian Bee,  
 Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing  
 From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,  
 A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition, take thy flight  
 Back to the Prince of Vanity and Air!  
 O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing;  
 Form'd to make Pride grow humble; form'd to force  
 Its weight on the reluctant Mind, and give her  
 A true but irksome image of herself.  
 Woeful vicissitude! when Man, fall'n Man,  
 Who first from Heaven, from gracious God himself  
 Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, must know, by Brutes  
 Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;  
 By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,  
 And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!  
 Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand  
 Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd  
 By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more

Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal  
 Hang in terrific pomp the burning blade;  
 Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the Earth,  
 With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.  
 Still is there scope for wonder and for love  
 Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings  
 Far more than human virtue can deserve,  
 Or hope expect, or gratitude return.  
 Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,  
 Whatever be the colour of your lives,  
 Whatever portion of itself His wisdom  
 Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,  
 And praise Him more and more; nor cease to chaunt  
 "ALL GLORY TO TH' OMNISCIENT, AND PRAISE,  
 "AND POWER, AND DOMINATION IN THE HEIGHT!  
 "And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice  
 "To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,  
 "Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,  
 "And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

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ON THE  
*P O W E R*  
OF THE  
S U P R E M E    B E I N G .

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. Á.

1753.

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“ **T**REMBLE, thou Earth!” th’ anointed poet said,  
“ At God’s bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains!  
“ And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!”  
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!  
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again  
Convulse the solid continent! and shake,  
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!  
’Tis Thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,  
’Tis Thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it  
Awaken’d and alarm’d; she feels its force;

In every spring she feels it, every wheel,  
And every movement of her vast machine.  
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils  
Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps  
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.  
But what is this, celestial tho' the note,  
And proclamation of the reign supreme,  
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear  
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?  
Should Ocean to his congregated waves  
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,  
And with the wat'ry world down an huge rock  
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,  
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze  
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,  
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument  
When the last lingering undulation  
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds,  
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault  
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;  
For oft, enrag'd with His intestine thunders,  
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,  
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then  
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,  
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires,  
What tho' in haughty eminence erect

If such the operations of His power,  
Which at all seasons and in every place  
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)  
Arrest th' attention; Who! O who shall tell  
His acts miraculous? when His own decrees  
Repeals He, or suspends; when by the hand  
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths  
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds He wrought,  
Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-seeing eye,  
That Faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing  
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band  
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,  
That melted to their fluid state again?  
Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm  
With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'erthrow  
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell  
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?  
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!  
O love unequal'd, mystery immense,  
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption  
That crowns Thy glory, and Thy power confirms,  
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.  
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb  
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,  
And on befighted reason pour'd the day;  
“Let there be peace!” (he said,) and all was calm  
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea  
When, “O be still, ye boisterous Winds!” he cried,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard,  
His was a life of miracles and might,  
And charity and love, 'ere yet he taste  
The bitter draught of death, 'ere yet he rise  
Victorious o'er the universal foe,  
And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.  
His by the right of conquest is mankind,  
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds  
Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy  
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens  
'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,  
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life  
And shades that tend to Day-spring from on high;  
And as the radiant roses after fading,  
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath  
Revive in smiling Spring, so shall it fare  
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,  
And all Eternity shall be their spring.  
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,  
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,  
Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure  
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope  
Is certainty, and grief-attended love  
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,  
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,  
And in immortal prowess King of Kings,  
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever,



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ON THE  
*JUSTICE*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

1754.

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O Thou, whose Justice awes the moral world,  
Dread Judge, and Governor supreme! Thine eye  
Thro' the vast amplitude of space diffus'd,  
No action 'scapes, no thought that bubbling springs  
In the heart's troubled deep. In vain the wretch,  
Specious in borrow'd vizard, lifts his front  
Triumphant: Thee no artificial gloss  
Deceives: the monster walks beneath Thy ken  
Foul with unnumber'd spots. His deeds are noted  
In Thy eternal volumes, to confound.



Thy measures in his balance: Thou, whose grasp  
The waters, and whose span the heavens, compris'd!

To judge aright how Providence conducts  
The moral system, where a clue is lent  
T' unwind the mystic maze, with cautious steps  
Man must pursue; each nice gradation scan;  
Observe how parts, erst opposite, conspire  
In one illustrious concord of design.  
Then every jarring string, which, singly touch'd,  
Grated harsh dissonance on Reason's ear,  
Will speak the graces of th' Almighty hand,  
And in a sweet-ton'd diapason close.

The Sun of Justice may withdraw His beams  
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit conceal'd  
In dark recess, pavilion'd round with clouds:  
Yet let not Guilt presumptuous rear her crest,  
Nor Virtue droop despondent: soon these clouds,  
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,  
And in majestic splendor He will rise  
With healing and with terror on His wings.

Things in progressive motion cheat our eye,  
Unmark'd the destin'd goal to which they tend.  
Moses' all-powerful rod, amazing sight!  
A serpent crawls, and darts its forky tongue;  
But in his hand resum'd, to Israel's sons

Dispenses blessings, bids th' imprison'd stream  
 Gush from the stricken rock, th' obedient sea  
 Drive back its refluxent waves, and stand a wall  
 Condens'd, to yield a passage to his host.  
 Thus what we view abhorrent as deform,  
 And inconsistent with that faultless rule  
 By which a sapient God each act should square,  
 In th' issue will its frightful aspect lose,  
 And leave th' all-righteous Sovereign unimpeach'd.

What eye but melts with pity, when it sees  
 Joseph's defenceless piety and youth  
 To leagu'd fraternal hate a prey expos'd?  
 Shall Israel's darling, nay, what's more, shall God's,  
 With complicated ills be doom'd to strive?  
 Shall a pit yawn for him, yet none for those  
 Who plot against his life? The bargain 's struck;  
 Unnatural bargain, where a brother's sold!  
 The seven-mouth'd Nile receives him: here the sky  
 Fallacious smiles to make the gathering cloud  
 Burst heavier on his head: The slighted charms  
 Of an enamour'd Mistress glow with ire  
 Fierce and impetuous as her former lust:  
 That stubborn heart must bleed, which would not melt.  
 Are chains the meed of Innocence? Does God  
 Exalt his enemies to thrones, depress  
 His friends to dungeons? Impious complaints, away!  
 And to that Hell, from whence ye rise, repair!

O'erblown the storm, which only rag'd to speed  
Heaven's chosen vessel to the destin'd port,  
The Hebrew bright emerges. Quick the scene  
Is shifted from a dungeon to a throne.  
Next to the proud Egyptian King he moves  
In his high orb resplendent: lives to strain  
Old Israel in his fond encircling arms,  
To see the typic sheaves in marshall'd ranks,  
His brethren, erst with other passions warm'd,  
Submissive bow their vassal heads before  
His sheaf, that rears aloft its lordly stem.

Silenc'd be every tongue, that dar'd to breathe  
The rank exuberance of a sensual heart  
In sceptic murmurs: Reason, stand abash'd,  
And, whom thou canst not comprehend, adore!  
If Virtue suffers, 'tis to prove her faith,  
To make abasement gloriously conspire,  
Like Joseph's, to her rise: each stroke she feels  
But adds new lustre to her massive crown.  
If Vice, unthank'd his feeder, gluts his maw  
With studied dainties, and with riot swells,  
'Tis but a victim fatten'd for the sword  
Of Justice, edg'd to drink his guilty blood.  
A guileful Haman brooding o'er the fate  
Of blameless Mordecai, when raptures high  
Stretch every vein, and elevate the soul,  
When glows the wassel most, and sparkling joy

Laughs in each proffer'd cup, O dire reverse!  
Shall from the royal banquet to the grave  
Be dragg'd unpitied, on that tree expire,  
Which for wrong'd innocence his hands had rais'd.

The scheme of Providence, tho' knots perplex'd  
O'er the unfolding texture seem to cast  
Unpleasing shades, at large disclos'd appears  
With lucid order, and coherence crown'd.  
So in the folded tapestry, where parts  
With gradual openings meet the pausing eye,  
Here sprouts a leafy branch, a human foot  
There marks the woven ground: all seems a wild,  
Mis-shapen chaos of disjointed forms:  
Yet, when in full expanse the web entire  
Shews the mixt groupe in orderly array,  
The figur'd history well-pleas'd we trace,  
Each several part applaud, but most the whole.

Shall counsels, plann'd by Wisdom infinite,  
And by Omnipotence conducted, fail?  
Sooner the Heavens, the fabric of His hands,  
Shrunk their extensive cope like shrivell'd parchment,  
Melted to viewless air, shall disappear,  
Yea all things into primitive nothing fall,  
Than God's eternal and all-wise decrees  
One jot shall be abolish'd. Flight of days,  
The world obscuring with their shadowy wings,

Shall o'er His grand designs a lustre throw;  
Shall clear that wond'rous, soul-absorbing text,  
Which poring Seraphs puzzles and confounds.

Righteous are all Thy ways, O Power Supreme !  
Whether Thy patience struggling with Thy wrath  
Arrests th' uplifted thunderbolt, that longs  
To lance destruction on the head accurs'd :  
Or whether Piety, to purge her dross  
By sharp assaying fires, Thou see'st permissive  
Crush'd by Oppression's iron arm, or torn  
By racking maladies intestine war :  
Orb\* within orb involv'd, Thy mystic wheels,  
On which this politic machine is whirl'd  
Incessant, with no giddy devious flight  
Precipitate their course: with eyes they glow  
Distinct, and in a measur'd orbit move.

To right Thy injur'd friends, and blast Thy foes,  
Thou counterwork'st Man's purpose, and from ill  
Educest good: as erst Thy potent voice,  
Omnific, from the womb of night abhorr'd  
Call'd forth that light, which glads th' invested world.  
A Pharaoh's Daughter, by Thy impulse led,  
Shall in a Hebrew babe unweeting rear  
Israel's Redeemer, and her father's scourge.

\* See Ezekiel, chap. i.

When Jacob's seed beside Euphrates' flood,  
With groans responsive to his murmurs, swell  
The current with their tears, and Sion's pride  
Illustrious Sion wail, in ashes lost;  
The ravenous Eagle\* from the east shall urge  
His rapid flight, and in his talons bear  
Jehovah's thunder: Babylon's tower'd crest  
Shall sink beneath his swoop, while he full-gorg'd  
O'er the Assyrian prey shall clap his plumes,  
Victorious Minister of wrath divine.

Thy throne, O Lord, establish'd on the base  
Of Justice, how tremendous, how benign!  
Here soft-ey'd Cherubim with wings disspread  
The mercy-seat infold, and beam on Man,  
Repenting Man, compassion and meek love:  
There flamy Seraphs from their pinions shake  
Horror and dire dismay: Thy awful sword,  
Fierce as a comet, blazes in their grasp  
High-wav'd, to flash the harden'd rebel dead.

Who can abide Thy terrors, Judge severe,  
When, by repeated provocations warm'd,  
Thy anger burns, and Mercy strives in vain  
To interpose her shield betwixt Thy bolt!  
Thy trampled laws, bright transcript of Thyself,

\* Cyrus, see Isaiah, chap. xlii.

And the lese Majesty of Heaven's high King,  
Who pardon offer'd; pardon but contemn'd!  
Bare Thy red arm, and edge the vengeful brand.

Who in his milder governance disclaim'd  
The living God, shall feel him in His dread  
Vindictive attribute, and trembling own  
That Power, whose nod obedient Nature waits,  
With all her armaments of snow and wind,  
Of battering hail, or wide-devouring fire,  
To execute His vengeance: who can forge  
The meanest creatures into swords, to foil  
The boasts of Kings, and wither all their strength.  
What! tho' His wrathful vials in the clouds  
Suspended stand awhile, nor burst, as once,  
O'er a devoted Sodom, or a world  
Whose stains a deluge scarcely wash'd away;  
Yet is His arm not shorten'd:—Thou 'rt the same,  
JEHOVAH, thro' eternity unchang'd,  
Thy eyes too pure, too beamy to behold  
Iniquity's foul mist: each thought profane,  
Each vile affection must be far remov'd,  
'Ere we approach Thy sanctuary and live.

Tremble, ye Heavens and Earth, but chief, O Man,  
Apostate Man, before a God incens'd!  
Justice exacts the debt, but nature fails,  
Mere human nature; bankrupt and undone!  
God must be righted, or mankind be lost;

For ever lost, unpitied, unrepriev'd.  
Dreadful alternative! heart-chilling thought,  
That leads to desperation's slippery brink!  
Who shall the price immense, the ransom pay,  
Commensurate to guilt, and worth divine?  
Who but the King of Kings, the Lord Himself,  
The Co-eternal, Co-essential Son!  
He, to appease infinity of wrath,  
Must quit the bosom of paternal bliss,  
And in a fleshly tabernacle shroud  
His plenitude of light. Lord, what is Man,  
Corruption's heir, and brother to the worm,  
That thou so kindly labour'st in his weal?  
Oh! th' excessive depth, th' amazing height  
Of Heavenly Wisdom! Justice how severe!  
Mercy how tender! from the clouds of ire  
Omnipotent distilling balmy dew!

Shall then th' all-perfect and unspotted Lamb  
For our transgressions bleed, to death resign  
His broken frame, to heal us with his wounds?  
Shall the Son groan in bitterness of soul,  
Implore his angry Father to remove  
The baleful cup, empoison'd with the sins  
Of a whole world, and yet shall Man transgress,  
Man, by his death asserted into life?  
O! let us turn repentant to our Sire,  
Shake off our sordid lusts, those thorns which gor'd



Our Saviour's temples, and those spikes obscene  
That nail'd his sinless body to the cross.  
Let God's severity our hearts appall;  
Ev'n whilst his kindness clasps us in its arms.  
Else will that vocal blood, which pleads above,  
Cry loud for vengeance, and its cries ascend  
High as the dread judicial Court of Heaven.

That awful Court who shall escape? The Dead  
And Living there shall wait their final doom.  
Methinks I see from th' empyrean skies,  
Preceded by his bright Angelic Host,  
The Judge descend: how chang'd from him who late  
The thorny crown, and reedy sceptre bore!  
Glory arrays him; from his countenance beams  
Splendor ineffable: stars clustering weave  
A rich tiara for his head, who gave  
Their beauteous lamps to shine. Look, Israel, there  
Affrighted, and with dire conviction own  
Thy King triumphant in his cloudy car!  
See the Cross glitter thro' th' ensanguin'd air,  
Proud ensign of his conquest, and thy shame!

Hark! thro' Heaven's wide reverberating vault  
The clanging trumpet sounds th' awakening peal.  
Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,  
And every sad repository hears  
The quickening voice, and renders back its trust

To light and life; each particle dispers'd  
Crowds to a heap, and builds th' identic Man.  
Chang'd are the living, and alive the dead.  
Lo! cited myriads fill th' extended plain,  
And trembling to the Grand Tribunal press.

The Book is open'd, and the seal remov'd;  
The adamantine Book; where every thought,  
Tho' dawning on the heart, then sunk again  
In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,  
In characters indelible remain.  
How vain thy boast, vile caitiff, to have 'scaped  
An earthly forum, now thy crimson stains  
Glare on a congregated world, thy Judge  
Omniscience, and Omnipotence, thy scourge!  
Thy mask, Hypocrisy, how useless here,  
When by a beam, shot from the Fount of Light,  
The varnish'd saint starts up a ghastly fiend!

But ye of manners blameless, faith approv'd,  
Who a long toilsome warfare have endur'd,  
By fleshly wiles assail'd, yet unsubdued;  
Ye who have fair Religion's cause maintain'd,  
Tho' Princes frown'd, and flames encircling rag'd,  
With front erect approach the throne august.  
See how your Saviour bends his gracious head,  
Smiling unutterable love! The choir  
Of Saints congenial beckon you to bliss,

And all the glorify'd Assessors burn  
To add your steady phalanx to their roll.

Soon are their wishes, and your labours crown'd:  
For now, your virtue's test, your trial o'er,  
Where every bashful grace, that bloom'd unseen,  
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath  
Of worldly praise, is brought to light before  
Its best applauders, Angels and their Lord.  
The Judge with accent mild cries: "Come, Ye Bless'd,  
"Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,  
"Coheirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons."  
Strait at that sound the Pious, like a flock  
Of harmless doves, are rapt with ardent wing  
To meet their dear Redeemer in the clouds.

The bellowing convex echoes to the trump,  
And lo! the yelling Wicked crowd the bar.  
Settled Despair and pale Dejection dim  
Each louring aspect: Beauty hides her face,  
And fain would hide her guilt: curs'd Mammon's slave  
Laments his treasures were not there secur'd  
Where neither moth corrupts, nor rust devours:  
Grim-visag'd Murder with reluctance lifts  
Th' accusing hand, which Oceans ne'er could blanch;  
And, like a hunted panther, starts to see  
His horrid deeds emblazon'd in his spots.  
Conscience, God's dread official here below,

Too oft her friendly whispers drown'd in noise,  
Now rings her loud alarum in their hearts,  
Their fears awakens, and forestalls their doom.

Methinks I hear a self-convicted wretch  
To his associates vent his anguish'd soul :  
“ Yonder he sits, whose mercies we have spurn'd,  
“ Whose laws we have profan'd, whose sides we oft  
“ Have pierc'd with blasphemy's envenom'd spear :  
“ How shall we now confront his awful eye,  
“ That melts all Nature with a darted glance ?  
“ Or whither from his dreaded presence flee ?  
“ O that some rock would fall, some mountain yawn  
“ To bury us for ever in its womb !  
“ Vain hope, alas ! these mountains and these rocks  
“ Soon will be gone ; the Heavens and Earth dissolv'd ;  
“ And nothing for his fiery wrath remain  
“ To prey on but ourselves, immortal only  
“ To suffer an eternity of pain.”

The process stern commences : silence deep,  
And dreadful expectation sits on all.  
Each hidden fraud, each word, and thought impure,  
Each overt violence, or slander dark,  
From out th' omniscient registers produc'd,  
Blaze in the view of Angels, and a World.  
The heart now bared before its Maker's eye,  
Evolv'd its mazes, and its filth expos'd,

How loath'd a spectacle the Villain stands !  
The Virtuous look with horror down to see  
Now first in genuine colours Vice appear,  
And shudder at deformity so foul.  
Conscience incessant plies her scorpion-whip,  
And makes th' abominable miscreants add  
Self-accusation to their charge, and own  
God's Justice in the rigour of his Wrath,

And now the Judge with visage all inflam'd,  
At which the molten mountains shrink like wax,  
With voice that shakes the pillar'd firmament,  
The dire award pronounces: " Go, Ye Curs'd,  
" To fire, as everlasting as your souls,  
" For Satan, and his impious Host, prepar'd."  
Strait from the inmost center of the earth  
Flames burst in spiring eddies to the skies :  
Trembles the ground convuls'd, seas boiling roar,  
And dash yon crackling canopy with foam.  
Creation sinks beneath th' enormous blaze.  
Myriads now burning, with th' Archangel's trump,  
The growling thunder of th' expiring Heavens,  
And with a falling World's tremendous groan  
Mingle their hideous yell; and vainly wish  
They, like those elements, could be no more.

His equal ways illustriously reveal'd  
In Vice's torments, and in Virtue's bliss,

Th' Almighty rises from his throne, and wings  
To heavenly Zion his triumphal car.  
Th' Angelic Hierarchy with loud acclaim  
Accompany their King; with warbled Hymns  
The ransom'd Saints their blest Redeemer greet.  
Unnumber'd voices in sweet concord cry,  
" Hosanna to the Lamb that sits above,  
" To the World's honour'd Judge! how just His ways!  
" How Everlasting Glory crowns them all!"

Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch  
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,  
And quell'd the Evil Angel:—in this breast  
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,  
And lift me from myself, each thought impure  
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,  
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse  
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise  
Her God on earth, as He is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand  
Form'd universal Being, and whose eye  
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;  
Where shall the timorous Bard Thy praise begin,  
Where end the purest sacrifice of song  
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,  
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind  
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,  
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.  
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,  
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse  
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!  
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,  
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!  
Without the aid of yonder golden globe  
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,  
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;  
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight

So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.  
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for thee  
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,  
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream,  
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,  
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,  
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie  
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,  
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.  
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams  
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain  
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite  
The praise of Him, who, 'ere he form'd their lord,  
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,  
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:  
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,  
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;  
He hears and feels their feather'd families,  
He feeds His sweet musicians,—nor neglects  
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:  
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,  
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise  
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—  
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow  
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,  
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast  
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;  
The thrilling trebles and the manly base



Join in accordance meet, and with one voice  
All to the sacred subject suit their song.  
While in each breast sweet Melancholy reigns  
Angelically pensive, till the joy  
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene  
The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,  
And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.  
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents  
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!  
With love and gladness weepingly they shed  
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands  
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May  
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice  
Is more than voice cantell; to Him she sings,  
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,  
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells  
In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.  
O He is good, He is immensely good!  
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;  
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,  
Dispensing all His blessings for the best  
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,  
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!  
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow  
To Him, who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride!  
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,  
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him  
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good

In His less striking wonders, till at length  
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.  
Approach and bring from Araby the Blest,  
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,  
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot  
Lay all the tributary incense down.  
Stoop, sable Africa, with reverence stoop,  
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;  
With golden ingots all thy camels load  
T' adorn His temples, hasten with thy spear  
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,  
While unpursu'd thy lions roam and roar,  
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide  
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.  
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain  
To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,  
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,  
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.  
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow  
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn  
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due  
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown  
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap  
Pomegranates and the rich ananas\* pour.  
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace  
And Christian excellence, His goodness own,

\* Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

From ten thousand temples pour His praise;  
Clad in the armour of the living God  
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;  
Faith's shield, Salvation's glory,—compass'd helm  
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart  
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;  
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,  
And let the song of Charity begin  
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:  
" O All-sufficient, All-beneficent,  
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!  
" Thou, who to lowliest minds does condescend,  
" Assuming passions to enforce Thy laws,  
" Adopting jealousy to prove Thy love:  
" Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,  
" Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,  
" But quell tyrannic pride with peerless power,  
" Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:  
" O All-sufficient, All-beneficent,  
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!  
" Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end  
" To heaven, to immortality, and **THEE!**"

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ON THE  
*WISDOM*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

1756.

---

ONCE more the Muse, with pious ardor rapt,  
Spurns the dank Earth, and trembling soars aloft  
To hymn her Gbd, JEHOVAH Only-Wise.

O for a beam from th' uncreated Fount  
Of Light, to pierce the gloom that hov'ring damps  
The brisk etherial Particle, which longs  
Unmanacled and free to trace the steps  
Of Wisdom, and at distance to adore!  
O Thou, who from the stamm'ring lisp of babes

Mak'st heav'nly truths distill, to shame the pride,  
The letter'd pride of reas'ning, erring Man ;  
Who, when the full maturity of time,  
From endless ages preordain'd, arriv'd,  
Did'st from the dregs of ignorance elect  
Promulgers of Thy knowledge ; O vouchsafe  
Thy gracious aid to these my labour'd strains,  
Which fain would swell the choral symphony  
Of Angels and Archangels, evermore  
Glowing with love intense, and warbling sweet  
Their songs of joy with praises intermixt !  
O let Thy impulse guide me, whilst I range  
Nature's wide field of wonders, where imprest  
On ev'ry atom shines creative skill,  
And ev'ry humble shrub proclaims a God !  
Without Thy influence spiritless would flow  
These numbers, as a tinkling cymbal's sound ;  
And much, I ween, would Folly's babbling tongue  
Profane that Wisdom she presum'd to sing.


Shall boastful Reason, the minutest ray  
Beam'd from the self-existent Sire of Lights,  
Disdain subjection, and refuse to bring  
Her incense to the throne of God ? Instead  
Of admiration, which His works exact,  
Works where transcendent art displays her pow'rs,  
Shall she, with impious triumph flush'd, retort  
Her wanton censure, infidel reproof ?

Say, sceptic, can thine eye pervade the whole,  
See system on dependent system verge,  
And causes with effects connected all  
In one unbroken chain? Did Science ever  
Lend thee a seraph's flamy wing to mount  
Above th' empyreal sphere? There did'st thou view  
The golden balance which the mountains weigh'd,  
'Ere their aspiring foreheads pierc'd the clouds?

Proud philosophic fool! thy airy flight  
Suspend awhile, and drop into thyself:  
Attentive scan the texture of thy frame  
How fearfully contriv'd! the visual orbs  
Remark, how aptly station'd for their task;  
Rais'd to th' imperial head's high citadel  
A wide extended prospect to command.  
See the arch'd outworks of impending lids  
With hairs, as palisadoes, fenc'd around,  
To ward annoyance from without. The nose  
Its intervening wall projects, the cheeks  
Swell with a gentle eminence, to shield  
The body's gay irradiating beam.  
Who taught the rays, refracted from the bright  
Chrystalline convex, in a central point  
To join their confluent streams, and paint each form  
Of dedal Nature in the fund opaque,  
Ill copied by Apelles' happiest skill?  
Who but th' Omniscient Architect! who bade

The universal eye, th' illustrious Sun,  
From Chaos' darksome womb his splendors dart  
T' enlighten and refresh the new-born world.  
The channel'd ear, with many a winding maze  
How artfully perplex'd, to catch the sound,  
And from her repercussive caves augment!

When the crude shapeless mass imprison'd lay  
In its maternal cell, what plastic pow'r  
Appropriate figure to each part assign'd,  
And gave th' envelop'd animal t' expand?  
Whose nod controll'd the work abstruse, infus'd  
All-quick'ning vigour, and each motion sway'd?  
Who in the dark the vital flame illum'd,  
And from th' impulsive engine caus'd to flow  
Th' ejaculated streams through many a pipe  
Arterial, with meand'ring lapse, then bring  
Refluent their purple tribute to their fount?  
Who spun the sinews' branchy thread, and twin'd  
The azure veins in spiral knots to waft  
Life's tepid waves all o'er? or who with bones  
Compacted, and with nerves the fabric strung?  
Their specious form, their fitness, which results  
From figure and arrangement, all declare  
Th' Artificer divine.—'Twas Thou, O Lord,  
Who in the deep recess did'st mould the clay  
Obsequious to Thy will; the process dark  
Thou saw'st, and nought escap'd Thy piercing eye.



Ere yet I was, in Thy eternal rolls  
 Each bone was written, and each fibrous cherd,  
 All-perfect models of my future frame:

And yet shall Man, who bears a world inclos'd  
 Of wonders in himself, though on his mind  
 Conviction flashes like a flood of day,  
 In voluntary gloom benighted sit?  
 With intellectual faculties endow'd;  
 Stamp'd on thy soul thy Maker's signature,  
 In this magnificent sky-roof'd temple plac'd  
 High-Priest of Nature, to return to Heav'n  
 Due incense, and articulate the praise  
 Of thy mute vassals, dar'st thou, wretch ingrate,  
 The gift accept, the Giver leave-unthank'd?  
 See feeble Instinct with unvaried aim  
 Guide thy brute subjects to their being's end,  
 Reproach to Reason's over-weening pride!  
 Their task enjoin'd they cheerfully perform,  
 And laud the best they can their bounteous God.  
 With deep-ton'd praises roars the wilderness,  
 The groves with melody resound; all Nature  
 Upbraids the thankless silence of her Lord,  
 Rebel to Him, whose delegate he reigns.

How sightless soars Philosophy, whene'er  
 She quits the beaten track that Nature points;  
 And Reason, yet with prejudice unting'd;



When impious she assumes creative pow'r,  
And builds a world without an architect !  
In vain does Epicurus, borne aloft  
Beyond the flaming barriers of our sphere  
Into th' illimitable void, command  
His marshal'd atoms, and direct their flight.  
Whatever course he gives them, straight, oblique,  
They never could, though ages they had sped  
Their swift career, have met in space immense,  
And each concurring with his like coher'd.

Illusive dreams, and ravings of a brain  
Unpurg'd with ellebore! to think that small  
Unguided particles, at random floating  
Through shoreless seas of emptiness diffus'd,  
Could haply clash, and slide into an orb !  
Say, Grecian Dotard, did thy idol Chance,  
Of worlds expert artificer, e'er bid  
A sudden palace deck the wond'ring waste ;  
Did stones and timber, trooping to her call,  
Leap to a finish'd pile, and stand self-rang'd ?

When first thy atoms with a ceaseless show'r  
Rush'd from th' expanse tumultuous, say what mounds,  
Rais'd in the thin vacuity t' arrest  
Their progress, check'd them in midway, and made  
Them settle to a mass ? Could they unknowing  
Determine where to fix, and there in spite

Of gravity's accelerating force;  
 Lull'd in the air's soft ambient bosom rest?  
 What counteracted Nature's gen'ral laws,  
 And gave the inflected bias? Did they call  
 A council 'ere they sally'd from the goal,  
 And for each troop a rendezvous appoint?  
 Here Reason fails you, and your wise reply  
 Amounts to nothing more than so it chanc'd  
 That this our planet with th' unnumber'd orbs  
 Which perfect the stupenduous artful whole,  
 After repeated conflicts, and a war  
 Of thwarting particles, their strife compos'd,  
 Did ruffled into harmony subside.

That philosophic tow'r, from whence you boast  
 To look all Nature through, and pity man  
 Bewilder'd in the mazy vale below,  
 Shook with each slight interrogation nods:  
 And, when the storm of argument assaults,  
 The treach'rous basis sinks, and down it falls.

Duration's bounds Stagira's bolder sage  
 O'erleaps, and less'ning to the view a world  
 Amidst Eternity's vast trackless wilds  
 Explores. But what success, what glorious meed  
 Rewards th' adventure? Merits he for this  
 The realms of science with despotic sway  
 To govern, and his tyranny usurp'd

Deep in our vassal intellects to found?  
 Let this high-vaulting genius from his flight  
 Transcendent stoop, and to enquiring sense  
 A sober answer give, why, if for ever  
 Things in the same unvaried tenor flow'd,  
 If battles from eternity were fought,  
 And politics in endless series plann'd,  
 No direful tumults swell'd th' Asian trump  
 Before the war of Thebes, or siege of Troy:  
 Why from no higher spring historic Truth  
 Rolls down through ages her memorial stores:  
 Why Arts slow-rip'ning in the womb of Time,  
 So late attain'd their growth: why from the East  
 But yesterday her orient beam display'd  
 Emerging Science, and with Heav'n's bright lamp,  
 In radiant progress journey'd to the west:  
 Did one eternal torpor chill the brain  
 Of infinite successions? Unalert  
 Was Nature, nor yet strong enough to form  
 An Aristotle's all-pervading mind?

In vain your routed clan of vot'ries fly  
 To deluges. For where embosom'd sleeps  
 Sufficient mass of moisture to dissolve  
 The globe, and from its faded place to blot  
 Each faithful monument? If this exceeds  
 Nature's weak pow'rs, they'll cease to rouse at will  
 The waters from their bed, lest unawares

They conjure up an agent they disclaim,  
If Nature can achieve the feat, ye wit-  
Illumin'd, say, why, in a round immense  
Of unbeginning years, it always chanc'd  
That indiscriminating floods should spare  
A chosen few, to stock the desert world?  
Why, when the deep its seven jaws disclos'd,  
And desolation o'er the prostrate ball  
Wide-wasting swept along, not all mankind  
Once in the oft repeated wrecks was lost,  
And your eternal race expung'd for ever?

If particles obnoxious to decay  
The universal frame compose, amidst  
The ceaseless ravage of unmeasur'd years  
Earth on her axis had no longer mov'd  
Vertiginous, long since a mould'ring heap  
Of dust: the sun, so prodigal of light,  
His gold urn exhausted, whence the stars  
Imbibe their gleam, had spent his latest ray,  
And, scatter'd in loose atoms, roam'd the void.

Thus with Sisyphean toil misguided wit,  
The stone reluctant up the steep high cliff  
Urges: with violent recoil the mass  
Rushes precipitous, and mocks their pains.  
Though mountain pil'd on mountain threat'ning stand,  
Confusion follows, and their Babel drops.

Philosophy's but folly in disguise,  
A glitt'ring ignorance, a feverish dream;  
Unless from earth, the footstool of her God,  
She leads, like Jacob's ladder, to His throne.

To trace the wisdom of th' All-knowing mind  
In the world's ample volume to our view  
In shining characters display'd, to glew,  
Like seraphs, as we turn th' amazing page,  
And magnify the glorious Author's name,  
This, this is to be wise beyond the school  
Of Epicurus, or Lyceum fam'd.

What human tongue can worthily record  
The treasures of Eternal Intellect,  
The fair archetypal, whence beams deriv'd  
Each good delectable, each beauteous form,  
That Nature's spacious theatre adorns?  
How shall sublim'd imagination dart  
Into th' unlimited circumfluous deep  
Of chaos drear and dark, there see Heav'n's King  
Borne on cherubic wings enounce the word  
Omnific? Wild uproar hears, and is still,  
And circumscription checks infinity!

How all-accomplish'd sapience blaz'd abroad  
Conspicuous in each grand proportion'd work,  
When the Divine Geometrician stretch'd

Th' immeasurable level through the void,  
And to the canton system bounds ordain'd!  
What hand could scoop the sea's capacious bed  
But His, who grasp'd the waters in His palm?  
Who could expand the curtains of the sky,  
And tinge with blush of day their gorgeous skirts,  
But the ineffable I AM, who reigns  
In splendor unapproachable enshrin'd?  
What placid smiles of sweet complacency  
In the Creator's radiant aspect shone,  
When He survey'd His workmanship, and saw  
Utility and grace diffus'd throughout!  
With admiration rapt of heav'nly skill  
The Sons of Phosphor hail'd the dawning world,  
With shouts triumphant; every harp was tun'd  
Angelic to His praise, who order call'd  
From tumult, and from nothing all educ'd.

Where'er we turn our eyes, above, below,  
The Deity confronts us, and reveal'd  
Flames in each bush, and sparkles in each star.  
Where could the platform of this complex frame,  
But in th' Eternal Mind's abyss, exist?  
What but a Wise Omnipotence the plan  
Illustrious could so splendidly complete?

The sun, when with a vig'rous bridegroom's heat  
He sallies from the chambers of the east,

His Maker in his silent course proclaims;  
 Look up, vain sceptic, and derive a ray  
 Thence to thy darken'd soul; yon glorious orb  
 Perpend, the Persian's Mithras, who ascrib'd  
 Th' emaning good, by Providence devis'd  
 Omniscient, to th' unconscious instrument,  
 Absorb't his senses in the dazzling beam.  
 Thou more sagacious hence infer a God,  
 Who launch'd in air the planet, and prescrib'd  
 An orbit to His ends benign most fit.  
 See! at due distance from our globe dispos'd,  
 With warmth attemper'd to her womb, he cheers  
 Th' all-fruitful mother, and each birth matures.  
 Had he, where sluggish Saturn rolls, been plac'd,  
 What desolation had deform'd this scene  
 Now so profuse of ev'ry boon! Undeck'd  
 With mantling grass, her lap despoil'd her meads  
 Of laughing harvests, earth had stood untrod  
 By man or beast, an icy wilderness.  
 If nearer he had wheel'd his flaming car,  
 His torrid rays had cleft the solid rocks,  
 Exhal'd the lakes, and drain'd the briny deep.  
 The molten surface had to ashes turn'd,  
 Or whirl'd in eddying sands obscur'd the sky.

See! how declining from the way direct  
 He winds obliquely through the ecliptic road  
 His course unwearied. Hence the seasons rise,

And glad with sweet vicissitude the year.  
Could Chance atchieve these wonders, and impress  
Such constant movements, that, since Time began  
His measur'd race, not once the Sire of Day  
Should start forgetful from the track, and bring  
Chill Winter into Summer's flow'ry reign?  
Or where such counsel, such design are seen,  
Must we not call an All-directing mind  
To solve the knot? Th' Opificer  
All-pow'rful and All-wise alone could frame  
For uses multiform, an orb, without  
Whose vital beams all nature would expire,  
And darkness be the buryer of the dead.  
He the projected motion gave: His arm,  
Unshorten'd still, restricts the rapid whirl  
Of planets to their centre, and with chains  
Of gravity and firm cohesion binds  
Each struggling atom, which would else unhing'd  
Fly off, and ruin scatter through the void.

Who sees a sphere, where mimic wit displays  
The site, the number, and the size of all  
Yon rolling worlds, and how in figur'd dance  
They glide harmonious, at first glance assents  
That Reason sway'd the cunning artist's hand.  
Yet when he sees the wond'rous archetype,  
The heav'ns themselves, with swift rotation urg'd,  
Invariably each grateful change revolve



Conducive to the welfare of the whole,  
Doubts he that this by Reason is perform'd,  
By Reason, all-surpassing and divine?

Though man were silent, th' azure firmament,  
The moon, and all the glittering host of stars,  
Fix'd and erratic, would with one accord  
Blazon Almighty Wisdom, and declare  
The marvels of His finger, who, for ends  
Subservient to His glory and our good,  
Bade their gay splendors gild the brow of night.

If to this lower planet we advert,  
Seat of our birth and nurture, proofs abound  
Of infinite contrivance, matchless skill.  
Whether the site or figure we regard,  
Or distribution of the various parts  
Perfective of the system, strokes appear  
Too exquisite for bungling Chance to hit  
With erring implements. A mind alone,  
Where models of perfection treasur'd lay  
From all eternity, could call the fair  
Exemplar into being when it will'd.

A form orbicular how fit to weigh  
The golden gift of light and heat to all  
The scatter'd districts with impartial scale!  
Hence too the waters, those meand'ring veins

O'er the earth's body interspers'd, with just  
Partition flow salubrious. To the winds,  
Balmy refiners of the winnow'd air,  
This most commodious figure yields a pass  
Free, unobstructed. Had another shape  
Been giv'n, impeding angles had oppos'd  
The breezy currents, and mankind had droop'd  
Sickly and faint from th' intercepted gale.

What made the humid particles recede  
From the dry land, and wear a furrow'd bed  
Capacious to their streams? Could aught but art  
The blended mass so skilfully disjoin?  
Thou, Thou alone, with whom enthron'd on high  
Sits co-essential Wisdom, bad'st subside  
The vallies, and the mountains from amidst  
Th' o'erwhelming moisture heave their brow sublime.  
The liquid troops, obedient to Thy voice,  
Fled to th' appointed station. Thou a bound  
Hast set they cannot pass; nor ever spread  
Their flowing mantle o'er th' invested earth:  
Thou to the sea say'st, Hitherto advance,  
And here thy proud licentious waves be stay'd.  
In various ducts, as thou ordain'st, dispers'd,  
The globe-encircling waters draw their train,  
And health and vigour as they glide impart.

Yet here rash man Thy counsels dares implead,

And blames the vast diffusion of the deep  
As useless and deform. He thinks that thrift  
In dealing out the treasures of th' abyss,  
And a more lib'ral dole of needful land,  
Had spoke a wise dispenser of his stores.  
Vainly he cries, "Half th' ocean might be spar'd,  
" Superfluous waste! and added to domains  
" Too strait for man, who, by continual wars  
" T' enlarge his frontier, seems to breathe but ill,  
" As in a prison's narrow limits pent."

Blush, futile caviller, who Nature's Lord  
Arraign'st, unread in Nature's mystic lore.  
For know that vapours on their dusky wings  
In due proportion to the surface rise  
Sublim'd. Had then thy frugal scheme prevail'd,  
And the shrunk ocean flow'd with lessen'd wave,  
Instead of plenteous streams which now refresh  
Earth's saturated womb, but few had roll'd  
Their scanty fluid o'er the thirsty glebe :  
Eve had not shed profuse her trickling balm,  
Nor clouds dropt fatness on the labour'd field.

Thus in the nat'ral as the moral world,  
The strictest scrutiny but serves t' unveil  
New riches in the deep exhaustless mine  
Of heav'nly wisdom : what is best, the stamp  
Of Deity occurs in every work.

His providence the floating vast machine  
Steers with unerring hand. Hence 'midst the flight  
Of ages ne'er one jarring atom broke  
The nice adjustment of conspiring parts,  
Or clogg'd the motion of the smallest wheel.

Sceptic, no more the dazzling beams withstand,  
Bright emanations of a sapient God,  
But, taught by Nature, Nature's Lord adore:  
From known effects of order and design  
Rise to the self-existent Cause Supreme:  
The depths of wisdom, far as human ken  
Can penetrate, explore; and here attain  
A foretaste of that knowledge, which perhaps,  
With angels poring o'er the text abtruse,  
And in extatic admiration lost,  
Will in eternity's unceasing round  
The intuition of thy soul absorb.



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THE  
*DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

By R. GLYNN, M.D.

1757.

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THY justice, heav'nly King! and that great day,  
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,  
Shall raise her pensive head; 'and Vice, that erst  
Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;  
I sing advent'rous — But what eye can pierce  
The vast immeasurable realms of space,  
O'er which Messiah drives His flaming car  
To that bright region, where enthron'd He sits  
First-born of heav'n to judge assembled worlds,  
Cloath'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,  
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,  
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around

Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,  
 Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud  
 Chaunt songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—  
 Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd  
 To tread poetic soil. What, though the wiles  
 Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure  
 To rove o'er Fairy lands; to swim the streams  
 That through her vallies weave their mazy way;  
 Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise  
 My feeble voice, to tell what harmony  
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)  
 Attunes the moral world:—That Virtue still  
 May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread  
 Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own  
 Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,  
 That divine particle which God's own breath  
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest  
 Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd  
 Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,  
 Why every nation, every clime, though all  
 In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,  
 With one consent expect another world,  
 Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim bards  
 Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,  
 Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Heli's sons  
 Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,

Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,  
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,  
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,  
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds  
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast  
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,  
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?  
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,  
Or joy on secret good? Why Conscience acts  
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain  
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?  
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul  
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps  
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand  
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!  
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity  
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,  
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,  
Nor soft-ey'd pity drops a melting tear;  
But, in their stead, contempt and rude disdain  
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes  
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,  
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:  
Yet patient, and to heav'n's just will resign'd,  
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.



Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,  
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,  
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale  
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills  
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.  
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due  
To heav'n: of heav'n he never names the name,  
Save when with imprecations dark and dire  
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health  
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds  
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep  
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st Thou this, Righteous Father! See'st Thou this,  
And wilt Thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill  
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land  
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day  
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst  
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly  
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd  
In penal darkness, where nor star shall rise,  
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,  
(That trump which once in heaven on man's revolt  
Convok'd the astonish'd seraphs,) at whose voice  
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.

Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth  
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat  
Unite:—Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,  
Parthians, and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,  
Names fam'd of old; or who of later age,  
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,  
Tenant the wide Terrene; and they who pitch  
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun  
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,  
Drink Ganges' sacred stream: at once shall rise  
Whom distant ages to each others sight  
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel  
Some great progenitor, while at his side  
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.  
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,  
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,  
With equal eye the God of All shall see,  
And judge with equal love. What though the great  
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets  
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome  
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,  
While solemn organs to his parting soul  
Chaunted slow orisons; say, by what mark  
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain  
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf  
Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise;  
But not to equal glory: for, alas!  
With howlings dire and execrations loud

Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these  
Behold the mighty murth'ers of mankind;  
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they  
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power  
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse  
The madness of ambition; how lament  
Their dear-bought laurels, when the widow'd wife  
And childless mother at the judgment-seat  
Plead, trumpet-tongu'd, against them!—Here are they  
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;  
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain  
Slighted a brother's sufferings.—Here are they  
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;  
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,  
And eat the orphan's bread:—Who spent their stores  
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold  
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.—  
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;—  
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the ties  
Of hospitable friendship:—And the wretch  
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,  
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God,  
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy  
Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd  
With all that pain or famine can inflict,  
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge  
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,  
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know

What punishment! for that th' Almighty will  
Has hid from mortal eyes: And shall vain man  
With curious search refin'd presume to pry  
Into Thy secrets, Father! No: let him  
With humble patience all Thy works adore,  
And walk in all Thy paths: so shall his meed  
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape  
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains  
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew  
Who strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,  
And in the place of Heav'n's eternal King  
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain  
Alternate seasons chear'd the rolling year;  
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r  
Shed genial influence, mild; and the pale moon  
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd  
The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit  
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,  
And 'gainst the impenetrable walls of Heav'n  
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands  
The arch-apostate: He with many a wile  
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!  
No hope have they from black Despair, no ray  
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls;  
In agonies of grief they curse the hour  
When first they left Religion's onward way.

Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun  
With force centripetal into his orb  
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,  
Those dread volcanos where engend'ring lye  
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss  
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,  
As erst on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging hand  
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the works  
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now  
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,  
Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,  
Those lofty pyramids which high in air  
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times  
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—  
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?—Where Thebes  
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where  
Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where Imperial Rome  
Propt by seven hills sat like a sceptred queen,  
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—  
Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,  
Through many a valley stretch'd it's wide extent,  
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel  
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude  
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art? Even Nature's works,  
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,  
And everlasting hills shall be no more.

No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height,  
 O'er-hang th' Atlantic surge.—Nor that fam'd cliff,  
 Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,  
 Throw to the Lemnian Isle its evening shade  
 O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now  
 The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,  
 And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream  
 Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,  
 That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark  
 Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top  
 First rested, when the earth with all her sons,  
 As now by streaming cataracts of fire,  
 Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once  
 Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,  
 No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,  
 That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,  
 Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—  
 No more shall planets round their central sun  
 Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon  
 Hang out her silver lamp;—and those fix'd stars  
 Spangling the golden canopy of night,  
 Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass  
 Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names  
 And magnitude, some winged minister  
 Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth  
 Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,

Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief  
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace  
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,  
And rudely carol these incondite lays,  
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth  
That lisps the fault'ring strain.—O! may it ne'er  
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;  
But find me wrapt in meditations high,  
Hymning my great Creator!

“ Power supreme!

“ O everlasting King! to Thee I kneel,  
“ To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat,  
“ Melt all ye elements! And thou, high Heav'n,  
“ Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord,  
“ Think on the best, the noblest of Thy works;  
“ Think on Thine own bright Image! Think on Him,  
“ Who dy'd to save us from Thy righteous wrath;  
“ And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember Man!”

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THE  
*PROVIDENCE*  
OF THE  
SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M.A.

1758.

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SOVEREIGN of Nature, Omnipresent King,  
Essential Goodness! Thou, whose plastic word  
Call'd from the womb of darkness into day  
This beauteous system, which, if Thou withdraw'st  
Thy staying hand, would instantly relapse  
Into primeval nothing! Who shall dare  
To circumscribe Thy centre, that extends  
Far as Creation's amplest range; or set  
Bounds to Thy Providence, that clasps at once  
In its parental all-incircling arm



The tow'ring seraph, and the grov'ling worm?  
Each link, that weaves the universal chain  
Of order, and connects th' amazing plan,  
Is fasten'd to the footstool of Thy throne.  
All causes, in Thy intellect compriz'd,  
Obvious as light that fills th' uncrowded eye,  
Rank'd in their series stand, and wait Thy nod  
To issue into action, and atchieve  
Eternal councils. Wisdom infinite  
Sits at the helm presiding, and directs  
Each sev'ral movement to the purpos'd end.  
Thou giv'st the vegetable tribe to draw  
Its kindly nutriment. Th' inliv'ning sap,  
Obedient to Thy laws, through fitted tubes  
Ascends fermenting, and at length matur'd  
Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.  
By Thee each family of flow'rs is cloth'd  
In one unvarying dress, and breathes the same  
Transmitted essences; and, though the loom  
No virgin fingers ply to swell her pride,  
The lily shines more gorgeously array'd  
Than monarchs, where the East with hand profuse  
Show'rs on their pomp barbaric pearl and gold.  
O'er all Thy works, exuberance of love,  
Thy care unweari'd watches. Hence conserv'd  
Each kind, each being, and each want supply'd.  
To Thee the tenant of the pasture lifts  
His asking eye: to Thee with suppliant voice

The shaggy tyrant of the wilderness  
Roars his petition, as he roams the waste  
Intent on prey. Thou, common Father, op'st  
Th' exhaustless treasures of Thy bounty : All  
Are fill'd, and every heart with joy rebounds.

Yet are there found of man's imperial race,  
So favour'd, and by reason high advanc'd,  
(That ray infus'd to light him to his God)  
Who, rebels to their Maker, spurn His rule,  
And impious dare in narrow space include  
Infinity itself. In Heav'n, some say  
Blaspheming, sits in majesty supine  
Th' Eternal King, and slumb'ring on his throne,  
From Earth, and all its cares alike remov'd,  
A listless dull beatitude enjoys.  
Conceit absurd ! yet suited to the soil  
Of Epicurus' garden, rank with weeds  
That kill Religion's root. No busy god  
His blind unguided atoms must controul,  
But Chance must build his world, and govern too.  
That scheme of happiness he frames for man,  
Must, as he doats, to Deity extend ;  
Whose bliss would be impair'd, if restless thought,  
And Nature's vast moliminous concerns  
Should violate the sabbath of his rest.  
Philosophising fool, who ne'er couldst shake  
The cumbrous load of matter from thy soul,

And pierce those regions, where One Sovereign Mind,  
One Pure Diffusive Energy at ease  
By sole volition acts His purposes  
Through the wide realms of being! He to all,  
Centre without circumference, is nigh,  
Is intimately present: nought eludes  
His knowledge; nought impedes His mighty pow'r.

If the world floats by ev'ry casual blast  
Driv'n to and fro, without a pilot-hand  
To regulate its course, say, why do all  
Hearken to laws appropriate to their kind?  
Why never stray the devious orbs, but keep  
Their stations, and with steady pace repeat  
Their periodic journies? Whence to plants  
Peculiar seeds allotted, and a leaf  
That marks their lineage? Or how taught by turns  
To flourish, and diversify the year?  
Whence is each particle of matter sway'd  
Or to attract its neighbour or repel?  
In brutes to individuals whence assign'd  
With rude precise the same organic make,  
As best the functions of their kind promotes?  
Why prompted all to propagate their breed,  
To shun the noxious, seek the wholesome food?  
This settled order through the whole diffus'd,  
These laws invariably pursu'd, proclaim  
As with a trumpet's sound a Pow'r unseen,

Who sits not idle on th' empyreal sphere,  
Wrapt up in contemplation of Himself  
Through endless ages, but who all surveys  
In space, His boundless sensory, and fills  
Earth with His goodness, with His glory Heaven.

And yet shall man, as shipwreck'd from the womb  
On the world's bleak inhospitable coast,  
As by his Maker carelessly expos'd,  
Bewail his orphan lot, and cry that God  
Regardless of his welfare slights his pray'rs?  
Shall not a sparrow fall without his will,  
Shall not a raven croak in vain; yet man,  
Heir of eternity, creation's pride,  
Be left to wander in the maze of life  
Without a guide, a father, and a friend?  
How shall he 'scape th' embattel'd ills that war  
Against his soul, th' unnumber'd shafts that fly  
Wing'd with destruction, if no hand unseen  
Invests him with a shield, and guards his steps?

But man (ingenious to contrive his woe,  
And rob himself of all that makes this vale  
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees  
Our future Actings, then the objects known  
Must be determin'd, or the knowledge fail:  
Thus liberty's destroy'd. and all we do  
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.

Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,  
Who reason'st but to err, does Prescience change  
The property of things? Is aught thou see'st  
Caus'd by thy vision, not thy vision caus'd  
By forms that previously exist? To God  
This mode of seeing future deeds extend,  
And freedom with foreknowledge may subsist.

Nor think that ev'ry moment Nature's course  
Must take a diff'rent bias to comply  
With each occasion. He, to whom are known  
The wants and the deportment of each being,  
May such a plan original have fram'd  
As all adjusted may conspire to make  
One compact system; where the saint devout,  
And sin-polluted infidel may find  
Forecasted, in th' establishment of things,  
Effects proportion'd to their varying stamp  
Of moral character. Look round and see  
Reward and punishment in part dispens'd  
To man by Nature's gen'ral laws: see Health  
Fly the luxurious glutton's rich repast,  
And with the hermit at his temp'rate board  
Sit a pleas'd guest: see calm unruffled Joy  
With dovelike wing infold the virtuous breast,  
While arm'd with harpy-talon keen Remorse  
Hovers o'er Guilt, and poisons ev'ry sweet.  
Lo! (to convert our vices into rods)

Passions indulg'd beyond a certain bound  
Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe  
The heedless agent. Avarice o'ershoots  
Its destin'd mark, and with abundance curs'd,  
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.  
Ambition, when the pinnacle is gain'd  
With many a toilsome step, the pow'r it sought  
Wants to support itself, and sighs to find  
The envy'd height but aggravates the fall.  
Unbridled Lust instead of Pleasure's rose  
The prickly thorn oft grasps, with pangs of mind  
And body now tormented, now condemn'd  
To bleed a victim on the bed it stains.

Nor deem this order broke, these laws infring'd,  
As oft as Vice in the warm sunny beam  
Of fortune wanton basks, and Virtue droops  
Forlorn, by penury's chill wintry blast  
Assail'd. That luxury and pomp perhaps  
Is but the splendid cover of distress  
Rankling within; while conscience ever gay,  
And placid resignation to his lot,  
Cheer the poor tatter'd pilgrim, and derive  
A flavour to his casual homely meal,  
The rich man's labour'd dainties cannot yield.

Dar'st thou decide where mercy should distil  
Its soft refreshing dews, where justice pour

The vials of its treasur'd wrath, who know'st  
Man in appearance only? Oft beneath  
The saintly veil the votary of sin  
May lurk unseen, and to that eye alone,  
Which penetrates the inmost heart, reveal'd.  
And he, whom censure singles from the herd  
To brand with infamy, whom envy loads  
With black'ning colours, to th' Omniscient Judge  
(Whom nought can bias, and whom nought deceives,)  
May otherwise appear, and filly spread  
His swelling sails before the prosp'rous gale.  
Besides, that opulence, thou vainly gild'st  
With specious name of good, if scann'd aright,  
Is heav'n's sharp visitation to the fool.  
See him the giddy round of riot tread,  
-And madly purchase at a price immense  
Want, shame, disease, and heart-corroding grief:  
Or see him brooding o'er the sacred heap  
Unenvy'd by the beggar whom he hates;  
And then pronounce him happy if you can.  
But how this equal scale upheld, thou cry'st,  
When, like the rushing deep, adversity  
Pours all its billows o'er the virtuous head?  
Stop thy complaints. God ever in the storm,  
As in the calm, presides. The man, perhaps,  
Thou pity'st, draws his comforts from distress.  
That mind so poiz'd, and centre'd in the good  
Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,

Might with prosperity's enchanting cup  
Inebriate have forgot th' All-giving Hand,  
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys  
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er  
Wing'd a desire beyond its sensual stye,  
Grovv'ling, impure, and level'd with the brute.

Thus by th' appointment of that Pow'r who weighs  
What with our welfare, not our wish, comports,  
Our bliss may be connected with our woes.  
Hence graces, wither'd by too warm a beam,  
May spread and flourish in the dreary shade;  
And pleasure, to voluptuous guilt deny'd,  
May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.

Too short is Reason's line to sound the depths  
Of heav'nly wisdom; rash her censure too,  
When she presumes to cavil at His ways,  
Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal  
His steady but meand'ring course directs,  
Makes opposites harmoniously combine  
His grand eventful counsels to mature,  
That man, by common notices unmov'd,  
By admiration may be taught to fear.  
He, who this complex mass of wonders call'd  
From chaos, and from darkness launch'd those lights  
That gild the fluid ether, oft'times bids  
Midst the well-temper'd strife of jarring wills



Order from tumult break, from evil good.  
He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds  
The rage of man, and makes the friendly storm  
Drive when He lists the vessel into port.  
Abasement by His guidance shall exalt,  
Disgrace ennoble, and misfortunes bless.

See base ungen'rous envy swell the breasts  
Of Israel's sons: see Joseph for a dream,  
Typic of future greatness, doom'd to feel  
The rigours of fraternal hate. And can  
Such venom'd hate in kindred bosoms dwell?  
How shall defenceless innocence escape  
Impendent death, when savage brethren lift  
The murd'rous steel? Prevailing nature melts  
Reuben's soft heart, arrests the bloody deed,  
And heaven-directed Ishmaelites convey  
To distant climes the purchas'd spoil, than all  
Their spicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms  
Receive the sacred charge, the patriarch's hope.  
Vanish the clouds, the welkin brightens round,  
Illusive prospect! soon new woes succeed:  
A love-sick mistress smiles, and fortune frowns.  
To slighted charms and womanish revenge  
Th' innoxious youth falls an unpity'd prey,  
And in a dungeon's gloom his pious soul  
Pours to his God in pray'r, nor prays in vain.  
For now the mystic web of Providence

Gradual unfolds, shades soften into light,  
And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.  
The rage of brethren and th' opprobrious sale  
Conspire to realize his dream: the wife  
Of Potiphar unconscious weaves the meed,  
And calumny to honour smooths the way.  
Quick shifts the scene: the dungeon for a throne  
Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,  
In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,  
Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives  
To cherish Israel's drooping age, to pant  
With filial transport on the patriarch's breast,  
Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,  
Sheaves of his dream, in marshal'd order stand,  
And pay obeisance to his sheaf, that rears  
Its head aloft, and triumphs in its height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above  
The loftiest flight of raptur'd praise; His throne  
Is built on equity's broad base; His arm  
(Though oft invisible to mortal ken)  
Is ever stretch'd to prop the sinking good,  
Or crush the wicked. Not a wheel amongst  
Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of man  
And kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows  
Distinct with eyes, and in a measur'd course  
Harmonious verges to some certain goal.

See! the fond mother takes her sad adieu,  
And slow-receding casts a tearful glance  
Where floats the rush-wove ark: to calm her grief,  
To give her darling to her throbbing breast  
The Memphian princess speeds, and (Heav'n so wills)  
Nurtures in wisdom's lore the youth ordain'd  
Israel to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

When Judah totters on the brink of fate,  
And guileful Haman meditates the death  
Of blameless Mordecai, what hand can ward  
The threaten'd blow, and give the wiles to fall  
Retorted on the machinator's head?  
His hand alone, who vindicates the just,  
That plucks from arrogance the boasted plume,  
And plants it on meek virtue's brow. In vain  
With ev'ry blandishment the Persian woos  
Sleep to his wakeful lid. The volume's spread  
Where the Jew's faithful services inroll'd  
Rush on the monarch's sight. Go, Haman, now,  
And glory in thy stratagems, condemn'd  
To deck the triumphs of the man thy hate  
Mark'd for destruction. To the regal feast  
Go, short-liv'd guest. For know death goes along  
A reveller, and points the hidden shaft.  
Look from the palace; see fate's engine rise  
Tremendous, and extend its arms for thee,  
Its cruel builder, and unpity'd load.

When artful malice broods o'er dark revenge,  
 When stern oppression frowns, and ills surround,  
 Let not the good despair, but rest secure  
 Beneath ADONAI's shadowing wing. His eye  
 Beholds, His out-stretch'd arm conducts their steps  
 Through death's incircling horrors; and when broke  
 Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls  
 Its gather'd ruin, plucks them from the deep.  
 Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft  
 Perplex'd with briers, and with crags o'erhung,  
 But onwards press unfainting to the goal,  
 Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,  
 Applauding angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath  
 Of beatific joy. From ardent lips  
 Let the sweet incense of melodious praise  
 Ascend to Him who visits all His works,  
 But chief the son of man.

Pow'r infinite!

Thou Giver and Preserver of my being,  
 Who rul'st all causes, govern'st all events,  
 O teach me ever to Thy will resign'd  
 To bear my lot with patience, and esteem  
 That best which Thou ordain'st. In weal or woe,  
 In health or sickness, let me ne'er forget  
 Thy mercies: ev'n in Thine afflictive rod  
 May I a father's tenderness adore,  
 Who chastens but to heal, in wrath benign!

Avert those ills that hover o'er my head,  
And with Thy shield encompass all my paths.  
Of earthly goods that portion Thou assign  
Which with my present and my future bliss  
May best accord; and grant this humble strain  
May be a prelude to that nobler song,  
Which by Thy grace, this dreary vale past through,  
My soul, with brighter views of Providence  
Illum'd, and kindling from a near access,  
Shall chaunt responsive to th' Angelic Choir.

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## *D E A T H.*

BY

BEILBY PORTEUS, M. A.

1759.



**F**RIEND to the wretch whom ev'ry friend forsakes,  
I woo thee, *DEATH*! In Fancy's fairy paths  
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill  
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys  
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,  
This solemn hour, when Silence rules the world,  
And wearied Nature makes a gen'ral pause!  
Wrapt in Night's sable robe, through cloysters drear  
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng  
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path  
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale

Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess  
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd  
By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors  
Of yew' and cypress' shade from all intrusion  
Of busy noon-tide beam, the monarch sits  
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.  
At his right hand, nearest himself in place  
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin  
With fatal industry and cruel care  
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,  
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn  
From her infernal store: around him rang'd  
In terrible array and strange diversity  
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers:  
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally  
And firmest friend; next him diseases thick,  
A motley train: Fever with cheek of fire;  
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,  
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout,  
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;  
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex  
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Pestilence that walks  
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys  
At broad noon-day. These and a thousand more,  
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when  
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,  
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,  
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms  
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey !  
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst Thou make  
This creature Man? Why wake th' unconscious dust  
To life and wretchedness? O better far  
Still had he slept in uncreated night,  
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this  
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast  
The vital flame? For this was Thy fair image  
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?  
For this dominion given him absolute  
O'er all Thy creatures, only that he might reign  
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good  
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills  
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,  
The impious thought! God never made a creature  
But what was good. He made a living Man :  
The Man of Death was made by Man himself.  
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,  
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,  
No fear of death, no check to his desires  
Save one command. That one command (which stood  
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)  
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity  
He broke.—There in one moment was undone  
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand  
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,  
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin



And Death and all the family of Pain  
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw  
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame.  
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began  
Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd  
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds  
To hide the willing sun. The earth convuls'd  
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop  
Of thorns and briars: and insect, bird, and beast,  
That wont before with admiration fond  
To gaze at man, and fearless croud around him,  
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste  
Th' infection of his misery. He alone,  
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,  
Turn'd not away His face; He full of pity  
Forsook not in this uttermost distress  
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,  
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)  
The countenance of God, and through the gloom  
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to chear and warm  
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven  
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar  
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed  
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,  
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave  
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,  
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground  
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil  
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath  
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became  
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ  
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard  
Against Disease and Death.—Death though denounc'd  
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm  
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.  
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men  
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;  
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years  
One solitary ghost went shivering down  
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,  
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,  
The venerable patriarch guileless held  
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd  
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.  
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve  
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure  
As breath of evening zephyr and as sweet  
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,  
Alert and vigorous as he, to run  
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength  
He stem'd the tide of Time, and stood the shock  
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.  
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,  
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd

With nations from his loins; full well content  
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,  
Along the gentle slope of life's decline  
He bent his gradual way, till full of years  
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man,  
So calm was life, so impotent was Death.  
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,  
These shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,  
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck  
Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd  
Great ev'n in ruin; though fall'n, yet not forlorn;  
Though mortal, yet not every where beset  
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient  
To be compleatly wretched, hastes to fill up  
The measure of his woes. 'Twas Man himself  
Brought Death into the world, and Man himself  
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,  
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embu'd  
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men  
To make a Death which Nature never made,  
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break  
The thread of life 'ere half its length was run,  
And rob a wretched brother of his being.  
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd

The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough  
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,  
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell  
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,  
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature  
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.  
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,  
And men that they are brethren? Why delight  
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties  
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together  
In one soft bond of amity and love?  
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on  
Inhumanly ingenious to find out  
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,  
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream  
Of universal empire growing up  
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,  
Great God of Hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall  
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,  
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;  
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend  
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,  
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and  
youth

Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,  
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!  
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds  
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks  
That serpent Luxury: War its thousands slays,  
Peace its ten thousands: In th' embattled plain  
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,  
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,  
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes  
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,  
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,  
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,  
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting  
Means to be blest—But finds himself undone,

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,  
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,  
Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course;  
Safe glides his little bark along the shore  
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far  
He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,  
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,  
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep,  
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far  
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds  
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands  
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice  
To Freedom's holy cause; than so to fall

Torn immature from life's meridian joys,  
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,  
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,  
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)  
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,  
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,  
And be your own avengers—Hold, rash Man,  
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd  
Through every region of delight, nor left  
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,  
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,  
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair,  
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,  
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,  
And 'ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,  
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see  
Thy future mansion!—Why that start of horror?  
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?  
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await  
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,  
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncalled,  
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back  
With insolent disdain His choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,  
And think it all too short to wash away

By penitential tears and deep contrition  
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find  
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet  
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite  
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern  
With innocence to live, with patience wait  
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,  
Though Nature run her course: But Nature's God,  
If need require, by thousand various ways,  
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,  
And quench the lamp of life.—O when He comes,  
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme  
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land  
Now ripe for vengeance; when He comes array'd  
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;  
Forth from His bosom plucks His lingering arm,  
And on the miscreants pours destruction down!  
Who can abide His coming? Who can bear  
His whole displeasure? In no common form  
Death then appears, but starting into size  
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride  
Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws round  
Unutterable horror and dismay. \*  
All Nature lends her aid. Each element  
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,  
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,  
Above, below, the rival torrents pour  
And drown creation, or in floods of fire

Descends a livid cataract, and consumes  
 An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems peace,  
 Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace  
 Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep  
 Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth  
 Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept  
 On some sad desert shore:—At dead of night  
 In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:  
 Contagion close behind taints all her steps  
 With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,  
 No sound is heard; but soon her secret path  
 Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps  
 Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;  
 All, all is false and treacherous around,  
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail  
 These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels  
 The Godhead's power, and trembling at His touch  
 Through all its pillars, and in every pore,  
 Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave  
 Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,  
 The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight  
 Of general devastation, millions find  
 One common grave: not ev'n a widow left  
 To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,  
 Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,  
 If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn



Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven!  
O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,  
This solid globe, which Thine own hand hath made  
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;  
If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung  
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour  
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?  
Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,  
Almighty Father? Save, O save Thy suppliant  
From horrors such as these!—At Thy good time  
Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come  
In genuine form, not with Thy vengeance arm'd,  
Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend  
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,  
And at that hour when all aghast I stand  
(A trembling candidate for Thy compassion)  
On this world's brink, and look into the next;  
When my soul starting from the dark unknown  
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings  
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd  
From this fair scene, from all her 'custom'd joys  
And all the lovely relatives of life,  
Then shed Thy comforts o'er me; then put on  
The gentlest of Thy looks. Let no dark crimes  
In all their hideous forms then starting up  
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,  
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,  
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.

Far be the ghastly crew ! and in their stead  
Let chearful Memory from her purest cells  
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair  
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back  
With tenfold usury the pious care,  
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm  
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly, Thou,  
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven  
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,  
And, oh ! still harder lesson ! how to die,  
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed  
Of Sickness and of Pain.—Forgive the tear  
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,  
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,  
'Till my rapt soul anticipating Heaven  
Bursts from the thralldom of incumbering clay,  
And on the wing of Extasy upborn  
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

Ah! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,  
 By Virtue's stedfast star the bark to guide,  
 Far from \* ACRASIA's wily-wand'ring Isle,  
 Where Ease and Pleasure the frail heart divide,  
 If life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends  
 To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

## II.

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful shade?  
 And no reward shall suff'ring Goodness find,  
 While VICE triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,  
 † Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—  
 Then take me, Pow'r of Beauty, to thy arms,  
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!  
 Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,  
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!  
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dullness sail,  
 Be mine the calmest sea, and Pleasure's briskest gale.

## III.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing morn,  
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies;  
 When pitying MORPHEUS shook his opiate horn,  
 And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes;

\* Spenser's FAIRY QUEEN, Book II.

† *Antecedentem scelestum deseruit Pæna.* HOR.

Yet FANCY still awake, to sooth my pain,  
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd ;  
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,  
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd :  
 Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting pow'r,  
 At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful hour!

## IV.

Borne thro' the yielding air, methought I flew  
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far  
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,  
 Like the faint glimm'ring of a distant star.  
 Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,  
 As gems in silver ; hoary Ocean smil'd  
 Chear'd with the pleasing sight ; and \* from his breast  
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild :  
 No clouds, nor darkness, veil'd the chearful scene,  
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

## V.

Lo to the west a large and spacious plain,  
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale ;  
 Brighter than all that muse-led poets feign  
 Of IDA's grove, and TEMPE's hallow'd vale :

\* Ἐνθαῖ μῆκαρτος νῆσσαν ὠκεανίδης αὐραὶ περιπνεύουσι. PIND.

Tho' PENEUS there revolves his † amber stream,  
 And suppliant DAPHNE spreads her branching arms,  
 Still trembling lest the Sun's prolific beam,  
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms :  
 Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,  
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade.

## VI.

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,  
 From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings;  
 Where perch'd on every bough, all richly dight  
 With painted plumes, some ‡ harmless Siren sings :  
 Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,  
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys;  
 While trickling soft, each vary'd pause between,  
 The murm'ring riv'lets roll their silver base ;  
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,  
 And am'rous ECHO blends the liquid melody.

## VII.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense :  
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear ;  
 The § weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,  
 Whose fragrance fresh-imbals the buxom air ;

† Αλκίειος ὕδωρ. CALLIM.—*Annis purior electo*. VIRG.

‡ *Nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren*. STRADA'S NIGHTING.

§ *Flet tanien, et tepidæ manant ex Arbore Gutta*. OVID. MET.

Thousands of flow'rs their silken webs unfold,  
 Amarants, immortal amarants arise,  
 These beaming bright with \* vegetable gold,  
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes;  
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,  
 While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

## VIII.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!—  
 “ Behold, O man, fair VIRTUE’S ample meed;  
 “ Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,  
 “ By righteous Jove her portion are decreed!  
 “ Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,  
 “ But strive these rapt’rous mansions to attain;  
 “ Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,  
 “ Eternal ages† free from care and pain:  
 “ Hōfe in ELYSIAN seats, their calm abodes,  
 “ Live in communion blest, ‡ with heroes, and with gods!”

## IX.

Eastward to this methought a diff’rent scene,  
 Of equal beauty, charm’d my raptur’d sight:  
 Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,  
 And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.

\* Ἀδύμμη δὲ χρυσα φλογί. PIND.

† Ἀδακρυν νεμονίαι αἰωνά. Ibid.

‡ Παρά μιν τιμίοις Θείων. Ibid.

There lotes and palms their copious branches twine,  
 And over-arching form delicious bow'rs;  
 There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,  
 And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores;  
 Fresh-bleeding myrrh and cassia shed perfume,  
 Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

## X.

Fast by a fount, whose \* *spicy waters* glide  
 In am'rous mazes, on the velvet ground  
 With blushing flow'rs all goodly beautify'd,  
 A smiling troop of virgins dance around;  
 Fairer than DELIA's silver-buskin'd train,  
 When erst, LADONA, by thy liliated banks,  
 Or cool \* EUROTA's laurel-fringed plain,  
 To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;  
 And fairer, CYPRIS, than thy wanton quire,  
 That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

## XI.

Their eyes, ‡ like pearls within the shells conceal'd,  
 Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;  
 On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,  
 What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie!

\* Called by the *Arabic Writers Zenzobil*, and promised by  
*Mahomet* to all the Faithful.

+ ——— *In Eurota Ripis*

*Evercat Diana Chores* ——— VIRG.

‡ See *Sale's Koran*, Chapter the 56th.

See, see they point to yon embow'ring shade,  
Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,  
And FLORA'S freshest, softest couch is spread ;  
The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings !  
Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew  
To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew !

## XII.

" Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain !  
" Haste, gentle youth, and hear the PROPHET'S call !  
" These are the joys that true Believers gain,  
" Immortal joys, that never know to pall.  
" Come then, ah come, thy weary limbs recline  
" On silken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,  
" Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,  
" All faint and lab'ring with the luscious load ;  
" Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal ;  
" And with their am'rous spoils thy greedy eyes regale !"

## XIII.

She ceas'd——And molten with excess of joy,  
Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast :  
When lo, swift-darting from th' extremest sky,  
With seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest !



- " Then floating thro' the boundless deep of air,
- " An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,
- " Myriads of worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,
- " With all their bright inhabitants to view ;
- " Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,
- " Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt GOD and nought,

## XVIII.

- " And oh what streams of music sweet and clear
- " Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd souls !—
- " Ay me, in vain to Man's unpurged ear
- " Their heav'nly notes each tuneful planet rolls !
- " Ay me, in vain with softly, thrilling voice,
- " \*Thro' ev'ry land they hymn their Maker's praise,
- " While choirs of young-ey'd Cherubims rejoice,
- " And to their golden harps mellifluous lays
- " Attuning, *Holy, holy, holy*, sing,
- " *O Lord, Almighty God, the Saints' eternal King !*

## XIX.

- " But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
- " To pure ethereal souls their voice divine ;
- " Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praise
- " Do gladsome choirs of young-ey'd Cherubs join :

\* Psal xix. 3, 4.



" What bliss to hear the high mysterious story,  
 " By all the Prophets, all th' Apostles sung,  
 " And noble army' of Martyrs, crown'd with glory;  
 " Where blest, the six-wing'd Seraphins among,  
 " They drink immortal, from thy rapt'rous sight,  
 " Conceiveless draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

## XXII.

" Hail, saints of light! who once the patient train  
 " Of silent sorrow, thro' the thorny road  
 " Of mis'ry toil'd, and unappall'd by pain  
 " With pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod!  
 " O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain  
 " With firm unweary'd arm the dang'rous fight!  
 " The \* prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,  
 " †Victorious palms, and robes of spotless white;  
 " So in ‡ the Book of Life thy name shall shine,  
 " And Heav'n's eternal joys and transports all be thine."

## XXIII.

Scarce had she spoke, when that || Cherubic car,  
 Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,  
 That whirl'd the holy sage from CHEBAR far,  
 Appear'd:—my breast the rushing impulse feels!

\* Phil. iii. 14.    † Rev. vii. 9.    ‡ Rev. iii. 5.

|| Ezek. i.

I see, I see thy glitt'ring turrets rise,  
 Celestial SALEM, all of \* lucid gold,  
 Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes!  
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold  
 Their † doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight  
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light!

## XXIV.

Of light surpassing far thy glimm'ring ray,  
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)  
 Tho' drest by thee, ‡ O golden Eye of Day,  
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;  
 Tho' yon fair Moon to thee her lustre owes,  
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;  
 And IRIS steals from thee each tint, that glows.  
 In the gay forehead of the show'ry bow;  
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!  
 Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

## XXV.

See thro' the streets, || like liquid jasper clear,  
 The fount of life in mazy error flows!  
 Thro' the bright § crystal sands of gold appear,  
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,

\* Rev. xxi. 18. 19.      † Rev. xxi. 21.

‡ Ω χρυστας αμερας βλεφαρος. ΣΟΦΗ.

|| Rev. xxi, 11,      § Ibid.

On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuse,  
 The Tree of Life superior o'er the rest,  
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce :  
 \*Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,  
 From ev'ry leaf †salubrious dew's exhale,  
 And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

## XXVI.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,  
 Angelic choirs, replete with love and joy,  
 Conceive their God, and from his presence drink  
 Beatitude past ott'rance!—There they lie  
 On flow'ring beds of balsam, cassia, nard,  
 And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes ;  
 Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,  
 'Midst od'rous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,  
 Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,  
 While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

## XXVII.

But spare, O spare me, Heav'n !—my fainting soul  
 Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!  
 Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,  
 'Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense !

\* Rev, xxi, 2.

† Ibid.

And thou, fair Tree, the source of all our woes,  
    (That bloom'd so fatal erst in EDEN's glade,  
Transplanted since to Heav'n) thy friendly boughs  
    Extend, and wrap me in thy brownest shade !  
O veil me from the LAMB's too glorious sight,  
From Majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright !

## XXVIII.

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,  
    And on the wings of Sleep, more swift than wind,  
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly ;  
    Yet leave their fairy-steps the trace behind :  
Hear then, ye sainted myriads, from your spheres,  
    And gently beam your kindest influence down ;  
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,  
    To joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious crown !  
O guide my virgin-soul the high abode  
To reach, the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS, where reigns th'  
    eternal God !

Now stealing gently thro' their oozy bed,  
O'er smiling plains their beauteous plenty spread,  
With nect'rous dew the purple vineyards feed,  
Bid olives rise, and harvests crown the mead,  
Fair Commerce all her canvas wings unfold,  
And fly to distant suns, and shores of gold :

Thus from the Heart, that seat of joy and woe,  
In various streams our various passions flow :  
Now, loud as *Ætna's* smouldring torrents roar,  
They burst impetuous ; tides of reeking gore  
Whelm in promiscuous ruin heaps of slain,  
And dreary desolation sweeps the plain !  
Now gentler grown, with current smooth and mild,  
They cheer the barren, sooth the thirsty wild,  
By Reason guided, checkt, impell'd, produce  
In Life's fair plan all ornament and use.

This fruitful source, thus rightly understood,  
Of greatest evil, or of greatest good,  
Whence all their hues our tinctur'd passions draw,  
O watch, preserve it pure, with sacred awe !  
Can streams be clear from fountains dark and foul ?  
Or actions good, corrupt and base the soul ?  
No, *LUCRUS*, no—fair Virtue trembling flies,  
Or should she stay, her boasted beauty dies ;  
Devotion turns to farce, and sense and spirit  
Are—what?—the venal statesman's grand demerit.

When, dear to virtue, to his country dear,  
Accomplisht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,  
Firm as a rock 'midst wav'ring senates stood,  
And boldly stem'd corruption's venal flood,  
What crowds admired his wit and manly sense !  
What crowds ador'd his patriot eloquence !  
'Tis past, 'tis gone—and lo the wise, the brave,  
The virtuous POLLIO is a titled slave.  
Blush, Freedom, blush ! thy fav'rite son is sold,  
And love for thee submits to love for gold ;  
Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjust,  
He makes God's gift a pander to his lust.

Not so CAMILLUS, Britain's dear delight,  
Firm to his trust, inflexible from right ;  
Born to support his drooping country's cause,  
Maintain her freedom, and secure her laws,  
To guide the frail machine with ceaseless care,  
Each crazy spring, and tott'ring wheel repair.  
Blest statesman, that can Attic wit combine  
With Roman strength, and eloquence divine ;  
Can Attic wit, and Roman strength employ,  
To blast the foes of Heav'n-born Liberty !  
In vain Ambition spreads her tinsel charms,  
And Pleasure woos him with extended arms,  
Drawn by no party's devious glare astray,  
Those wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,



Up Virtue's steep ascent the patriot toils,  
And meets his due reward in Britain's smiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part  
The difference makes? I'll tell you, friend—the Heart:  
Be this the patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd  
Wit is a jest, and eloquence a sound:  
This too the saint's delight—unwarm'd within  
Pray'r is mere babbling, sanctity is sin.

Constant at church AVARO prays so loud,  
His noisy zeal confounds the gaping crowd;  
With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,  
Full thrice a day he smites his breast and sighs:  
Dissembling wretch, with heart so prone to evil,  
A mere machine, a stopwatch to the Devil!  
Will Nature's awful GOD, so just and wise,  
Whose instant glance thro' all creation flies,  
Pervades each movement of our inmost souls,  
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,  
Pleas'd with such off'rings view with partial eye  
Thy specious form, and well-feign'd sanctity?  
No—he beholds thee, wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r  
A wolf disguis'd, a painted sepulchre;  
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,  
Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,  
Whose hands are seen in holy rapture clos'd,  
And stedfast eyes to heav'n alone dispos'd,

Pray'r's senseless image, where no soul within  
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.  
When all the breast is pure, each warm desire  
Sublim'd by holy Love's etherial fire,  
On winged words our breathing thoughts may rise,  
And soar to heav'n a grateful sacrifice :  
Not so, my friend, when carnal passions reign,  
And grosser acts of sin the heart distain;  
Our souls all clotted by contagion grow,  
And brood, and grovel in the dust below :  
Like ling'ring ghosts, that loath, as fables say,  
To leave their body, haunt their kindred clay.

But ah how few, a firm and faithful band,  
Th' assaults of warring passions can withstand !  
With whirlwind-force they now the heart assail,  
Now with surprize, and crafty feints prevail,  
Betray the fort, thro' Friendship's fair disguise,  
Till half-consenting vanquish'd Virtue dies.  
For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,  
And thin partitions their weak bounds divide :  
To the pale miser, bent with sordid pain,  
And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,  
His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,  
And drest by passion honest Thrift appears :  
'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLodio cries,  
Steaming from stews, and brothel revelries;

Tis Nature's law, decrepid *HIRCUS* swears,  
Love-sick, and lewd, at more than seventy years.  
What, *PUBLIUS*, made thy gentle soul despise  
The strictest bonds, and dearest charities ?  
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic strife,  
And arm'd thy hand against thy Sov'reign's life ?  
The dæmon Discord rose in *CATO*'s form,  
And blew the trump to freedom's false alarm ;  
He caught the sound, and, mad with patriot pride,  
In faction's cursed cause the rebel dy'd.

Thus the fond heart, by some dear passion sway'd,  
Frail and corrupt, is soon to sin betray'd ;  
Vice by degrees a firm possession gains,  
And o'er the willing soul despotic reigns :  
Dreadful no more the meagre hag appears,  
Pursu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears :  
Trickt out in lavish ornaments she smiles  
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charming wiles.  
When some lone traveller, from Ontario's shore,  
Hears Niagara's rushing cat'racts roar,  
Appall'd he stands, with chilling horror pale,  
Or flies impetuous to some distant vale,  
Where prone beneath the myrtle's od'rous shade  
Peaceful and calm may rest his aching head ;  
Not so the native hind, by custom brave,  
Careless he hears the foaming surges rave,

Views the wild scene with firm and steady brow,  
And cleaves in sport the madding waves below :  
Thus when at first from Virtue's path we stray,  
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay !  
More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,  
Callous and sear'd the dreary wilds we tread,  
Behold the gaping gulph of sin with scorn,  
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.  
O sad estate ! defilement base and foul !  
When Vice lethargic spreads o'er all the soul ;  
When Conscience, that impartial judge assign'd  
By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,  
Like Buro sleeps, and leaves poor Virtue's cause  
To a brib'd jury, and to tyrant laws,  
To lusts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right  
Prefer, and, blind with rage, call darkness light.

How blest are they, my friend, whose hearts are free  
From vice, and passion's gross impurity !  
Whose mental eyes ideal truths behold ;  
And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold  
Pervade with lightning-force that blest abode,  
Where veil'd in brightness reigns th' eternal GOD.  
So \* LOWTHER lives—No taint of modish sin  
Defiles the image of his God within ;

\* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington, in Yorkshire, Bart.

Far from the spotless temple of his mind  
 Each base affection flies, and leaves behind  
 Religion, and a love for all mankind :  
 Of manners gentle and of truth severe,  
 Tho' plain not rustic, courtly yet sincere;  
 Benevolent like heav'n, when all around  
 It drops down fatness on the weary ground :  
 No costly dainties on his board are spread,  
 'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed ;  
 Superior far to all the pomp of dress,  
 He cloaths the shiv'ring beggar's nakedness !  
 A friend to every want, and every woe,  
 Nor scarce to Vice when in distress a foe ;  
 So LOWTHER lives—Oh may he long remain  
 The pleasing subject of my moral strain !  
 And when at length he quits the well trod stage,  
 Retire the joy and glory of his age ;  
 As some fam'd actor from the scene withdraws,  
 While crouds tumultuous thunder out applause,  
 Or Grecian victor, when the race was done,  
 The crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won,

Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,  
 What sober home-felt joy would swell my heart !  
 No love of fame should then disturb my breast,  
 Nor this nor that man's censures break my rest ;  
 Malice in vain a cloud of dust should raise,  
 And Envy nip the tender buds of praise ;

Pleas'd would I view the placid scene within  
(Thro' a clear medium, undisturb'd by sin)  
Where all the virtues to perfection rise,  
And bear their blushing glories to the skies :  
Blest in oblivion leave the world behind,  
And till with care the garden of my mind.



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AN  
H Y M N  
TO  
*R E P E N T A N C E.*

BY  
JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Εἶδε ευχαις λυσι τῶν ἀμαρτημάτων ευρισκομεν, καὶ τῆς θιῆς θιρα-  
πινομεν, καὶ μίαιβαλλομεν, διὰ τῆς πρὸς τὸ θεῖον ἐπιστροφῆς  
τῆν ἡμέτεραν κακίαν ἴωμενοι, παλιν τῆς τῶν θιῶν ἀγαθότη-  
ἀπολαυομεν. FRAGM. PYTH.

1762.

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**B**ASE world, begone!—Thy false delusive joys  
No more shall lead my feet astray—  
Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,  
And proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!



Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor slavish Fear,  
 \* Those nails that to this mortal frame  
 Fix the fond soul, my breast shall tear ;  
 No thirst for pleasure, wealth, or fame,  
 Tempt me to quaff thy charming cup, whose taste  
 Unmolds the form divine, and turns the man to beast.

Base world, begone!—Cast on a friendly shore  
 No more I dread thy desert deep,  
 Where swift the rushing tempests sweep,  
 And mad winds rave, and boiling billows roar :  
 Behold no more, with wild affright,  
 The rocks close-lurking for their prey,  
 The black clouds bursting on my sight,  
 While round the livid lightnings play ;  
 O save us, save us!—Hark the doleful cry,  
 All mortal strength is vain, they faint, they sink, they die!

Betimes escap'd, while yet breathe summer-gales,  
 While yet on ocean's tranquil breast  
 The little halcyon builds her nest,  
 I shorten all my oars, and furl my sails ;  
 O wretch profane, sure triple brass  
 Girds thy proud heart, O wretch profane,  
 To let the doubtful autumn pass,  
 Yet tempt the dangers of the main ;

\* Ο γὰρ ἡδονῆς καὶ ἀλγῆδοις ἥλος, ὅς πρὸς τὸ σῶμα τὴν ψυχὴν  
 προσήλοι. PLUT.

Careless of home the blissful port despise,  
Tho' scowl the low'ring heav'ns, and storms of winter rise!

For me, I hang the votive tablet high,  
And to this lone sequester'd vale,  
With care and weary watches pale,  
Retire, and muse upon eternity.—  
Come, Goddess of the tearful eye,  
With solemn step, demure, and slow,  
Thy full heart heaving many a sigh,  
And clouds of sadness on thy brow;  
Oh come with ashes sprent, in sackcloth drest,  
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive breast.

Such was thy form, O heav'n-descended maid,  
When at her dearest Saviour's feet,  
Bedew'd with tears, and odours sweet,  
Poor Magdalene repentant wept, and pray'd:  
She wept, and swiftly to the sky  
The steam like hallow'd incense rose;  
When lo, her sins of scarlet dye  
Grew white as wool or mountain-snows:  
The morning stars with joy triumphant rang,  
And all the sons of God their loud hosannas sang!

Come then, my Magdalene, thy aid impart,  
O'er all my soul thy balm diffuse,  
And soften with the fleecy dews  
Of penitential tears my stubborn heart;

Teach me to search with honest skill  
The wounds that rankle in my breast,  
To curb my lusts, correct my will,  
And chuse and cleave to what is best ;  
Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,  
The force of holy vows, and violence of pray'r.

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,  
Leave far behind thy frightful train ;  
Grim Penance, with an iron chain  
Wont his gall'd legs at stated hours to bind :  
A barefoot monk the fiend appears,  
With scourge in hand, and beads, and book ;  
His cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,  
Sunk are his eyes, and lean his look :  
O wretched fools, beguiling and beguil'd,  
Can God be pleas'd to see his image thus defil'd ?——

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite  
Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend  
Remorse, that loves his heart to rend,  
And sting himself to death with scorpion spite :  
But chief that tyrant of the soul,  
That cursed man of hell, Despair ;  
See, see his livid eye-balls roll !  
What canker'd teeth, what grisly hair !  
Anguish, and trembling Fear his conscience quail,  
And all Hell's damned ghosts the shrieking wretch assail !

O fly with such terrific forms as these,  
And seek the weary wakeful bed,  
Where the pale murderer is laid  
A ghastly prey to horror and disease:  
Or where th' oppressor voids his breath,  
Deaf to the widow's bleeding cries;  
Or from a bosom black as death,  
The plunderer of his country sighs;  
Where libertines expire, and atheists lie  
Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their God, and die!

See, worn with pain, LORENZO, once so gay!  
The pow'rs of Nature are at strife,  
And the dim wasted lamp of life  
Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.  
Oh mad, oh worse than mad, to leave  
To the short mercies of an hour  
Eternal joys!—What would he give,  
What thousand worlds, if in his pow'r,  
For time mis-spent, to watch, to fast, to pray,  
And wash with contrite tears his shameful sins away?—

Poor wretch, in vain!—Before his frantic eyes  
Th' inexorable tyrant stands;  
And arm'd with scorpions in their hands,  
The fury-terrors of his conscience rise!

What agonizing pangs he feels !  
What tortures!—What convulsive throes !  
O fall, ye mountains, fall, ye hills,  
Preserve and hide him from his woes !  
Have mercy, Heav'n !—Thy succours, JESU, bring,  
Retriumph o'er the grave, and draw death's poignant sting.

Save me, what shrieks!—And is there no faint ray,  
No glimm'ring from that light serene,  
That gilds death's melancholy scene,  
And guides the soul on her eternal way ?  
Hark, the last pang ! He faints !—He dies !  
His spirit bursts forth, and shiv'ring pale  
To some black horrible mansion flies,  
There to despond, and howl, and wail,  
Till Nature's wreck, till from the shrivel'd skies  
The last dread trump shall call, “ Ye dead, awake, arise ! ”

O come betimes, sweet Penitential Pow'r,  
And from such soul-distracting care,  
Such chilling horrors of despair,  
Preserve me, shield me, at death's trying hour !  
From guilt of black enormous dye  
My breast is free ; I ne'er betray'd  
A virgin's easy faith ; no murd'rous lie  
In secret whispers have convey'd,  
Nor with the muse's everliving store  
Embalm'd the carrion corpse of wealth, or pride, or pow'r.

From Truth's straight path, and Virtue's thorny way,  
Have wand'ring meteors false and vain,  
The glare of honour or of gain,  
Thro' dirt, and danger drawn my steps astray?  
Have I rejected Reason's aid,  
And giv'n to headlong Lusts the rein?  
Or prone beneath the myrtle shade  
Of Indolence and Pleasure lain?  
Have I the tribute of a tear deny'd,  
When want unheard hath wept, and injur'd orphans cry'd?

Good Heav'n forbid!—Yet still within my soul  
Some leprous spots of guilt remain:  
Oh could I cleanse each grosser stain  
In Jordan's tide, or Siloa's healing pool!  
Fond thought!—More salutary pow'rs  
In Sorrow's swelling stream reside,  
Than Siloa's pool at stated hours  
Could boast, or Jordan's cleansing tide:  
This from the soul sharp humours can repel,  
Cure ev'ry fest'ring wound, and Death's dread torments quell.

Here many a beauteous pearl of costly price,  
And many a gem of purer ray  
Than all Golconda's mines display,  
Lie hid in darkness far from vulgar eyes:

For these the cloister'd virgin pines,  
Torn from each pleasing tender care ;  
For these her placid breast resigns  
To midnight grief, and midnight pray'r ;  
Poor, hapless maid !—May Heav'n her vows regard,  
And all her wakeful pains with endless bliss reward !

Go fly, ye silken sons of Pleasure, fly,  
And barter for fantastic joys,  
Spurn'd by the great, the good, the wise,  
What Asia's monarchs have not worth to buy !  
Chace ev'ry cloudy thought away,  
Whose serious gloom o'ercasts the soul ;  
To rapture give life's little day,  
And bid full tides of pleasure roll ;  
Go where the loose-rob'd forms of wild desire  
Expand their wanton charms, and press the buxom choir !

'Tis madness all !—Be mine, unknown to sin,  
And passions base, some lone retreat,  
Some hoary hermit's moss-grown seat,  
Far from the guilty world's tumultuous din.  
Whether in HAGLEY's sacred shades,  
Where inspiration breathes around,  
And by the much-lov'd Thespian maids  
Their LUCY's plaintive bard is crown'd ;  
Or HACKFALL's bow'rs and woodland walks invite,  
Where Nature's various charms, all rude of art, delight.

O lawns!—O hills!—And O thou pleasant vale,  
Where URE's meand'ring waters roll!  
What pensive pleasures soothe my soul,  
What tender melancholy thoughts prevail  
At thy approach!—While am'rous Jove  
On Flora's bosom ~~signs~~ signs to play,  
Still let me haunt thy blissful grove,  
Where all the rural Graces stray;  
There bid the folly-fetter'd world adieu,  
And Wisdom's silent steps with holy zeal pursue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary sire,  
And points the way that leadeth right  
To those most glorious mansions, bright  
With burning stars, and everliving fire:  
There, on her silver anchor staid,  
Sweet Hope to Heav'n directs her eyes;  
While Faith, that eagle-sighted maid,  
Her far foreseeing tube applies,  
Whose mighty pow'r reveals the blest abode,  
In beatific trance, where saints enjoy their God.



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THE  
R E D E M P T I O N.

By JOHN HEY, M. A.

1763.

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C O N T E N T S.

*I*N order to form a well-grounded judgment concerning any mysterious doctrine which is said to have been revealed by God, the first natural step seems to be, to examine whether the Body of Laws and Doctrines of which it is a part, is really of divine original, or only of human invention; if the concurrence of external and internal testimony makes it more probable that it is the former than the latter, the next step is to examine, with all possible caution and candour, what is clearly said in the books so revealed concerning such doctrine. This being done, the only necessary enquiry which now remains is, whether any objections can be offered of such strength as to invalidate the former testimony: if not, the whole is to be received for truth. This then is the general plan of the following exercise; and in pursuance of it, the author, after hinting at the modesty, plainness, moderation, and openness to conviction with which subjects of this nature ought to be contemplated and discussed, (line 20—29,) by way of introduction, first points out the external evidence of Revelation, (30,)

*then the internal, (43,) with the improbability of its coming only from intelligent creatures superior to man, (85.) The prejudice from its appearing strange is next shewn to be a groundless one, (97;) and the consistency of the whole story both with itself and the known circumstances of mankind, a presumption in its favour, (105.)*

*The rest of the contents are as follow:—The History of the Fall, (115,)—its consequences; natural evil, (180,) moral, (200,)—the reasonable fears consequent upon the latter, (213,)—the gradual preparation of the world for the coming of the Messiah, (224,)—his life, sufferings, exaltation, with the benefits of them to men, (235,)—the assistance of the Holy Spirit, (310.)*

*Reflections naturally following from the perusal of this history of mankind—gratitude and obedience due to God, (326—347.)—Indifference whether men look for happiness in consequence of the Redemption or not, presumptuous (343) and dangerous, (353:) new relations cannot be revealed without imposing new obligations, (361.)—Repentance and care subsequent to an offence insufficient to take away its guilt or punishment, (372;) two instances, (377.)—Our ignorance concerning the method how the sufferings of Christ redeem us from our sins, no objection to the divine original of the Gospel History, (386;) on the contrary, such ignorance rather to be expected.—1. Because our knowing how they effected that end does not seem likely to answer any purpose to beings in a state of trial, or to open any new practical duties, (390.)—2. Because there are other general laws of Providence besides those by which our Redemption is effected, which we are ignorant of; and which at the same time it is more likely we should understand than those, (399.)—3. Because our Redemption is a System; and therefore, as we see it only in part, we can see none of it completely, (417;) two instances, (429.)—In systems we can judge of the connexion between means and end only by experience; an instance, (446.)—The universal prevalence of sacrifices over the world a presumption in favour of the propriety and efficacy of the Christian sacrifice, (464.)—The way to lessen the ignorance complained of is to study the scriptures; the*

*probability of this ignorance continuing till we come to know more of the misery which we escape by the death of Christ, and of the happiness which we are to obtain, (475.)—1st objection, concerning the prevention of the Fall, of no force to prove the History of the Redemption an human contrivance, (488.)—2d objection, concerning the length of time taken up in effecting the Redemption, and the number of instruments employed, equally weak, (535:) as also the 3d and last objection, concerning the injustice of the innocent suffering for the guilty, (556.)*

*Conclusion. At the day of judgment all irregularities will be corrected, and moreover will appear to be so to every one concerned, (598.)*



WHOM shall the bard that dares of themes to sing  
 Such as th' Angelic choir in wonder mute  
 Vainly \* revolve, whom shall the bard invoke?  
 He trembles while he dares. Eternal Spirit!  
 Whom shall he call but Thee? Thou think'st not scorn  
 To make thyself a lowly habitant  
 In the mean cottage of the human breast,  
 When purity has been thy harbinger:  
 Come then, and lead the virtues in Thy train;  
 Allot to each her office; ceaseless guard  
 Still let them hold around this earth-born heart,  
 And watch with closest glance its languid pulse,

\* 1st Pet. i. 12.

And purge the bursting humors as they flow,  
 Lest vice or ignorance should prompt a lay  
 To stain with foul disgrace the ways of heav'n.  
 But above all do thou, Humility,  
 Comé from thy chosen place remote; thine eye  
 Downcast advance, quicken thy loit'ring step,  
 And mystic dew of caution sprinkle round :  
 The empty word mysterious erase; 20  
 The curious pride that rushes with bold step  
 Into the awful counsels of Heav'n's King,  
 Check; nor allow the gairish paint of art.  
 O may the strains glide even, uniform,  
 Far diff'rent course from fancy's light cascade;  
 Unruffled by the storms of cruelty  
 Gender'd in persecution's gloomy cave:  
 Free may they flow, transparent, uncongeal'd  
 By th' icy breeze of Infidelity. 29

Heard ye that voice? Sure 'twas the voice of heav'n: 30  
 In mild, majestic strains it pierc'd my ear,  
 While Nature trembled at th' exalted sound  
 Ev'n from her inmost frame; what ailed thee  
 That thou didst tremble? That ev'n thou, proud sea,  
 Retiredst back with flight precipitate,  
 Heap'd into monstrous mountains chaos-like?  
 Why from the thirsty breast of flinty rock  
 Gush'd the refreshing stream? Why, fell Disease,  
 Thy dreary habitations didst thou quit?

And thou, O Grave! ope thy voracious jaw,  
 Yielding thy firm-seiz'd prey (unwonted gift)  
 At the dread sound?—'Twas sure the voice of heav'n.

And now on adamantine tablet see 43  
 Engrav'd in characters indelible  
 Th' important embassy: ye learned, read,  
 And tell us—did the vast, stupendous chain,  
 Deliver'd by the great Creator erst  
 Into the hands of Nature, and since held  
 By her with grasp unshaken, burst its hold  
 Obedient to some noxious spirit of air,  
 (If true, how passing strange!) only to cast  
 Still thicker darkness round our filmy eyes?  
 Or is the message of a kindlier sort?  
 Displays it scenes such as from human eye  
 Malice would hide for ever? Say, ye learn'd,  
 Its laws how fram'd? Steal they with wily art,  
 Fair-promising, into th' unwary breast,  
 And there diffuse their pois'nous juices round,  
 First pleasing, then destroying? Or proclaim they  
 First trial, then reward? Tend they to bless  
 The brutal appetite, or purer mind?  
 Whom do they claim their author? Him who made  
 And will'd us happy? Speak, O ye that gaze  
 Intent upon the dazzling adamant!—  
 Behold, they smile propitious! and lo, now  
 With nod benign they prompt our timid steps

To join their labours, and with studious eye,  
Trace out the treasures of the sacred page.

Here may I stand infix'd! in rapt'rous awe  
Collecting the bright rays of truth that beam  
From ev'ry point resistless: narrow orb!  
O that thou didst avail thyself t' expand,  
And catch the blaze of each illustrious beam!  
That thy refracting powers could quench this glare,  
And give to ev'ry image that thou form'st  
Grace of distinctness! But it may not be.—  
Yet much is clear: yes, num'rous are the rays  
That dart instruction on this weakly sight,  
And mark the truths to man of chief import,  
And light him on to *human* happiness.—  
Here may I stand infix'd! until this mind  
Is satiate with pure wisdom from above;  
And till this heart imbibes the gen'rous warmth  
That brooks no limits of benevolence,

'Tis heav'nly all! no spirit of *human* mould,  
Gross and impure, could dare such lofty flights  
Ev'n on Imagination's waxen wings.  
Come then such tidings from the spirits of *air*?  
Vain thought! the *good* obey their Maker's will;  
Far diff'rent task from spreading to the eye  
Of wand'ring mortals, meteors of deceit;  
And never did *malignant* dæmon joy

To show all worlds the fount of human bliss,  
 And wave the ensigns of his own defeat.  
 Ah no! 'tis heav'nly all!

Here read we then the story of our race:  
 Strange—wond'rous tale!—yet is it therefore false? 97  
 Surmise of narrow mind! ev'n truth is strange  
 If now it first appear to human view,  
 Or if 'tis but illumin'd partially,  
 Here bright and there obscure; did now this hand  
*First* move, the sun first rise, that plant first grow,  
 Would not all view them with astonishment?—  
 But is the signet of Heav'n's gracious King  
 Impress'd on error? Truth and falsehood's dregs 105  
 Can they incorporate in one friendly mass?  
 Ah no! scarce e'er can falsehood with itself  
 Form a consistence; and 'twixt that and truth  
 There is a strong repulsive faculty,  
 That spurns th' attempt of mixture so impure.—  
 Here read we then the story of our race:  
 But read with cautious fear; lest falsehood sly  
 Cloath'd in conjecture's captivating guise,  
 Win us unwary to her foul embrace.

Form'd from the dust, the parent of mankind 115  
 Possess'd each faculty by heav'n decreed  
 For use or ornament of *man*: no want  
 He knew; no imperfection he perceiv'd;



Save what all things endued with conscious sense  
Must ever feel—dependence on their Lord,  
The first eternal Being!—Wholesome food  
Was his repast; not chos'n, as by his sons,  
After experiment where danger lurks  
And frequent death; but vegetating free  
Within that space where his unarmed foot  
Trode with security the harmless turf,  
And gather'd as the voice of heav'n enjoin'd.  
Far, sure, must be disease from this blest scene,  
And weariness and wan infirmity:  
Yet was the human body moulded erst  
Of matter still divisible; whose parts,  
Knowing nor sense nor self-connecting pow'r,  
Time soon had moulder'd into native dust,  
Had not the word of the Creator bid  
That tree arise, whose salutary fruit  
Convey'd refreshment with perfection big,  
Preserving pow'rs obnoxious to decay  
In the full vigour of immortal youth.  
Diff'rence of good and ill for man to know  
Was needless sure, while with the fearless eye  
Of an obedient son, he might look up  
To the Almighty Father of his race,  
And claim His guidance; to that heav'nly friend  
He might appeal, whose all-perceiving ken  
Distance deceiv'd not, number ne'er confus'd,  
Who saw all qualities of all things: Whence

To man so favour'd, cou'd there e'er arise  
 Temptation to do evil? Whence a cause  
 Why one sensation he should e'er conceal,  
 Why caution or protection he shou'd use?  
 No; 'twas in naked purity he rov'd,  
 Needing nor art's concealment nor defence.  
 Led by the silken cords of heav'nly love,  
 He trod the paths of safety; yet not bound  
 In iron chain of dire necessity;  
 For conscious liberty still smil'd within,  
 And rais'd the heart-felt glow of self-applause  
 At each obedient act: 'twas liberty,  
 Not as of late time, harrassing the soul  
 With everlasting doubt; impelling oft  
 In various paths; paths terminating all  
 In thickest clouds of drear obscurity;  
 But to one only doubt 'twas all confin'd;—  
 Whether the rank of mortals new-create  
 To God their guide shou'd constantly appeal,  
 Or man himself shou'd be the guide of man.  
 O fatal curiosity and pride,  
 (Fatal tho' rais'd by such bewitching arts  
 That Candour pities, while stern Justice blames,)  
 Ye made the hazardous th' important choice!  
 Yet had the ear of man imbib'd this threat  
 In unsuspected force: (for knows the heart  
 Suspicion, unexperienc'd in deceit?)  
 "The fruit of life shall ne'er bedew thy lips

"If such thy choice"—'twas mercy, gracious heav'n,  
 Pronounc'd this sentence 'gainst man's first revolt;  
 Mild was the law that will'd but to recall  
 A voluntary gift; no other ill  
 Ensuing, save what from the choice itself 180  
 Flow'd of necessity.—Yet, O just God!  
 In what o'erwhelming torrents does it flow!  
 The beams of heav'nly light strike not his eye;  
 He wanders lost in danger's thickest maze,  
 His only guide a faint and glimmering lamp:  
 At ev'ry turn see mischief sudden start,  
 While, oft her remedy in deepest shade  
 Shuns ev'n th' exploring eye of diligence.  
 How frequent are his falls! th' unnotic'd step  
 Scarce ever safe; th' experience ev'n of age  
 Of weak avail, to tread the maze unhurt.  
 Now see this lord of earth protect his head  
 From elements created for his good;  
 And now the impulse of his nature check,  
 Till time informs him, whether, on the whole,  
 It tends to mis'ry or to happiness.  
 Behold him, or envelop'd in distrust,  
 Or running into ever-present ill,  
 Productive soon of endless diffidence.

But the grand source of mis'ry still remains  
 Unnotic'd:—When the All-creative Pow'r  
 Into existence call'd the race of man,

Relations beautiful were form'd 'twixt him  
 And certain modes of action; proper, meet  
 To make him happy, and to be the test  
 Of his obedience; consonant to these  
 He still had acted under God his guide;  
 But since Ambition snatch'd the dang'rous rein,  
 Eager to drive o'er arduous paths unknown,  
 What sun has seen these laws inviolate?  
 What man can strike the pure unconscious breast?

And yet, presumptuous reas'ner, wilt thou say 213  
 No ill shall follow? Wherefore then these laws?  
 Or can that ill be adequately paid  
 To men yet subject to perpetual falls;  
 Incredible! Hence see a length of woe  
 To which no bounds appear; stretch e'er so far  
 The aking eye of Fancy, still there frowns  
 The threat'ning storm of misery beyond;  
 Its gloom still heighten'd by the awful truth,  
 Th' indisputable truth, that *God is just*.  
 —But read again the story of our race.—

Scarce had this revolution of our fate 224  
 Left us in horror of the thickest night,  
 When Mercy 'gan to dart a twilight beam,  
 And gave to man a faint and distant hope,  
 That the bright Sun of Righteousness would rise,  
 And dissipate this gloom of black despair.

—And now the rays of consolation glance  
 With growing lustre through th' illumin'd air ;  
 Till ev'ry eye, caught by the orient beams,  
 Expectant turns towards the resplendent east,  
 To view the glorious brightness of his rising.

The Son of God is born; in form of man. 235  
 He passes through the changes of our life,  
 And spotless, bears th' infirmities of guilt;  
 Republishes that ancient law of Heav'n  
 Which man was first ordained to obey;  
 And though disguis'd, impair'd, disfigur'd, clog'd,  
 Displays it in its genuine purity,  
 And all its native comeliness of form.  
 His steps are prompted by benevolence,  
 His glare of greatness soften'd by the shade  
 Of mild deportment; from his modest lips  
 Expires th' incense bland of heav'nly truth.  
 —But, O great Lord of all! what piercing scenes  
 Now snatch my eye impetuous o'er the page!  
 Mis'ry at ev'ry glance! O quicker far  
 Than cold expression's pace it darts along:  
 O treachery! ingratitude! blind scorn!  
 What havock do ye make! —Blest innocence!  
 How dost thou groan beneath those dreadful pangs  
 Which guilt that only caus'd, should only feel!  
 —But soft! ev'n mis'ry, so eventful, wills  
 To be recorded, nay, and ponder'd o'er

With thought deliberate. Shall astonishment,  
Or gratitude or pity sway the breast,  
While we again peruse the tragic tale?

The Son of God, a voluntary victim;  
Spotless himself, to buy devoted man,  
To reinstate him in his lost domain,  
To give for present, future pow'r o'er Death;  
To ope the friendly portal of Repentance,  
And guide the tottering step of Piety  
Through her long pilgrimage, to certain bliss,  
—Dies!—In confusion shrink each towering thought,  
Each lustful appetite, each wild desire!  
Affliction, thou may'st raise thy drooping head,  
Thou, Mis'ry, smile! unmoving is your mean  
While Man's Redeemer hangs upon the cross.

But let not grief, though from the tender heart  
It burst resistless, stop th' important task;  
Peruse we still the story of our race:  
—Such are the virtues of this victim slain:  
Yet virtues not promiscuously bestow'd;  
On those alone deriv'd in full extent,  
Whose steady trust can spurn the present good,  
And wait the meed of dim futurity;  
Whose humble mind, careless of self-desert,  
On him can fix its persevering hopes:  
Hopes, not vain Fancy's fabric, light as air,

Bursting, like bubbles, on a near approach;  
But founded on firm Reason's solid rock:  
For lo, the Son of Man from the cold grave  
Triumphant rises;—hast thou now a doubt  
Whether this great, stupendous sacrifice  
Avails to draw the pois'nous sting of death?  
He rises; not to drag a tedious life  
'Midst mortal frailties, but here long to spring  
From this gross earth, and claim a purer air:  
At the right hand of Majesty on high  
To sit, with never-fading glory crown'd;  
His name, throughout Creation's ample range,  
Far above ev'ry other name extoll'd,  
Of being that exists on Earth's domain,  
Or through the fathomless abyss of Heav'n.  
Touch'd with a feeling of infirmities,  
Such as deprav'd Humanity laments,  
With ceaseless intercession there he pleads;  
Perfects our wretched sacrifice of pray'r  
And frail obedience; 'fore the throne of God,  
Off'ring them up with the accepted claim  
Of his prevailing merits: gives our tears  
The wond'rous efficacy to blot out  
The stains of guilt, indelible before;  
And waits the round of time to judge the world,  
And introduce the honest penitent  
Into the ceaseless glory of his Lord.

- " But sure in Eden's grove God was the guide      310  
 " Of wand'ring man; and shall th' anointed Son  
 " Only in part restore the charter lost  
 " By disobedient choice of our first sire?"

To strike thee dumb, read here—the Spirit of God  
 From Heav'n descending, dwells in dome of clay;  
 In mode far passing human thought, he guides,  
 Impels, instructs: intense pursuit of good  
 And cautious flight of evil he suggests,  
 But in such gentle murmurs, that to know  
 His heav'nly voice, we must have done his will:  
 Such dictates only *Liberty* obeys;  
 Th' *undoubted* voice of Heav'n a guide unapt  
 For beings now experienc'd in ill,  
 And doom'd to walk the wild perplexing paths  
 Of constant trial and uncertainty.

Such is the wond'rous story of our race:      326  
 —Prostrate thyself, O man! With lowly heart  
 And wonder-closed lips—pause—think—revolve!  
 Think what thou art, and that the great Supreme  
 Has deign'd to visit thine infirmities.  
 Think of that tie which binds thy nature's laws;  
 What sacred magic must pervade each link,  
 When all the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth are mov'd  
 At its disunion! O with horror think  
 Of each rebellious action or intent:



For now thou knows't how evil unforeseen,  
 May flow in changeless tenor, e'vn from laws  
 Promulg'd by wisdom and benevolence.  
 —But thanks be to the Father of mankind,  
 Who op'd this avenue to real bliss,  
 Remov'd each gloomy shade of nat'ral fear,  
 And on a solid base establish'd Hope,  
 Pointing the way to Immortality ! 343  
 Is there the man, who hesitates to join  
 This song of gratitude ? Exists there one,  
 Blindly presumptuous, who dares to claim  
 From Justice his *deserved* happiness ? 347  
 Is there, that with a senseless disregard  
 Casts the cold eye of indolence along  
 This sacred tablet, careless if he draw  
 The living water from this purer source,  
 Or from the troubled wells of his forefathers ?  
 If thou, my friend, art such, O hear the voice 353  
 That shouts to wake thee from thy fatal dream :  
 Think with what cries the partner of thy soul  
 Would rend the air, if on the narrow brink  
 Of yon tremendous rock, he saw thee dance  
 With heedless mirth : O think thou hear'st them now !  
 Would it restore thy shatter'd limbs to plead  
 Thy disregard of danger ?—But from whence  
 This careless ease ? Does the great Lord of Heav'n 361  
 Reveal the nice relations of thy state,  
 Regardless of the duties which ensue ?

Are thy Redeemer and thy Heav'nly Guide  
 Made known, to be neglected or despis'd ?  
 Sooner shall sophistry pervert my mind  
 To think that harden'd wretch of Heav'n approv'd,  
 Who leaves his parent, aged and infirm,  
 To crawl through life in unsupported woe ;  
 Or yields the helpless orphan, or the poor,  
 To the oppressor's unrelenting fangs.  
 —Thou say'st that sorrow will draw down the eye      372  
 Of mercy from above: that future care  
 Will soon extenuate the past offence:  
 But from what region do the magic pow'rs  
 Of fancy conjure up this airy hope ?  
 Go to the sensual ; do his bitterest tears      377  
 Avail to bring back plenty to his board ?  
 Or can they from his wasting limbs remove  
 The pestilential gnawing of disease ?  
 Go to the dread tribunal of the law,  
 And hear the murd'rer plead the num'rous sins  
 That saw no repetition of his crime:  
 Say, does he thus ward off the blow ?  
 Justice is deaf to the unmeaning plea.

But still methinks the frown of discontent      386  
 Sits low'ring on thy brow: thou would'st be taught,  
 " What virtue is in voluntary death  
 " To reconcile offenders to their judge."  
 But say, should silence give thy needless doubts      390

To spend themselves in air; dar'st thou conclude  
 The voice we heard was not the voice of Heav'n?  
 What province in the guidance of the world  
 Dost thou uphold, that all the secret springs  
 Of government must be display'd to thee?  
 Presumptuous reptile! it is thine to know  
 What it is thine to practise: all the rest,  
 To thee obscure, to God is clear as day.  
 —Remember too—" the Universal Cause 399  
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"  
 Remember that of these, tho' some thou see'st,  
 Myriads are hid from thine all-curious eye;  
 While Nature's prodigies before thee move,  
 Convincing thee of ignorance profound.  
 Tell me the law whereby the earthquake's rage  
 Instant o'erwhelms in ruin unforeseen  
 The boasted monuments of human pride:  
 Why the volcano pours his liquid fire;  
 Why pestilence and famine stalk the earth,  
 And ravage uncontroll'd: th' unnumber'd laws  
 Unfold to which thou giv'st one empty name  
 Of chance. Shall these, vain man! elude thy search,  
 Enacted for the ordinary course  
 Of Nature's operations; and shalt thou  
 Murmur at the obscurity of those  
 Deriv'd from exigency's latent springs?

Once more that adamantine tablet view;

The grand Redemption of degen'rate man  
Is not a single, independent act,  
But one great system; that perchance involv'd  
In the one only greater, God's high law  
Pervading and supporting ev'ry part  
Of the stupendous universe: to thee  
Dark are this system's limits; nay, the whole  
To thee unknown, save some minuter spots  
Display'd to shew the part thou hast to act  
In the alarming scene. But know that he  
Who of a system sees but part, sees none.  
Behold yon stately edifice; where Art  
And Nature lavish all their richest stores,  
To charm thine eye with majesty and grace:  
—Let all, save that small fragment, now be veil'd:—  
Say, do its beauties strike without impair?  
Where is the symmetry that smil'd around,  
The greatness that so dazzled? Where the use  
That warm'd the judgment into admiration?  
Alas, the veil was drawn, and they are fled.  
—Think'st thou the Indian, tho' before the sun  
He bend the knee of worship, can conceive  
Aught of those glories which ev'n thou conceiv'st,  
Who see'st him roll around his ponderous mass,  
Enliv'ning ev'ry planet in his train;  
And in their rapid courses while they sing,  
With godlike firmness curbing their bold flight,  
And poizing them in heav'nly harmony?

He who on systems oft with serious care  
 Has fix'd attention's eye, must oft have seen  
 The tendency of parts to work their ends,  
 Diff'ring from his opinion preconceiv'd.  
 Who of ye all, that murmur at the means  
 By the Supreme for Man's Redemption chose,  
 (Forgetting all that sage *experience* taught,)  
 Shall see yon peasant hide within the ground,  
 Far from his anxious view, the precious grain;  
 His great support and friend, in stedfast hope  
 Soon to behold it yield a glad increase;  
 And shall not strait put forth the friendly hand  
 To check the progress of his wild design?  
 —Ask we, in short, where 'tis ye find the chain,  
 Which here ye want, connecting *means* with *end*?  
 Shall ye not say, "*Experience* is our guide?"  
 Where then your guide is blind, how weak the hope  
 To find the latent object of your search!

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But tell me, can thy mem'ry range thro' time,  
 Ev'n from the first creation of our race,  
 And see the scatter'd tribes of varying men  
 Recurring to the feeble victim's aid  
 To expiate the guilt of past offence;  
 Both where the light of revelation shone,  
 And where dim reason shed a fainter ray;  
 Canst thou such uniformity behold,  
 Nor yet presume there is a Law of God,

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Whereby the sacrifice of His dread Son  
 Avails to purchase immortality?  
 If still impatience or suspicion haunt 475  
 Thy mind, where knowledge will not deign to dwell;  
 Ponder that holy tablet's precious lore;  
 Perchance, to recompence thy modest search,  
 New light may beam from the great Fount of Light,  
 And pathways, hitherto untrod, appear.  
 But sure we may with confidence unblam'd  
 Dare to pronounce, that while the low'ring mists  
 Of human ignorance so deep involve  
 The mis'ry we escape, and bliss we gain;  
 No eye so clearly shall perceive the means  
 Of gaining or escaping, as to judge,  
 With Reason's suffrage, *how* they work their end.

"Ign'rance the narrow mind of man may brook : 448  
 "But shall Insensibility's cold hand  
 "Allay all ferment betwixt right and wrong,  
 "Wise and unwise? That were to leave no praise  
 "Due ev'n to God. Persist we then to say,  
 "That to *prevent* more suits the good and wise,  
 "Than to *permit*, what must anon be heal'd."

Be not deceiv'd : we seek not *here* to find  
 A self-existent Being good and wise ;  
 Or such thou own'st, or groundless all debate  
 Of the unfolding His mysterious will :

This would we know; whether the same great Lord,  
Who over Nature's powers sublime presides,  
Did doubtless utter this alarming voice,  
And bid this holy tablet be engrav'd.

Arise then, thou that wou'dst *prevent* our fall,  
Arise, and let us see thee rule the world  
After thy darling principle: from thence  
Judge we, if to the same one point converge  
Thy schemes, and the decrees of Nature's God.—  
Behold yon circle of domestic friends,  
Each to his nightly couch serene retire,  
Unconscious of the fatal spark which, shed  
From Indiscretion's brandish'd torch, now pants  
And labours to diffuse its baleful pow'rs.  
Heav'ns! with what horror do the bursting flames  
Dissolve the seal of sleep! Amazement starts,  
And wild confusion bounds with frantic step  
Throughout the tott'ring mansion: how to fly,  
The first, great care. O desperate resource!  
Behold that tender youth spring from on high,  
And trust himself to air: alas! too sure  
Some feeble limb is shatter'd by the fall:  
But see Compassion's friendly hand stretch'd out  
To mitigate the anguish of his *soul*;  
And med'cine's balm soothing the *body's* pain,  
Able, 'ere long, health's firmness to restore.

Had thy superior wisdom govern'd here

This scene had been *prevented* ; then what need  
 To clog the mind with dull Discretion's bonds,  
 Or goad it with Compassion's pungent spur,  
 Or give to nat'ral bodies healing pow'rs?—  
 Thy scheme no doubt is wise : but yet methinks  
 Boasts not a freedom from these slight defects ;—  
 Man, first of human nature, it despoils ;  
 Then bids the Lord of Heav'n reverse that plan  
 His wisdom form'd before the birth of time.

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“ Be then this ill permitted ; and its cure  
 “ Reserv'd in Mercy's inexhausted stores.  
 “ But can that remedy proceed from heav'n  
 “ Which wills us to conceive th' Almighty Pow'r  
 “ Lab'ring thro' years, with cumb'rous instruments,  
 “ Imploring too a Mediator's aid,  
 “ 'Ere he His gracious purpose can effect ?—  
 “ Better befits His pow'r to speak the word,  
 “ And heal.” But say, dost thou expect a change  
 Sudden and self-effected to arise  
 From the great God of Nature ? Shew us then  
 Some upstart being perfect at its birth,  
 Or instant perishing without decay.  
 Shew us the hand of Providence unarm'd  
 With instrument, or senseless, or inform'd :  
 How did thy mind, thy body, all thy pow'rs  
 Attain that fulness of maturity ?  
 And whence the good and evil of thy state,



But from the creatures of thy Sov'reign Lord?  
His scourge the tyrant, His reward the friend,  
His gift the fruits of earth, His messengers  
The winds, His minister the flaming fire.

“Grant then that thus to remedy is wise; 556  
“Yet does the God of Justice disregard  
“If guilt or innocence be doom'd to pain?”  
Hence with the impious thought! But dost thou deem  
That voice was not the voice of Nature's God,  
Because it publish'd our deliv'rance wrought  
By suff'rance meek of voluntary woe?  
Alas! full little dost thou mark the scenes  
Of Providence, which flit before thine eye.  
How oft in them is wretchedness of guilt  
Alleviated by suff'ring innocence!—  
Mark that impetuous youth: the fev'rish fire  
Of passion seizes all his nobler pow'rs:  
The phantom pleasure trips with airy swim  
Before his dazzled eye: mark the pursuit  
How eager, how intense!—and now he hopes  
To grasp her in his arms—and now she flies—  
Ever at distance, seeming ever near.  
At length behold her vanish from his view,  
When lo, a grisly band of pallid fiends,  
The meager train of want, surround and seize  
Him languid with pursuit; now see him bound  
In squalid fetters by profusion knit,

Stranger to liberty and the pure breath  
 Of wholesome air. Despair mean while aloof,  
 Hovers expectant of her destin'd prey.  
 But whence that hoary sage who enters there,  
 The meek tears stealing down his furrow'd cheeks,  
 And Virtue's footsteps printed on his brow?  
 His staff a weak support for age and grief!—  
 Sure 'tis paternal love: mark with what care  
 He gazes on the guilty youth! how mild  
 Are his reproaches, and his soul how bent  
 To rescue him from slavery and woe,  
 Regardless of the ill himself must bear!  
 Can'st thou see this, nor own thy nature's law  
 Decrees such friendly interchange of pain,  
 While we are passing thro' this vale of tears?—  
 And from whence is it, that the Son of God  
 Shall not, if such his gracious will, assist  
 In the grand progress tow'rd eternal bliss,  
 And suffer for the guilty race of men?

But let contention cease: wait we the hour  
 When all things shall arrive to that one point  
 Whereto they have converg'd 'ere since the world  
 Was first awak'd from chaos into life.  
 When all the parts of this unfinish'd scheme  
 Shall be compacted in one perfect whole;  
 And what was deem'd unfit, shall strike the eye  
 With all its genuine symmetry and grace;

Then shall the justice and benevolence  
Of our Eternal Lord unclouded shine ;  
Seen by reflection's broken rays no more ;  
Themselves the naked objects of our view :  
Then shall the great Redeemer of Mankind,  
Nay ev'ry meaner sufferer, receive  
The meed, tho' long reserv'd, of ten-fold bliss ;  
And Mercy hide in her maternal breast  
The shame of him, who trembles to look up  
To the tribunal of the Righteous Judge.

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THE  
*CONVERSION of St. PAUL.*

BY  
JOHN LETTICE, M. A.

1764.



"YES, gentle shade, (heav'n on thy bounty smile !)  
" The lib'ral purpose of thy glowing heart  
" Breathes nought save peace, religion, and the love  
" Of sacred verse. Thou woo'st the mystic pow'rs  
" That frame sweet numbers to the golden lyre,  
" To fly those turbid regions, where, contemn'd  
" The chaster honours of poetic lore,  
" Lost all the dignity of ancient song,  
" Long have they chanted to the frantic voice  
" Of civil discord and fraternal rage  
" Responsive. May thy gen'rous urgent call

" Allure the wand'ers to CAM's hallow'd groves,  
" Once more to fill these much-neglected shades  
" With sweetest minstrelsy of magic sounds."

Such answer from the voice of fancy flow'd,  
As late, methought, some vision's airy charm  
Call'd to my view the venerable shade  
Of SEATON, much lamenting that the muse  
Regardless of th' exalted province, erst  
Asserted with such jealous care, should yield  
Her lyre divine, her high-enchanting strains,  
To spleen, revenge, and unrelenting hate,  
The baleful offspring of disastrous times.

Come then, sweet Chantress of celestial Airs!  
Inspire thy suppliant vot'ry, whilst he sings  
The Man of Tarsus, from Gamaliel's feet  
Rais'd to the converse of the living God.

How thick that cloud! that darkness how profound!  
Which o'er the mental sight blind prejudice  
Suspends, impervious to the brightest rays  
Of moral evidence. Ah, zealous Saint!  
Had heav'n to thee vouchsaf'd no stronger light  
To guide thy devious footsteps thro' the gloom  
Of error's maze, long as the vital stream  
Had warm'd thy dauntless heart, the swelling pride  
That Nature gave, th' unconquerable rage

Of Jewish bigotry, the callous sense  
 Deaf to the charmer Reason's call, so long  
 Had chain'd to earth thy captivated soul.  
 But—gracious Pow'rs! what burst of blazing light!  
 Lo! where th' effulgent streams of purer day,  
 Surpassing far the radiance of the morn  
 First rising o'er the bow'rs of paradise,  
 Spring from heav'n's azure canopy! And hark!  
 Some voice tremendous, like the fearful roar  
 Of rushing cataracts, pervades the air:—  
 "Saul! Saul! what madness lifts thine impious arm  
 "To brave th' Omnipotence of Heav'n? Forbear,  
 "Rash mortal! check thine unavailing rage;  
 "Nor longer with eternal adamant\*  
 "Wage fruitless war. What! can an insect's sting  
 "Rift the firm oak? Or shall the lion fall  
 "A recreant victim to the timid lamb?—  
 "With rev'rence wait the high behests of heav'n;  
 "And know, proud reptile! 'tis that Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 "Th' immortal God, thy fury braves, whose voice  
 "Arrests thine ear." Soon as the first alarm,  
 That lock'd each sense in dumb astonishment,  
 Had ceas'd, the prostrate seer, with trembling tongue,  
 The heav'nly vision fearfully address'd—

\* *Ἀδάμαρτα πάσει*—carried with it, among the Ancients, the  
 same proverbial import as—*πρὸς τὰ κέρτα λακτίξει*.

" O, Source Divine of Love and Goodness ! lost  
" In the wild transports of th' impassion'd soul,  
" Terror, remorse, hope, gratitude, and joy  
" By turns triumphant o'er each captive thought,  
" What shall I speak, or how be silent? Deign,  
" Eternal Spirit! to declare Thy will :  
" Say, why vouchsaf'd Thy presence, why display'd  
" Thy glories to a reptile of the dust?"  
He ceas'd.—The voice celestial thus reply'd:—  
" Arise ! to fair Damascus' walls pursue  
" Thy destin'd course ; there shall the deep decrees  
" Of heav'n, 'ere long, to thine illumin'd sense  
" Unclouded shine." Obedient rose the seer  
Of God high-favour'd ; but behold ! his eyes  
Plung'd in the torrent of th' empyreal blaze  
To dreary night consign'd. Th' obsequious train,  
The partners of his fell vindictive zeal,  
Speechless with horror, guide his painful steps  
To the fam'd city. Three long tedious days  
An exile from the chearful sun, no food,  
No draught refreshing to his wants supply'd,  
There did he ponder, in his chearless breast,  
The mazes of th' Almighty's will. Three days  
Expir'd, by heav'n's propitious guidance led,  
Arriv'd the Minister of Light. He spoke  
The magic word of faith ; and instant fell  
The veil of darkness from the zealot's eye.  
Once more the vivid splendor of the sun

He saw, and thus pour'd forth th' extatic joy :  
" Hail, blessed orb ! ætherial brightness, hail !  
" Welcome ! the genial luxury of light ;  
" Thrice welcome it's return ! But oh ! what words  
" Shall hail the day-spring of immortal truth !  
" What words can paint the radiance of her beams  
" First darting on the soul ! Purg'd the thick film  
" Of Jewish ignorance from reason's eye,  
" Now stand reveal'd the wise, the wond'rous schemes  
" Of Providence. I see, confess, adore  
" The miracle of mercy, grace and love,  
" Vouchsaf'd man's guilty race, vouchsaf'd e'en me !

Th' enraptur'd convert ceas'd. The sacred lymph,  
Mysterious prelude of regenerate life !  
Confirm'd th' auspicious change. Faith, fortitude,  
Light-winged hope, and the cherubic throng,  
That with the ductile spirit of the soul  
Congenial, still attend on virtue's paths,  
Hov'ring around Heav'n's fav'rite proselyte,  
Fix on his breast their adamantine seal.

Each holy rite perform'd, the zealous saint  
Pour'd from his tongue spontaneous the stream  
Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo !  
The gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,  
Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive sage  
With simple stile, deliberate address



And nervous argument, now vindicates  
The great Messiah. Now with words that live,  
With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,  
Expiring nature and the doom of man,  
He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,  
Her shape deform'd, the poison of her touch,  
Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,  
He next describes. Affrighted conscience 'wakes;  
The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;  
Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.  
What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,  
But shudder'd there!—Now with mellifluous tongue,  
He soothes the scorpion-sting of conscious guilt.  
Behold! each faded countenance relum'd  
With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint  
Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,  
Of grace and mercy infinite, displays  
The high rewards of penitence and life  
Reform'd, the freedom of the christian yoke  
Avers, and testifies th' eternal league  
'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now to crown  
The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,  
He wins th' enchanted auditors to peace,  
Long-suff'ring, gentleness and social love,  
The godlike spirit of his master's laws!

Was this the hot vindictive pharisee?  
O strange conversion! This th' impetuous Saul,

That late dire menaces and slaughter breath'd ?  
 Was this, sage \* priest, the minister of wrath  
 Fix'd by the dreaded sanction of thy power  
 To hurl perdition on the rising church?  
 What ! Were those hands, now lifted up to Heav'n  
 To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued †  
 In the pure blood of his devoted saints,  
 And consecrated martyrs ? Wondrous change !  
 But what can check that All-controlling Power,  
 Who turns the course of Nature at His will ;  
 Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose call  
 Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm step  
 Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst  
 His potent voice bade the curl'd waves subside,  
 And hush'd the wind's wild uproar into peace ?

Behold ! th' illustrious convert now invades  
 The reign of Gentile darkness. See ! appall'd  
 Black superstition, with her baleful throng  
 Of self-bred fears, and unembodied forms  
 That haunt despair ; the foul unholy train  
 Of molten idols and fantastic gods  
 Shrink at his presence, like the fleeting shades  
 Of sullen night, when first Hyperion's orb  
 Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.

\* The High Priest of Jerusalem.

† "Ος ταύτην τὴν ὁδὸν ἰδίῳ ξα ἀρχὴ θανάτου, &c. Acts xxii. v. 4.

Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme  
Withstood the thunder of the preacher's tongue.  
Totter'd his throne, his golden sceptre fell;  
Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.  
No longer smoak'd his odoriferous shrines  
With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant breath  
Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb  
Distain'd his blushing altars. Solemn praise  
And pray'rs devoutly breath'd, the tears, the sighs  
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,  
Now form'd the Gentile's purer sacrifice  
To the true God.—The philosophic lore  
Of learned Athens sunk 'ere long, eclips'd  
By truth's resistless blaze. The vain parade  
Of empty jargon and unmeaning forms  
No longer won the prostituted praise  
Of wond'ring Greece. The Stoic's fond pretence  
Was urg'd no more; the boasted apathist  
Confess'd the strength of Nature, own'd the power,  
The use of passion, deign'd to feel himself,  
And sympathize the miseries of man.  
Nor long the dictates of thy sensual mind  
Allur'd th' unwary step of youth to sin,  
Lascivious \* sophist! Thy disciple erst  
That quaff'd the luscious sweets of Circe's cup,  
Hung on the siren's fascinating tongue,

\* Epicurus.

And thrill'd with transport at the harlot's smile,  
Now sighs for pleasures which no eye hath seen,  
No ear hath heard, nor mortal heart conceiv'd.  
No more he babbles of thy foolish dreams  
Of self-concurring atoms, and blind chance  
Omnipotent: where'er he turns his eyes,  
Amaz'd he traces, thro' each wondrous scene,  
The hand of Providence. Each attribute  
That points th' Almighty Parent of the World  
To man's conceptions, legibly pourtray'd  
On Nature's page, th' enlighten'd convert sees;  
And as he views, his elevated breast,  
With inextinguishable ardor, burns  
For truth, for life and immortality.  
Where'er the preacher roll'd the powerful tide  
Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt  
Foul error fled, whether the Roman school,  
Or Attic portico her presence held;  
Or the dark inmate of the Pagan shrine,  
She heap'd vain incense to some idol-god.  
O! may those living oracles of light,  
That boast the sanction of thine hallow'd pen,  
Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,  
Where still pale fear and superstition reign,  
Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!  
May the lewd prophet's brothel-paradise,  
Base hope of wretched ignorance and lust,  
Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step

To Mecca's walls: no longer FOHI's name  
Usurp the prostrate adoration, due  
To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun  
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:  
But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one God  
Unite the scatter'd progeny of man!

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THE  
*CRUCIFIXION.*

BY  
THOMAS ZOUCH, M. A.

1765.

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**E**NOUGH has fiction's fairy scene deceiv'd  
My dreaming hours of youth: with pensive step  
Musing along the cloyster's silent gloom  
Thee, holy truth, I woo: thy graceful charms,  
Far lovelier than the damask rose that glows  
On beauty's cheek, the poet's moral strain  
Excite.—Ye fabled songs, adieu! adieu,  
Imagination, to the dazzled eye  
Shooting thy gorgeous phantoms! hence, ye dreams  
Of sublunary glare, the gem of wealth,  
The plume of honour! To her awful shrine

Devotion wafts me, where the white-rob'd priest  
With heart-felt transport on the wing of prayer  
Extatic rises, or with waving hand  
And all the decent elegance of ease  
Mysterious truth unfolds, whilst on his tongue  
Attention hangs enraptur'd. At that altar  
Peace sheds her balmy influence, far from Guilt  
And all his hideous offspring: Envy wan  
With jaundic'd eye: Ambition's blustering voice  
Brawling for titles: hollow-hearted smile  
Of cringing Adulation: dog-ey'd Lust  
Rifling the bosom of chaste innocence.

For say, can fancy, fond to weave the tale  
Of bliss ideal, feign more genuine joy  
Than thine, PHILANDER, when the Man of God  
Gives to thy hand the consecrated cup,  
Blessed memorial of a Saviour's love!  
Glowing with zeal the humble penitent  
Approacheth: Faith her fostering radiance points  
Full on his contrite heart: Hope cheers his steps,  
And Charity, the fairest in the train  
Of christian virtues, swells his heaving breast  
With love unbounded. Feast of bliss supreme  
To eat the bread of life, to drink the cup  
Of benediction!—Memory bids the scene,  
Th' important scene, arise, when dread dismay  
Alarm'd the nations. Melt, thou heart of brass;

Death triumph'd o'er its victor. Wild amaze  
Seiz'd all the host of heaven, moaning their God  
In agony transfixt, his every sense  
A window to affliction : sorrow fill'd  
Their tide of tragic woe, and chang'd the note  
From fervent rapture to the gloomy strain  
Of deepest lamentation. O how pure  
Th' effulgence of his bounty, that completes  
Redemption's mighty work, the source of joy!

Hail, heavenly love, that with eternal sway  
Pervades creation's amplest bounds! 'Twas love  
That bade existence spring to life: the sun,  
Inspir'd in radiancy, began his course,  
And vegetation from the earth's warm lap  
Call'd forth her genial powers. 'Twas love that form'd  
Redemption's glorious plan. Ye white-wing'd hosts,  
Cherubs and seraphs, that enrob'd in light  
Drink the pure stream of ever-during day,  
In hallelujahs chaunt the grateful hymn  
Of adoration: from your sapphire seats  
Hail the glad tidings, that to man is giv'n  
A Saviour merciful. But chiefly ye,  
Daughters and sons of Adam, raise the song  
Of gratulation meet.—Ye young, ye gay,  
Listen with patient ear the strains of truth:  
Ye who in dissipation waste your days,  
From pleasure's giddy train O steal an hour,



With sage reflexion nor disdain to gaze  
The solemn scene on CALV'RY'S guilty mount,  
Where frightened nature shakes her trembling frame,  
And shudders at the complicated crime  
Of deicide.—The thorn-encircled head  
All pale and languid on the bleeding cross,  
The nail-empierced hand, the mangled feet,  
The perforated side, the heaving sigh  
Of gushing anguish, the deep groan of death,  
The day of darkness, terror and distress:  
Ah! shall not these awake one serious thought!

Sin, I detest thee: murd'rous child of night,  
Hence to thy native hell! in Eden's vale  
Rov'd our first parents, bosom'd in content,  
Gay as the spring, and innocent as gay.  
Thou dash'd their draught of bliss, their sweets of joy  
Mingling with gall. Misfortune's haggard crew  
Hence o'er the wide creation ruthless prowld,  
And rioted on man. Can aught arrest  
Th' Almighty's anger?—Yes: the victim bleeds,  
His own dear Son, from bondage to exalt  
A ransom'd world, to blast the damning power  
Of Satan, Sin, and Death. How chang'd from him,  
Whose Majesty in native lustre shone  
Sevenfold, when on th' eternal throne he smil'd,  
Long 'ere yon planets in their measur'd orbs  
Revolv'd: or walking on the whirl-wind's wing

He rais'd his arm, and drove the rebel brood :  
 Down to their black abyss: beneath his feet  
 The flames flash'd horrible : before him fled  
 The ghastly train of pestilence and woe.

On revelation's sacred page intent  
 The eye of faith surveys the mighty deed  
 Shadow'd in mystic type, when Abram, urg'd  
 By heaven's all-wise behest, with eager zeal  
 Snatch'd from a mother's weeping care \* the child  
 Of laughter, on Moriah's secret top  
 Binding the spotless hands of innocence.

How vain the breath, how empty all the boast  
 Of popular applause ! To day we soar  
 The sons of fortune, favour'd by the croud ;  
 Their idol and their God. The morrow blights  
 Our bud of fame. The rabble change their notes  
 From hoarsest acclamation to the hiss  
 Of harsh contempt: the many-headed beast  
 Hark how he shouts for blood and impious carnage !  
 See Israel's humble King, mild as the lamb  
 Beneath the murdering knife, amidst the sneer,  
 The taunt of mad reproach, led to the cross,  
 To shame and bitter death. Him late they rais'd  
 To fame's bright summit, when they sung his name

\* פָּרָאׁ Isaac a risu dictus est. Gen. xxi. 3. Buxtorf

With loud hosannas, or with silent ardor  
Dwelt on his tongue, list'ning the happy lore  
Of evangelic joy. Ye ruffian tribe,  
Ah! check the ruthless rage, that drowns the voice,  
The faithful voice of reason, to your God  
Prefers sedition's son, whom foul with crimes  
Ripe vengeance waits, and awful justice calls.

Ye men of Judah, let one languid spark  
Of soft compassion melt your iron hearts!  
O stay the cruel stroke, the blood-stain'd scourge  
Forbear: O spare, for pity spare that wound:  
Support his falt'ring steps: he faints, he dies:  
Your King, your meek Messiah faints: he sinks  
Beneath th' oppressive load; up the steep mount  
He toils panting, and harrass'd with fatigue.

But shall oblivion's raven wing o'ershade  
The ever-blooming fame of Salem's daughters?  
Then weep, ye fair, and with prophetic tears  
Swell the full stream of grief, sincere as erst  
When Herod's vengeful arm in infant blood  
Drench'd his wide-wasting sword: with rueful shriek  
The childless parent wander'd Rama's streets.  
Your gentler breasts to sympathetic sighs  
Indulgent nature melts. Remorseless man  
With heart of roughest mould sheds not one tear,  
Nor wails a Saviour's death. To you the muse

Shall twine her wreath of praise : ye felt his pangs,  
Ye moan'd his agonizing grief of soul.

How calm the Sufferer ! not one rageful word  
Of wild impatience : no resentment shakes  
His harrow'd breast. Cheerful and mild he meets  
The savage king of terrors. Lo ! to Heaven  
On mental wing his zealous prayer ascends.  
But ah ! for whom ?—For you, ye sons of pride,  
That led him to th' accursed tree of shame.  
“ Father, forgive them.”—Hence, far hence the fury  
Of wrath and vengeful hatred ! Christian love,  
With universal charity inspire  
My breast : extinguish every latent spark  
Of low revenge. Give me to breathe the flame  
Of tenderest affection, to sustain  
Unruffled and serene the mean attacks  
Of enmity and slander. Thus to tread  
A Master's heavenly steps, like him to bear  
With patient mind insult and rash abuse,  
Be this my boasted glory, this my pride !

Great God of Truth, shall equal terrors fall  
On innocence and guilt ? The noon-tide ray  
Mix with the midnight gloom ? The Son of Man,  
The great High Priest, harmless and undefil'd,  
With impious ruffians numb'ed, dies the death  
Of unrelenting justice. Fierce as Hell

Yon harden'd murd'rer breathes out his angry soul  
In blasphemous defiance. Foul reproach  
Flows from his venom tongue : avenging death  
With tenfold darkness brooding, opes to view  
Scenes of eternal pangs, where penal wrath  
With unextinguishable fury burns.  
Some cheerful beam of hope, some gleam of Heaven  
Bursts on the brother of his crimes. He weeps :  
Repentance darts into his convict heart  
A ray of peace. The rising arm of wrath  
Drops the impending thunder : mercy smiles  
Benign. E'en tho' the blaze of guilt outglare  
The scarlet's crimson hue, fair mercy sheds  
Her hoard of joy, and whitens every stain.

Come then, Repentance, with thy piercing ken  
The dark recesses of my heart pervade :  
Fill me with real sorrow : nought avails  
The sable sackcloth, or the vain grimace  
Of hypocritic pomp. When ghastly death  
Hovers around my couch, it nought avails  
To break the curtain'd slumber of the night  
Counting the figur'd beads, to wear the hour  
With repetition's empty hymn, to grasp  
The gilded crucifix.—Fantastic rites  
Of papal ignorance!—All wrapt in grief,  
Whilst youth with manhood's vigor nerves my limbs,  
The young blood circling in its channel'd path;

I bend the suppliant knee:—" Father of Heaven,  
" Father of mercies, snatch from ruin's gulph,  
" Snatch me from sin."—Temptation spreads her lure  
With meretricious art. Wanton desire,  
Fierce as the waken'd fury of the deep,  
Riots: O for a faithful friendly hand  
With pious art to guide the light-wing'd skiff,  
And waft it from the tempest's boist'rous rage!

See 'midst the croud, that thronging round the hill  
With mad discordant roar of barb'rous joy  
Gape on the cross, a self-convicted wretch  
Shivering. Damp horror fills his guilty breast  
With pungent throes. On his wide-rolling eye  
Distraction frantic sits and black despair.  
Accursed lust of gain, that steels the heart  
'Gainst pity's soft emotions, breaks the tie  
Of dear affection, plunges all the soul  
In sin and woe! What for so poor a price,  
Th' assassin's hireling wages, to betray  
A Saviour and a God! and with the kiss  
Of friendship too!—Thou specious man of blood,  
Fly from thyself, thy bitterest deadliest foe.  
Conscience with never-dying worm corrodes  
Thy tortur'd bosom.—'Tis the Lamb of God,  
The blessed Jesus, whom thy treach'rous hand  
Consigns to death: Heard'st thou that sigh of grief  
That shook earth's tottering base? Saw'st thou those limbs

Writhed with pain ? 'Twas he that taught the word  
Of peace and love, that stopp'd the horrid rage  
Of dire disease, and from their gloomy cell  
Call'd out the silent dead. Th' expiring sigh  
Again he heaves. Heard'st thou that cutting pang,  
Iscaiot! Go, whilst dumb amazement holds  
The frozen multitude : cavern thy pelf,  
Perfidious traitor. Vengeance, clad in blood,  
Burning with rage, unsheaths her wasteful sword,  
Pursues thy steps, and hunts thee down to death.

Whilst ruin bursts the temple's inmost veil,  
And 'midst surrounding scenes of horror roam  
The grisly spectres, as at midnight hour ;  
Far from the pomp and pageantry of pride  
Pilate sequester'd sits, the venal judge,  
Corruption's slave, that gloated on the spoils  
Of innocence oppressed. What avails  
Or trophy'd blaze of power or gloss of wealth  
To sooth the fever'd phrenzy of his soul ?  
He burns, as with a raging calenture,  
Tortur'd by jarring passions.—Why that look ?  
Those broken accents ? Thou dark, dusky man,  
Say can his spotted skin the leopard change ?  
In vain thou seek'st the pillow of repose.  
The noon-tide sun, velop'd in darkness dim,  
His golden glory shrouds : But ah ! what night  
With darkness dim shall shroud thee from the eye,

The piercing eye of guilt? With impious hand  
Profane not thus the limpid stream: not all  
The ocean's wave can wash off that foul spot  
Of murder. Heaven's vindictive justice reigns  
Unbrib'd by wealth. E'en now thy anxious mind  
Anticipates its fate. Destruction waits  
Thy steps: the tyrant of imperial Rome  
Drives thee to exile: in the desert isle  
Breathe to the taunting air thy doleful plaints.  
Engender'd erst on pride and coward shame,  
The monster Suicide his influence dire  
Sheds o'er thy melancholy-tinctur'd soul  
Baleful. Go dash thee down the rocky steep,  
Or plunge into thy breast the thirsty sword  
That pants for blood.—But lo! a different scene!  
What tho' th' autumnal sickness stalks around,  
What tho' the rage of noon-day pestilence  
Slays her ten thousands; yet beneath the shade  
Of Providence the good man smiles secure  
And undismay'd. As resolution firm  
The lov'd disciple stands, in manly grief  
Silent.—Illustrious saint! endear'd to him  
Who knows the hidden secret thoughts of man,  
Friendship on thee her choicest treasures pour'd.  
What heavenly transport to mix soul with soul  
In liberal converse; to imbibe the words  
Of blessed truth, from Wisdom's mouth to catch  
Instruction's sweetest lessons!—See thy King,



Thy friend, from his triumphant infamy  
Looks down with condescension; deigns to crown  
Thy holy fortitude. With filial care  
His tender pledges guard: when age with snow  
Shall sow thy temples, then shall visions bless  
Thy nights; nor shall the envied wreath thy brow  
Entwine, 'ere ruin raze these haughty walls;  
'Ere the proud Roman eagle clap her wing  
Hovering o'er Salem's desolated towers.

What pencil's glowing colours know to paint  
A mother's deep distress? Fast by the cross  
With eyes and hands uplifted, wrap'd in woe,  
All motionless and mute, she views her son,  
Her God, beneath the weight of others sins  
Bow his afflicted head. Thus Eve, absorpt  
In sorrow's trance, her darling offspring ey'd  
Welt'ring in blood: expressive silence spoke  
Her pangs of agony: the big-swoln tear  
Burst down her cheek: around her beauteous form  
The golden tresses flow'd in rude disorder,  
Whilst Adam at her side in vain assay'd  
Bland consolation. Secret grief o'erwhelms  
MARIA's throbbing breast. Now langour wan  
Unnerves each sense: tender remembrance soon  
Wakes in her soften'd heart the fond, fond scenes,  
When sweet domestic peace confirm'd her bliss,  
Shelter'd beneath a husband's faithful arm

From humbling infamy. Thrice happy pair !  
They gently trod the flowery path of life :  
They ate the bread of temperance, round their board  
Contentment laugh'd, blithe as a blooming bride.  
Lull'd on her lap the infant God-head oft  
Repos'd him weary. Tho' no trumpet's sound,  
No host of cherubim his praise attun'd,  
Maternal rapture on his lovely name  
With fondness dwelt: ponder'd each pleasing sign  
Of future splendor.—Oh! what an awful change!  
The rude wind tempests the bright dawn of hope.  
Mute is the tongue of eloquence that aw'd  
A list'ning multitude: languid the lips  
That smil'd complacence round, and every grace  
Gently diffus'd. Dim in its ghastly orb  
The beaming eye of Majesty is sunk.

But tho' with adverse wind the gray storm lours,  
Shall sullen discontent awake the voice  
Of querulous despair? Thou second Eve,  
O stop the falling tear: the sigh restrain:  
And ye, selected flock, that scatter'd late  
Fled from your shepherd, from despondence raise  
Your drooping hearts: resume the smile of joy.  
Burst are the gates of death: blunted the sting  
Of sin: Messiah mounts th' exalted car  
Of triumph. As Elijah rapt of old

To heaven, victorious o'er the murky grave,  
He rises to the realms of endless day.

Thus when the infant moon her circling sphere  
Wheels o'er the sun's broad disk, her shadow falls  
On earth's fair bosom: darkness chills the fields,  
And dreary night invests the face of heaven.  
Reflected from the lake full many a star  
Glimmers with feeble languor. India's sons  
Affrighted in wild tumult rend the air.  
Before his idol god with barb'rous shriek  
The Brachman falls: when soon the eye of day  
Darts his all-cheering radiance, from the gloom  
Emerging. Joy invades the wondering croud,  
And acclamation rushes from the tongue  
Of thousands that around their blazing pile  
Riot in antic dance and dissonant song.

Far from this earthly ball th' advent'rous muse  
Uplifted, dares to soar her aëry way  
To where in immortality enthron'd  
The great Redeemer sits at God's right hand.  
No fond illusion cheats me; from this shell  
Of clay, the soul to brighter climes aspires,  
Nor seeks imagination's waxen wings  
To speed her course. Almighty, infinite  
The filial Godhead reigns: old Ocean flies

Affrighted at his awful nod, whilst heaven  
Bows trembling. Mercy's gentle attribute  
Tempers His justice: He protects the poor  
In needful hour of dearth, and from the dust  
Raises the weeping penitent: His wrath  
The blood of goats averts not, or the fat  
Of costly hecatombs, or altar wreath'd  
With clouds of incense, tho' in Phrygian mood  
The laurel-nurtur'd priests their Pythic hymn  
Attemper to the virgin choir, that chant  
Their Doric harmony. Nor deigns He not  
With pity's eye the contrite heart to view  
And troubled spirit: purest sacrifice,  
By Him accepted. O emblazon wide  
His name, ye creatures that in heaven, in earth,  
Or in the wide sea breathe.

“ Dread Judge of all!  
“ Anointed King! Saviour of fallen man!  
“ All praise to Thee be given: 'ere time began  
“ Thou art, in thy unfathom'd essence veil'd  
“ Immense. But still Perfection deign'd to bear  
“ Th' infirmities of man: th' Eternal died,  
“ Th' Almighty suffer'd woe. All heaven beheld,  
“ And hymn'd in admiration's loudest notes  
“ Thee crucify'd. Can aught of mortal song  
“ Equal Thy glory whilst on earth? What tongue  
“ The congregated wonders of Thy life

" Can speak ? To Thee shall wisdom yield her palm  
" Of fame : in vain she boasts the letter'd art,  
" And all the mazy folly of the schools,  
" Socratic knowledge, or the Stag'rite's pomp  
" Of idle speculation. King of kings !  
" O let Thy bright example rouse the soul  
" To meek humility : great Intercessor !  
" Pour on Thy meanest suppliant the boon  
" Of pardon and remission. Wean his mind  
" From earth-bred care. When the grim hand of death  
" Shall snatch me weary to the darksome grave,  
" When the last trumpet's sound shall shake this globe,  
" And desolation urn yon disorb'd worlds,  
" Oh smile forgiveness. At that awful hour  
" Propitious chase away the fears that fright  
" The fluttering soul, nor let Thy blood in vain  
" Drop from the cross ! The while may reason guide  
" My every wish ! may true religion strew  
" Life's varied path ! 'Tis her's to wipe the tear  
" From sorrow's eye, to light the lamp of hope,  
" From Revelation's copious fount to pour  
" The streams of comfort, peace, and holy love."

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THE  
*GIFT OF TONGUES.*

BY  
CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

1767.

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**G**OD's wond'rous pow'r, on that great day reveal'd,  
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,  
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore  
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.  
O for one transient gleam from that pure fount  
Of light celestial, whose all-pow'rful rays  
Instant dispell'd the mists of ignorance,  
Inform'd the mind, and urg'd the willing tongue!  
O for one spark of that transcendant fire  
Which shed its rapid influence thro' the soul,  
Kindling at once in the astonish'd mind

The sacred flame of heav'n-directed zeal,  
In strains pour'd forth of wisdom heaven-taught,  
Which in conception to perfection sprang,  
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!  
Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!  
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,  
When conscious weakness claims Thy aid benign,  
Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure  
Nought hides, who mark'st my inmost soul,  
And check'st with care paternal every ill,  
Suggesting kindly pure and holy thoughts,  
Frame thou my mind; dispose my humble heart  
To feel thy goodness and adore thy might;  
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,  
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;  
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere  
Those acts of pow'r I know not how to scan;  
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's pride,  
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,  
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how dim!)  
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;  
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,  
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,  
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;  
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,  
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;  
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,  
To view Thy goodness, and to sing Thy praise;

So shall my lays, tho' rude, attention claim,  
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;  
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic worth,  
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,  
When erst the prophet of the favour'd seed  
From Israel sprung, high-honour'd Moses held,  
With trembling awe, converse with God himself;  
'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount  
The rapid lightnings shot their livid glance,  
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,  
Whilst the dread thunder, mutt'ring from afar,  
With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,  
Burst rattl'ing all around in discord wild,  
When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,  
The holy prophet learn'd those high behests  
By which to lead his sacred flock, and shew  
Types of a purer plan in days to come;  
On that same day, the still more sacred flock  
Of Christ, who only mourn'd his recent loss,  
Stol'n from the clamours of the impious croud  
In thought pursu'd his steps to heav'n, and cheer'd  
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul  
His last bequest had shed a gleam of joy;  
"A comforter to come" restrain'd their tears,



A steadfast faith suppress'd the rising sigh,  
And expectation rais'd their downcast eyes.  
Nor vain their hope ; for now with sudden burst  
A rushing noise through all the sacred band  
Silence profound and fix'd attention claim'd,  
A chilling terror crept through ev'ry heart,  
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face :  
The rough roar ceas'd ; when, borne on fiery wings,  
The dazzling emanation from above  
In brightest vision round each sacred head  
Diffus'd its vivid beams ; mysterious light !  
That rush'd impetuous through th' awaking mind,  
Whilst new ideas fill'd the passive soul,  
Fast crouding in with sweetest violence.  
'Twas then amaz'd they caught the glorious flame,  
Spontaneous flow'd their all-persuasive words,  
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd,  
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captiv'd ear.

O see the crowd, pressing with eager steps  
To catch the flowing periods as they fall ;  
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour  
The pleasing accents of their native tongue ;  
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,  
With out-stretch'd hands and smiles of social love,  
To greet the partners of their native soil.  
O catch the varying transports in their looks,  
In awful wonder see each passion lost,

When ev'ry nation urg'd an equal claim.  
Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of truth,  
By weak restraints of language unconfin'd,  
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine  
From whence the day-spring draws her glitt'ring store  
To shine on all with undistinguish'd ray,  
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Immortal Truth ! by inspiration taught,  
Thou spurn'st the servile chains of human art;  
In native majesty array'd, thou shed'st  
Thy radiant beams through all this vale below;  
Thy piercing voice resounds through distant climes,  
By all distinguish'd, and by all ador'd.  
Thou sat'st enthron'd above yon azure vault,  
And mock'dst the tedious toil of human wit,  
What time at Babel's hapless tow'r they strove  
To rescue meaning from the load of sounds,  
And give precision to the voice confus'd,  
Restoring heav'n's most pleasing gift to man.

Thee neither wind nor wave can circumscribe.  
Wide o'er where ocean spreads his ample bed  
Thou fliest at large, to visit ev'ry shore,  
And pour thy sacred voice in ev'ry heart  
In language universal. What avail  
To thy all-piercing eye and tongue heav'n-taught  
The nice distinctions of the critic art,

The foolish pride of letter'd pedantry,  
Rising, by slow degrees and labour'd care,  
From the first lisp, which on the infant tongue  
Hangs with uncertain cadence, to the height  
Of learning's utmost pow'r? With scorn thou view'st  
The erring paths of science, falsely call'd;  
Tracing her slow steps from her eastern home,  
Whence first, in clouded majesty, she beam'd  
A transient glance, and tempted the pursuit,  
Thou mark'st her progress from the rapid Nile,  
Where Thebes receiv'd her at her hundred gates,  
And see'st her roll her ever-wand'ring way  
To milder climes, when Greece with open arms  
Receiv'd her credulous; old Orpheus then  
And Linus sung their fabled lays, and spread  
A lengthen'd train of philosophic lies.  
Mocking thou view'st the pride of human wit,  
Whilst Athens self, fair science' fav'rite seat,  
And Rome imperial, vers'd in ev'ry lore,  
Successless toil to bring thee forth to view.  
Thou see'st unnumber'd systems rise and fall,  
And ev'ry learned age bring new deceits;  
Whilst tow'ring pride still lifts her ready hand  
To crush the fond delusion of the day,  
And instant rear a stronger in its place.  
But O! this blindness may not ever be,  
And vague opinion, with usurping hand,  
Bright wisdom's sceptre may not ever wield;

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each pole  
 The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;  
 Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,  
 Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,  
 And all is blindfold error and distress.  
 O! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic pow'r  
 Burst through the organs of the sacred band,  
 What time, O Salem, midst thy hallow'd walls  
 The mingled crowd from many a distant realm  
 In fix'd attention hung upon their words,  
 Which, with conviction fraught, flow'd unrestrain'd,  
 Though, skill'd alone in virtue's sacred lore,  
 They never had employ'd life's precious hours  
 In learning's paths; without proud science wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus  
 Makes known His sacred will, and shews His pow'r:  
 By Him inspir'd they speak with urgent tongue  
 Authoritative, whilst th' illumin'd breast  
 Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme  
 Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,  
 As quick the ready organs catch the thought,  
 And, in such strains as science could not teach,  
 Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;  
 The list'ning throng there feel its bless'd effect,  
 And deep conviction glows in ev'ry breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind  
 At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:

Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,  
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous lust,  
And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,  
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:  
They fade to rise no more; for see a band  
Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,  
And stamp the mansion with the seal of truth.  
There heav'nly knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,  
And patience sits, with meek submissive smile  
Disarming stern oppression; justice there  
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;  
And there, with God's own armour all-begirt,  
Stands fortitude, erect in christian strength;  
There temp'rance stands, with ever-watchful eye,  
To curb the passions with a steady rein;  
And candour there her golden rule displays  
To act by others as thy heart must wish  
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee;  
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,  
Sits heav'n-born charity; her eagle eye  
Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,  
Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,  
She deems all human ills her own, and sighs  
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.  
With such bright guests the christian mind is stor'd,  
Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:  
These to make known became the sacred task  
By heav'n impos'd upon the chosen band;  
Thrice happy they to such high office call'd,

The blessed ministers of God's high will!  
For them the fulness of His might is shewn,  
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's law;  
Grim death for them contracts his hasty stride,  
And checks his dart ev'n in the act to strike;  
His horrid messengers, disease and pain,  
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,  
And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;  
For them bright wisdom opens all her stores,  
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,  
Whilst inspiration's all-enliv'ning light  
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;  
Warm'd by the ray they pour the sacred strain  
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine,  
For ever register'd in heav'n's high page,  
Flow from their lips, and glow within their breasts;  
Amaz'd they feel the sacred extacy,  
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;  
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom fraught  
Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.  
This is no fancy'd power, no idle dream,  
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy form'd,  
The genuine influence fills each raptur'd soul,  
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels  
When, reason by delusive fancy led  
In sad captivity, the thoughts confus'd  
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense,

His mind a chaos of blind zeal, that spurns  
Th' unerring clue which mild discretion lends.  
Perchance the clashing images strike out  
Some languid ray of casual light; how soon  
The weak and momentary glance is lost  
Beneath a load of wild obscurity!  
Much does he labour with some weighty thought,  
Of faith, of grace, of heav'n, perchance of hell,  
But all in vain he draws the thread confus'd  
To tedious length, the end eludes his search,  
And leaves him wrapt in wild perplexity  
Recoiling still on the same beaten track.  
Thus wayward fancy with her vagrant blaze  
Misleads the eye of ignorance; mean while  
In vain the steady lamp of reason burns,  
The sure and sober guide to truth's retreat.  
But ah! consider well, ye self-inspir'd,  
'Ere fancy, drooping on the bed of death,  
Leaves ye forlorn to seek for reason's aid;  
Consider well, are these the genuine marks  
Of heav'nly inspiration? Was it thus  
In wild extatic rants and dubious phrase,  
In doctrines intricate and terms perplex'd,  
The simple messengers of Jesus spake?  
O search and see, were not their doctrines pure,  
And in such plain and modest phrase express'd  
As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?  
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,  
No meed, but that which conscious virtue feels

When she conducts some hapless wand'rer back  
To paths, without her aid, for ever lost.  
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblam'd  
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;  
If, daily train'd to ev'ry virtuous act,  
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,  
Through the streight path, the way of holiness,  
Than may ye lead your flocks to his abode;  
But, O beware! think not the heav'nly guest  
Can fix his residence with aught impure;  
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest guides  
Can ever be the seat of heav'nly grace;  
If yet the holy Spirit deigns to dwell  
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defil'd  
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with lust;  
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake  
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig  
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;  
Ev'n thus shall all be measur'd by their fruits;  
So spake the living Oracle of Truth:  
O never, never lose this sacred guide,  
By ev'ry blast of doctrine borne away,  
But gazing ever on the Gospel light,  
That endless source of evidence and truth,  
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule,  
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."



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THE  
*DESTRUCTION OF NINEVEH.*

BY  
CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

1768.

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**G**OD's mercy long abus'd, and heav'nly wrath  
Succeeding slow with firm and dreadful step  
And arm uplifted high, be now my theme.  
Horror! be thou my muse.—And list, ye proud,  
Ye rich, ye vain, for 'tis to you I sing,  
List from your downy beds of Tyrian dye  
Where, sunk in careless ease and worthless sloth,  
In dreams of pleasures past or joys to come,  
Batt'ning ye lie; list from your marble halls,  
Whence, drowning ev'ry wise and serious thought,  
The wanton voice of luxury resounds,

Whilst mirth, uncheck'd by fair discretion's law,  
Pours from the golden goblet's ample round  
The luscious poison of misused wine;  
And, hid beneath the garb of happiness,  
Steals to your easy hearts with pleasing guile,  
With sweet, but certain death. O turn awile  
The eye, too long on pleasure's smiles intent,  
On your own breasts turn once its wand'ring sight :  
See ye God's image there ? O rather say,  
See ye not there, what erst the poets feign'd  
The dire effect of Circe's mad'ning draught,  
God's holy image all defac'd, and chang'd  
To the loath'd form of filthy goats or swine,  
The vital spark from heav'n extinct, and sunk  
By base contagion to the abject state  
Of that blind instinct which informs the brute ;  
Whilst ye, so perfect in your misery,  
Feel not the mortifying change, but boast  
Your manly sense and reason unimpair'd.

True, ye are rich and great : the orient sun  
Which gilds your stately turrets with his rays  
Sees not a clime but whence your riches speed ;  
No wind that blows but o'er the oozy flood  
Wafts your rich bark from some far distant shore :  
True, ye have rule o'er all the sea-girt isles  
Which people the vast bosom of the deep,  
Whilst at your nod their tributary lords

Wield but your sceptres and dispense your laws:  
In strength well tried that mocks the pow'r of war,  
Aloft in threat'ning pride your city stands,  
Scoffing the boasted works of Memphian kings  
When Egypt with the proud Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury; far off 'tis known  
By many a tow'ring structure high, which lifts  
Its proud head to the sky, glitt'ring with gold;  
Within ease, pomp, and luxury contend  
Throughout each spacious street for mastery,  
Whilst midnight revels and gay noontide feasts  
Speak joy and mirth and full security.  
Are ye so safe? Such once was Nineveh!  
As yours her pow'r and wealth, as yours her crimes:  
Where lies she now? Go send your wise men forth,  
And let them search where rapid Tigris rolls,  
If there her place be found; or let them try  
If chance the banks by fair Euphrates \* wash'd  
Boast not the poor remains of so much pride;  
They fault'er long, nor fix the truth at length.  
She who in thralldom led God's chosen flock,  
And wav'd her banners o'er the subject east,  
She who for ages fix'd her stately height  
In such proud sort as brav'd the frowns of fate,

\* Though most authors are of opinion that Nineveh was situated on the river Tigris, yet no less persons than Ctesias and Diodorus Siculus represent it as situated on the Euphrates. Vide note †, p. 222.

Shone but a meteor for a moment's gaze,  
To fall at once nor leave one spark behind,  
Not one faint glimpse to say 'twas here, 'twas there,  
Hear then her doom, and tremble for your own.—

Now had th' Almighty Judge of heav'n and earth,  
Within whose hand the proud Assyria serv'd  
But as a scourge to punish Israel's sin,  
With indignation view'd the victor's pride,  
Who, flush'd with conquest and debauch'd by wealth,  
Spurn'd at high heav'n, and 'midst their gorgeous feasts  
Gave honour to themselves, nor thought on God,  
Save to blaspheme His name; who impious trod  
Beneath irrev'rent feet His high behests,  
Indulging ev'ry sense; th' impetuous youth  
Following with eager steps and dauntless front  
Wherever passion or lewd rapine call'd,  
Whilst aged sires, on tott'ring crutches prop'd,  
Look'd smiling on, and with a guilty sigh  
Envied their sons the joys they could not share,

He saw, and turn'd Him loth to His revenge;  
Nor struck at once, but with a parent's care  
Whose arms are ever open to receive  
The humbled prodigal who turns, though late,  
To seek his face, sent forth His holy word  
Of His most just though most severe intent  
Warning to give. The word to Jonah came;

Who all unus'd to bear such high commands  
 Save to God's own elect,\* with doubtful mind  
 Paus'd wond'ring. Ill, full ill such pause became  
 Him who 'ere then had heard that mighty voice,  
 Who knew that sound to those who disobey  
 Terrific as the thunder's crash, but mild  
 As the soft wind which fann'd Eve's roseate bow'r  
 'Ere Sin had footing there, to those who hear  
 And fly with duteous heart to execute.  
 Why did he pause? Ah why! unless to shew  
 To after times that he whose fault'ring mind  
 But one short moment wavers in suspense  
 When duty calls, gives the arch-tempter time  
 To gain firm footing in his soul, and urge  
 Some well-devised plea to stop his course.  
 Why did he hesitate, why inly shew  
 Reluctance against God, or by a thought  
 Distrust His firmness, or suspect His truth!  
 Swift to betray and ever on the watch,  
 The subtle tempter that short moment seiz'd  
 To raise a mist before the prophet's sight,  
 Which shew'd it possible to flee from God.

O where was that all-sacred spirit flown

\* Jonas ne fut pas seulement appelé comme les autres Prophètes, à prendre les dix tribus de leur Idolatries, Dieu lui donna aussi la commission d'aller denoncer aux Ninevites la ruine de leur Ville et leur perte totale. L'Histoire de la Bible par Martin, pag. 254.

Which erst had glow'd within his fervent breast,  
That fire prophetic, fitted and impell'd  
To noblest purposes by God's own hand,  
Which unappall'd by guilt, uncheck'd by fear,  
Should scatter terror through an impious world,  
And tell the dreadful tale of wrath to come!  
'Twas gone, and in its place wild frantic fear  
And base distrust and impious doubt sprang up  
Sinking the prophet in the man. He flies,  
O miserable change! the victim now,  
No longer the dread harbinger alone  
Of heav'nly wrath: he flies, nor turns to think  
'Till scenes of horror strike his conscious heart,  
And quick destruction thunders to his soul.  
Wide o'er the raging billows of the deep  
Wild horror stalks with aspect terrible,  
Whilst plunging deep full many a fathom down  
He learns by sad experience to declare  
How heavy 'tis to feel the wrath of Heav'n,  
And bear the vengeance of an angry God.  
Nor yet untried he tells the happier tale  
Of mercy, when with pitying hand outstretch'd  
To rescue from the very grasp of death,  
That Pow'r supreme by whom the storm is rais'd,  
Provides unhop'd-for safety in the deep.  
In vain the lightnings shoot their ghastly gleam,  
Wild thunders roar, and ocean groaning deep  
Lifts its o'erwhelming billows to the sky,

Unhurt he issues from his living tomb,  
His glad eye op'ning on the light of heav'n,  
And wrapt in wonder, joy and gratitude,  
With eager step pursues his destin'd way,  
Type of that plan supreme not yet fulfill'd\*,  
Which reconcil'd the vengeance due to guilt  
With "that dear might" which loos'd the bands of death.

'Twas morn, and o'er the glitt'ring tow'rs the sun  
Shed wide his kindling beams; illum'd with gold  
Aloft the spiry turrets shone, and wav'd  
Their silken banners streaming in the wind  
With gay display; bedeck'd with martial spoils,  
From hapless Israel won, rich trophies rose,  
And frequent grac'd the walls. With conscious pride  
His wide domain the victor monarch view'd  
Whilst, sitting high amid a gaudy herd  
Of sycophants, he gave a loose to joy,  
Rais'd a whole nation's voice in festive songs,  
And taught his ready slaves, too prone to learn,  
That luxury alone is happiness.

Slow and unnotic'd through the spacious streets  
The holy prophet walk'd and mark'd their pride.  
He mark'd their pow'r, he mark'd their wealth, and now

\* There shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet Jonas,  
S. Matt. xvi. 4.



A heaving sigh he stole, whilst all around  
The growing multitudes he view'd, who throng'd  
Thick as the insect race which quiv'ring float  
With hum incessant on the evening breeze.  
Sorrowing he mark'd the jocund air which shone  
In ev'ry face and brighten'd ev'ry eye,  
Whilst all was joy and mirth and careless ease;  
Sad contrast to the prospect in his soul!  
He sigh'd, and one mild look of pity cast,  
" Just Heav'n—but forty days!—thy will be done!"  
Then op'ning slow the book of Fate, he turn'd  
And " O" he cried " Vain, heedless race attend,  
" Ye who with giant pride a course full long  
" Of old, unfeeling vice have run, and ye  
" Whom Luxury with soft seducing smile  
" Allures, and binds in silken chains, attend;  
" Leave, leave, for ever leave your gay delights,  
" Your wonted triumphs and your ceaseless mirth,  
" For, O sad change! a long long train of woes,  
" Like a swart storm which gathers in the wind,  
" Hangs hov'ring o'er your destin'd heads, and waits  
" But the scant hour appointed 'ere it bursts.  
" And crumbles you to dust. Unhappy state!  
" Quick quick the moment comes when all thy strength  
" Which triumph'd far and wide with greedy pow'r  
" Shall sink to less than woman's weakness, fall'n  
" Beneath the hopeless abject state of those  
" Who felt the keen edge of thy tyranny.

" I see thy strong tow'rs nod, thy bulwarks rock,  
" Thy stately fabrics from their center heave,  
" Whilst desolation like a whirlwind flies  
" In one sad ruin overwhelming all.  
" Go seek your King amidst his pageant state,  
" Nor tremble at his look, but bid him fear;  
" And boldly tell him one unwelcome truth,  
" That now, ev'n now the hand of Heav'n is rear'd,  
" Or 'ere the fortieth sun shall rise and set,  
" To blast the blooming laurels on his brow,  
" And hurl him from his car of triumph down,  
" No more to rise, but with his meanest slaves  
" To lie confounded in one gen'ral doom."

All pow'rful is the voice of truth: Aghast  
The trembling people stand, nor doubt his words,  
Whilst coward conscience whispers to their soul  
How less than nothing is the aid which wealth  
Or pow'r can lend against the wrath of Heav'n,  
By sense of danger rous'd, they bow the knee  
And prostrate turn to God, remember'd scarce  
Nor ever sought in moments happier deem'd:  
Themselves sufficient to themselves, they scorn'd  
To court His smile, but dar'd not brave His frown,  
Fear taught them first to kneel and first to pray,  
Whilst memory officious to their view  
Held the black register of their misdeeds.  
Despair first taught their harden'd hearts to melt,

And turn'd the flint-stone to a springing-well,  
Whence flow'd in copious streams those contrite tears  
Which fail not in the eye of Heav'n to purge  
The soul from guilt, and wash out ev'ry stain.

Nor vain their pray'rs, their tears; for Heav'n who  
form'd  
Knows well the frailty of the sons of earth,  
Nor seeks perfection there, but kindly deigns  
To raise the humble sinner from the dust,  
And give to penitence the promis'd meed  
Of virtue undefil'd. A nation's tears  
Absolv'd a nation's guilt; and gracious Heav'n  
With mild relenting eye and arm restrain'd  
Receiv'd their proffer'd vows.—But ah! how vain,  
How weak is man! how frail his best resolves!  
But frailest those which owe their hasty birth  
To fear; how short, how transient is their life.  
Hardly obtain'd, they shine but like the sparks  
Struck from the flint, which scarce outlive the blow.  
Ev'n thus, or 'ere the fortieth sun had sat,  
The dreaded sentence seem'd an idle dream,  
And the full tide of sin, awhile restrain'd,  
Rush'd madly forward with redoubled force,  
Precluding ev'ry hope of future grace.  
That Heav'n should find it easier to forgive  
Than wayward man alas to be forgiv'n!  
But O unhappy state! O desperate race!

A sterner prophet, ISRAEL'S COMFORTER\*,  
Hath dipp'd his pen in blood to write thy doom.  
Too deep the reeking sword shall strike, too near  
To trifle with its edge; again 'tis drawn,  
And never never shall be sheath'd, 'till wide  
It spreads destruction o'er thy plains, nor leaves  
A hand to bury or an eye to weep.

Hark where the conqu'ring Mede with furious voice  
Calls loud for help; Stern Babylon repliest;  
Together roll their rattling chariots on,  
Their blended armies gather as they run,  
-And brandishing their eager falchions high  
Impetuous rush like lions on their prey.  
They come, they come, lo where thy weak hosts fly,  
Nor fly in safety; see they sink, they fall,  
Fall like ripe fruit, or yellow autumn leaves,  
And strew the victor's path. Lost in amaze  
Thy hardy vet'rans stand to see such feats  
As turn their bloodiest wars to childish frays;

\* Naum qui interpretatur Consolator. Jam enim decem tribus ab Assyriis deductæ fuerant in captivitatem sub Ezechia Rege Juda, sub quo etiam nunc in consolationem populi transmigrati, adversum Nineven visio cernitur. Hieron. in Naum.

+ This point, I think, is generally agreed upon, That Nineveh was taken and destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians; these two rebelling and uniting together, subverted the Assyrian empire. Bp. Newton on the Prophecies, vol. III. pag. 261.

And ever and anon with anguish pierc'd  
 "Stand, stand," they faintly cry, but none regards\*;  
 "Turn, dastard slaves," but no one will look back.  
 Frantic with fear they lose the pow'r to raise  
 One warding shield to break the victor's stroke:  
 Th' ensanguin'd field alone with carnage strew'd  
 Awhile impedes their eager way: But now,  
 Through scenes of horror bursting, at thy walls  
 A thousand banners wave, and purple spears  
 Unnumber'd press; vainly thy ports are barr'd,  
 Thy strong tow'rs man'd with many a hardy chief,  
 Vain thy strong holds, vain all thy ancient might,  
 For lo the rapid flood impetuous swells†,  
 And Desolation borne upon its waves  
 In dreadful pomp, invades thy tott'ring wall,  
 And rides in horrid triumph through the breach.  
 Remembrance now calls forth the flatt'ring tale  
 Prophetic, which thy sage forefathers told‡,  
 Your wise men sighing shake their hoary heads,

\* Nahum ii. 8.

† Nahum i. 8.

‡ This alludes to the following passage in Diodorus Siculus. *Η δ' αὖτις λογιστὸν, &c.* Atqui vaticinium a majoribus traditum habebat, a nullo capi Ninum posse nisi fluvius urbi prius hostis evaderet. Tertio demum anno accidit, ut *Euphrates* continuis imbrium gravissimorum tempestatibus excrescens, urbis partem inundaret et murum ad stadia viginti dejiceret. Tum vero finem habere oraculum, amnemque manifeste urbi hostem esse Rex judicans, spem salutis abiecit. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 2.

Foreboding now th' unlook'd-for time is come  
When the proud stream shall lift her rebel waves  
Against those sacred walls which grace her shore.

And now thy bulwarks nod, they bow, they fall,  
Low, low on earth thy prostrate glory lies.  
Now rooted from their base the sculptur'd dome,  
The stately column and the storied arch,  
In awful ruin lie: whilst ruthless war,  
The keen scythe snatching from the hand of Time  
With speedier rage to deal destruction round,  
Levels the work of ages at a blow;  
Nor one proud track of ancient glory leaves,  
Save what the rolls of mem'ry may supply  
Uncertain, or the eye inquisitive  
Trace from the mould'ring heaps of scatter'd pride,  
As through thy grass-grown streets with fearful tread  
The trav'ler strays, casting a wary look,  
Lest basking in the sculptur'd cornice lurk  
The slimy adder or the mottled snake,  
And starting hears the horrid night-bird's scream  
From off the gilded chapter resound  
With lonely echo through the moss-grown walls.

Thus blasted in its very noon of pride  
Falls the weak state whose tott'ring base is laid  
Unstable in the sand of human pow'r.  
And mark her fall, ye gen'rous band, who claim

The honour'd name of patriot, mark it well,  
And let it grave this lesson on your heart,  
“ They raise a nation's strength alone, who raise  
“ A nation's virtue;” think how weak, how vain  
Proves every state which boasts not her support:  
Like the mysterious gourd, beneath whose shade  
The prophet sat, it blossoms for a day;  
But deep within its canker'd root conceal'd  
The worm of sin with ever rankling tooth  
Preys on its vital part: unmark'd, unseen  
The inbred venom works, 'till drooping fast,  
Its blushing honours sinking to the dust,  
It fades forgot, nor leaves to after times  
The precious odour of a good report.

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THE  
DEDICATION  
OF THE  
*TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.*

By WILLIAM HODSON, M. A.

1770.

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THE pious act of Israel's peaceful king,  
Whose praise re-echo'd by the trump of fame  
Beyond the confines of remotest lands,  
From Sheba, and from Araby the blest,  
From Afric's deserts, and the Eastern shores  
Where rapid Indus rolls his golden waves,  
To Solyma allur'd unnumber'd crowds,  
To hear the wisdom falling from his tongue,  
And catch the honey'd accents of his mouth,  
I sing.—From that resplendent throne, where rob'd  
In majesty ineffable thou sitt'st,  
Descend, celestial Muse! Urania! Thee.

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I call; descend, and breathe into my verse  
Thy solemn sounds, thy soul-commanding pow'r,  
Until it pours its thund'ring tide along,  
In numbers equal to its swelling theme.

Fell Discord now, her robes besmear'd with blood,  
Her breath more fatal than the deadly plague,  
Whose humid wings, surcharg'd with foul disease,  
Destroy the blushes of the rosy spring,  
And blast fair nature's pride; no more laid waste  
The verdant beauty of Judea's plains.  
No more the trumpet's shrill-ton'd clangor pierc'd  
The wide-extended vault of heav'n, and call'd  
The warrior forth, where louder than the burst,  
When mingled thunders shake the lab'ring pole,  
The din of battle roar'd. The matron now  
And hoary sire, no more, their cheeks bedew'd  
With tears, their hands uplifted to the throne  
Of heav'n, besought their fathers' God to close  
Their aged eyes, and give their sorrows rest.  
For war's destroying sword had ceas'd to spread  
Its horrors thro' the land, and meek-ey'd peace,  
With plenty in her train, from her full lap  
Shower'd down rich blessings on the famish'd earth,  
'Till hill and valley smil'd, and every scene  
Was chang'd from woe to extasy and joy.

Thrice happy nation! favorites of Heaven!

Selected from the kingdoms of the earth  
To be His chosen race, ordain'd to spread  
His glory thro' remotest realms, and teach  
The gentile world Jehovah's awful name.  
Oh had ye known the blessings ye enjoy'd !  
Ye could not have indulg'd that impious rage,  
Which scrupled not to leave your God, and bow  
The knee to Moloch, horrid king ! which dar'd  
Defile His holy place, with impious carnage,  
And fear'd not to insult His majesty,  
Whose awful word could crumble into dust  
Your idol gods and you. At whose command  
Th' affrighted waves retir'd, and stood on heaps  
As tho' an adamantine mound had stopt  
Their rapid course, and to the sun—(a sight,  
Whate'er the bards of old fabling relate,  
Unknown before)—the chambers of the deep  
Disclos'd. But when His chosen race had pass'd,  
At His dread call with mighty noise they rush'd,  
More furious than the rolling blast of night,  
Which instant from its knotted centre tears  
The mountain oak, whose tow'ring head, unmov'd,  
For ages brav'd the winds of heaven ; or than  
The horrid burst which shakes the cavern'd earth,  
When Ætna vomits forth her livid fires ;  
And 'mid the swelling torrent overwhelm'd,  
The haughty tyrant and his wretched crew,  
Who durst presume to tread that path which God

Had made for Israel alone. Oh more  
Than mortal blindness! to reject His kind  
Paternal care, whose bounteous hand, amid  
The barren wilderness for forty years  
Had fed your fathers with the bread of heaven:  
Who made you ride upon the vanquish'd necks  
Of mighty kings, and rais'd you up a prince  
To bless Judea's happy land; a prince  
With ev'ry gift adorn'd, and fram'd alike  
To dare the horrors of the tented field  
While battle roll'd against his side, or grace  
The gentle arts of peace. But who, great king!  
Can worthily express thy praise? Thy lyre,  
Thy living lyre alone, whose dulcet sounds  
In gentlest murmurs floating on the air,  
Could calm the fury of the woe-struck king,  
And soothe the agony which pierc'd his heart;  
Or when thou swept'st the master strings, and roll'dst  
The deep impetuous tide along with more  
Than mortal sound, could'st raise his raptur'd soul  
To extasy; or from the tortur'd strings  
Harsh discord shaking, sink him in the gulph  
Of dire despair, while horror chill'd his blood,  
And from each pore the agonizing sweat  
Distill'd; that deep-ton'd lyre alone can sing  
Thy fervent piety, thy glowing zeal,  
Whose righteous soul, aggriev'd to see the ark,  
That holy sanctuary which contain'd

The sacred transcript of the will of God,  
From place to place, by hands prophane conducted,  
And oft, oh sacrilege! become the prey  
Of impious Philistines, resolv'd to build  
An holy temple to the God of Hosts,  
An habitation to contain this pledge  
Of heav'nly love, those laws, which from Mount Sinai  
Jehovah cleath'd with terrors, while thiek clouds  
And darkness wrapt him round, pronounc'd in sounds  
Which chill'd the hearts of those who heard, and froze  
Their vital blood. Beneath whose awful feet  
Earth trembled, and the lofty mountain shook,  
Hoarse thunder growl'd, and livid lightnings flash'd,  
While sounds of horror and distress amid  
The howling wilderness were heard.—Approach,  
Ye boasted sages of proud Greece! and Rome!  
Approach this sacred scene! and blush. Attend,  
Oh vain Philosophy! thou wand'ring light,  
Which hast so oft misled our steps, attend!  
And prostrate at this heav'nly shrine, lament  
Thy blindness, and forego thy pride; here cast  
Thy trophies down, undeck thyself of all  
Thy borrow'd plumes, and own the founta'in whence  
Thy hoary sons receiv'd the living fire,  
Which animates the glowing page they penn'd!

Oh happy David! whose exalted soul  
Such heav'nly ardour breath'd; thrice happy thou

To frame the bless'd design, altho' deny'd  
The full completion of thy fervent wish.  
That holy care the God of Peace reserv'd  
For thy lov'd son, whose hands the bloody sword  
Of ruthless war had ne'er defil'd, whom Heav'n  
Had crown'd with every gift his heart could frame,  
His fond ideas paint——Yes, favour'd prince!  
That envied happiness was thine; 'twas thee  
Th' Almighty chose among the sons of men,  
To dedicate a temple to His name,  
Where He, whose awful presence fills the vast  
Immensity of space, who makes the clouds  
His chariot, rides sublime the whirlwind's wing,  
And guides the raging storm, would deign to dwell,  
And make His presence known.—Th' exalted task  
Thy princely wisdom worthily perform'd;  
The pride of every region, every clime,  
Thy pious care selected for the work,  
And brought to Solyma; whose magazines  
Th' united produce of the world contain'd.  
Here might be seen the treasures of the East,  
The boasted wealth of Taprobana's \* shores,  
With varied splendour struck the dazzled eye,  
And sham'd thy radiant light, oh sun!—Beneath  
Thy fostering hand, the glorious structure rose,  
Whose haughty front on massy pillars built,

\* Bochart's Chanaan, B. I. Ch. 46.

Contemn'd the earth, and menaced the stars.  
Whose roofs, and walls, for which old Lebanon  
Gave up the pride of years, with precious gems,  
And gold were overlaid; whose lofty gates  
On golden hinges hung, unfolding wide  
With solemn sound, which thro' the fretted vaults  
In pealing echoes ran, display'd the vast  
Magnificence which struck th' astonish'd view,  
Where every grace and beauty, art could frame,  
Or human skill invent, blaz'd on the sight.—  
But chief the inner house, the holy seat  
Design'd to guard the blessed covenant  
Which Heav'n with man had made, employ'd thy care.  
The emerald's vivid hue, the diamond's glow,  
Whose lucid rays the absence of the sun  
Supplied, compos'd its sacred walls. Here stood  
The consecrated vessels, highly wrought  
Of bright Parvaïm gold, where branching palms,  
And Cherubs mystic forms, the sculptor's pow'r  
And wondrous art display'd. Here too was plac'd  
The holy altar, where the great High Priest  
Each year presented to the throne of Heav'n  
The blood of victims, and invok'd the God  
Of sacrifice, to hear a nation's pray'r.  
Two lofty Cherubins with wings of gold,  
Of gold from Ophir brought, extended wide  
The entrance kept, and spread a solemn shade.  
And lest unhallow'd hands should dare defile

The sacred utensils, or curious pry  
Into the holy mysteries, a veil  
Conceal'd them from the view, through which the priest  
Alone presum'd to pass.—But stop, my muse!  
Where is the adamantine pen, whose course  
Unwearied as the sun, has strength to paint  
Those endless wonders, where the ravish'd eye  
From beauty, rang'd to beauty, without end?  
Oh glorious temple! worthy of the God  
Whose splendid shrine thou wast! what can compare  
With thee?—Ye wonders of the Heathen world!  
Ye boasted wonders! where is now your pride?  
Ye pyramids! whose tow'ring heads arose  
Into the sky, and darken'd Egypt's land;  
Ye walls of Babylon! the far-fam'd work  
Of her, who with a woman's form possess'd  
The noble firmness of a manly soul;  
Where is your grandeur now?—Your honour's lost,  
Your glory is eclips'd.—Ye works of vanity!  
Unworthy incense to the pride of man!  
Ye trophies of destroying Time! Your fame  
One day shall fail without a vestige left  
To shew you once have been.—Not so shalt thou,  
Thrice hallow'd pile! whose Heav'n-inspir'd design  
Seraphic love, and pious ardour breath'd.  
For tho' an impious tyrant's daring hand,  
Shall cast thy bulwarks to the ground, and tread  
Thy glory in the dust, thy memory  
Shall last, pure as th' unsullied light of Heav'n,

Recorded in that hallow'd page, whose truths,  
 Whose sacred truths shall live, when years shall roll.  
 No more, and every period which has mark'd  
 The furrow'd cheek of Time, amid the vast,  
 Unfathom'd ocean of Eternity  
 Be lost.—

\*The golden season of the year  
 Now hasten'd on, when yellow-haired Autumn,  
 His head with swelling sheaves, and purple fruits  
 Encircled, pours his choicest treasures forth.  
 Fair Nature's glowing pencil, dipt amid  
 The blushing tints which deck the bow of Heav'n,  
 With ripen'd beauty paints the waving scene.  
 The sun now darts no more that burning rage,  
 Whose fierce effulgence drives the fainting world  
 To seek the cooling stream or shady bow'r;  
 His sweetest beams he sheds, attemper'd soft  
 Thro' fleecy clouds, whose animating warmth  
 With wild luxuriance strews the lap of earth,  
 And crowns the smiling fields with generous plenty.—  
 'Twas then Judea's pious King, beneath  
 Whose fost'ring care the costly edifice,  
 The labour'd work of many a year, receiv'd  
 That solemn grandeur which became the pride  
 And wonder of succeeding times, proclaim'd  
 A solemn feast, and call'd to Salem's tow'rs  
 The Sons of Judah, scatter'd wide around  
 Her distant hills, from Hermon to the mount  
 Of Horeb, down whose rock-encumber'd side,

\* It was in the month Ethanim that the people were assembled.



In plenteous torrents roll'd the chrystal stream,  
Struck by that potent rod, which once stretch'd forth  
Upon the sedgy waters of old Nile,  
To putrid gore his circling waves congeal'd.—  
As when the fountains of the roaring deep,  
No longer bursting o'er their cavern'd bed,  
Had ceas'd to pour their swelling billows forth,  
Nor one unbounded sea this earthly ball  
O'erwhelm'd; th' unnumber'd species who escap'd  
The wild uproar, and universal wreck,  
Descended from the cloud-envelop'd top  
Of Ararat, to plant the desert waste,  
And animate the lifeless globe;—so rush'd  
The num'rous race of Jacob, to behold  
The sacred pomp, and join the general joy.  
Scarce could her ample palaces contain  
The countless host, which crowded to her gates.  
No clouded brow was seen, but pleasure fill'd  
Each bounding heart, and sparkled in each eye.  
Pale Melancholy, with her murky train,  
And Envy's haggard cheek, accursed brood  
Of Sin and Death, far from the happy scene  
Where decent mirth and pious gladness bless'd  
The circling hours, amid the dreary realms  
Of sable-hooded night, their native clime,  
Where black-brow'd darkness flaps his raven wings,  
Their horrid shapes, and squalid looks conceal'd.  
The bounteous King each care supply'd, and grac'd  
The festive board, where joyous plenty smil'd,

And generous goblets crown'd the rich repast.—  
At length the morn which brought the hallow'd day,  
Design'd to solemnize the mysteries,  
And consecrate to Heav'n's eternal King  
The glorious fabric to His honour rais'd,  
With rosy steps advanc'd, purpling the east.  
Soon as the flaming car of light had left  
Old Ocean's bed, and bounding up Heav'n's vault  
Upon the gloomy world had pour'd the flood  
Of day; the trumpet's lofty sound the rites  
Proclaim'd, and to the royal palace call'd  
The priests, the elders, and th' unnumber'd crowd,  
Which fill'd the walls of Solyma. The grand  
Procession thence began.—First march'd the guards  
In burnish'd arms resplendent to the sun.  
The victims next, more num'rous than the flocks,  
And lowing herds, upon a thousand hills,  
An offering of peace approach'd.—To these  
The great High Priest, in sacred vestments rob'd,  
Succeeded, holding in his aged hands  
The knife of sacrifice. His silver locks  
A mitre, rich inlaid with pearls, adorn'd,  
Upon whose front these characters were grav'd  
In words of gold, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.  
Around his trembling limbs, which bent beneath  
The weight, was wrapt a purple ephod deck'd  
With costly gems and gold; and on his breast  
The mystic Urim and the Thummim shone.  
Behind were seen the Priests and Levites, cloath'd

In linen garments white as mountain snow,  
Bearing the holy ark, with reverence  
And awe. Around in order march'd the singers,  
Hymning Jehovah's name in songs of praise.  
With every strain the silver trumpets breath'd  
Their swelling notes, and pierc'd the ambient air;  
At which th' attendant throng enraptur'd join'd  
The num'rous choir in shouts of heart-felt joy,  
And sang Hosannahs to the King of Kings,  
Who was, and is, and is to come, 'till Heav'n's  
Capacious dome re-echo'd to the sound.  
Next came the King array'd in crimson robes,  
And seated on a car of solid gold.  
Around him walk'd the nobles of his court,  
In purple cloath'd of richest hue, the work  
Of Tyre, for skill and cunning fam'd.—Behind  
Appear'd the guards, who clos'd the pompous scene;  
Which round the city's wide-stretch'd circuit march'd  
With slow and solemn pace, until they reach'd  
The temple's lofty gates, whose ample round  
The num'rous train admitted; where arriv'd,  
Within the sanctuary's hallow'd space  
They plac'd the ark, and while the great High Priest  
With due lustrations sanctify'd the courts,  
And solemniz'd the mysteries, again  
They struck the chorded shell, and caroll'd sweet  
The impassion'd hymn of praise.—The destin'd victims  
Upon the altar bound, he now approach'd,  
To plunge into their breasts the sacred knife,

When Solomon descending from his seat,  
 Where underneath a canopy of gold  
 Sublime he sat, and bending low, address'd  
 The throne of Heav'n.—No more the choral song  
 Was heard, their golden lyres no more breath'd forth  
 The melting rapture, every voice was hush'd,  
 A death-like silence reign'd around, and mute  
 Attention dwelt upon each tongue.—Oh Thou  
 Who erst didst open Zacharias' lips,  
 Eternal Spirit! searcher of all hearts!  
 Breathe thro' my inmost soul that light divine,  
 Whose pure unclouded fountains once inspir'd  
 Thy prophets' mystic pens; that I may catch  
 Th' extatic fervour which inflam'd his breast,  
 While raptur'd at the altar's hallow'd foot  
 These sacred accents glow'd upon his tongue:

“ FATHER omnipotent! Eternal God!  
 “ Thrice holy! self-existent! Pow'r supreme!  
 “ Whose mighty word yon massy spheres attun'd,  
 “ And call'd the wonders of creation forth;  
 “ Thou whom the sun in his eternal course,  
 “ And morning stars inspher'd, together quire;  
 “ Jehovah, incommunicable name!  
 “ Before whose awful presence, angels veil'd,  
 “ With mighty seraphim, incessant hymn  
 “ Their God, in extacy of ceaseless praise.  
 “ Shalt Thou, unchangeable, eternal King!  
 “ Before whose ever burning throne, in chains

" Of adamant, Eternity and Fate  
" Lie bound: Who with the lightning's beam, in words  
" Of fire, engrav'st Thy everlasting laws,  
" Upon the front of Heav'n's-unbounded sphere:  
" Beneath whose mighty nod, when Thou art wroth,  
" The solid mountain from its center shakes;  
" And Earth's ingulph'd foundations stand reveal'd;  
" While Vengeance rising from his bed of woe,  
" To crush a guilty world, his crested snakes  
" Erects, and lances from his red right arm  
" The flaming thunderbolt.—Shalt Thou reside  
" In houses hands have fashioned? No; beyond  
" Creation's ample circuit, where the car  
" Of day, pure fount of empyreal light!  
" Ne'er shed his all-enliv'ning beam, Thy pow'r  
" Pervades, and fills th' unfathomable void  
" Of chaos, and of night.—Yet deign t' accept  
" This temple sacred to thy holy name,  
" And tho' thou dwell'st on high, receive our pray'rs.  
" Forgive our past backslidings; may we grieve  
" No more that holy spirit, which has work'd  
" Unnumber'd miracles for Israel's sons.  
" Protect thy chosen race from murd'rous snares  
" Of proud deceitful men, who hunt for blood,  
" As roams the famish'd lion for his prey.  
" Arise, oh King of Kings! and disappoint  
" Their malice, who unmindful of their God,  
" Thy awful majesty, Thy pow'r defy,  
" And bow the knee to Dagon. Who amid

- " Their nightly orgies, chaunt in mad'ning choirs  
" His might divine, and give to sculptur'd stones  
" Thy glory and Thy name. Turn from these walls  
" Their sacrilegious hands, whose impious rage  
" Burns to defile these hallow'd instruments,  
" These vessels to Thy service consecrate.  
" Oh let no blood to idols offer'd stain  
" This holy altar, nor within these roofs,  
" To other Gods than Thee, let incense smoke.  
" Descend celestial spirits! Ye who wait  
" Around the throne of God! descend, and guard  
" This heav'n-devoted shrine. Come, holy Love!  
" Meek angel! daughter mild of Innocence  
" And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd abode  
" On high, and with Religion, sainted maid!  
" Propitious guide amid life's darksome vale  
" Our wand'ring steps. Oh send Thy cherub, Hope,  
" To chase from every contrite heart, the fiend  
" Despair; and let Thy mercy's gentlest ray,  
" Refreshing as the silver dew of heav'n  
" Upon the drooping flow'rs, descend to sooth  
" The weeping penitent. Breathe thro' our souls  
" Thy heav'nly ardour, teach us to implore  
" His tender mercies, whose paternal love  
" Forgave our disobedience. May our hearts  
" In duty firm, obsequious to His will  
" His laws obey, and to His name alone  
" Our adorations give, 'till wrapt beyond  
" That starry canopy, where seraphs sweep

" Their living lyres, and sing in notes divine  
" The endless wonders of creative pow'r,  
" We join th' immortal choir, and tune our harps  
" To endless raptures, and eternal praise."——

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty noise was heard  
Of rushing winds, and fire from heav'n consum'd  
The sacrifice. Upon the holy seat  
The Shechinah descended, and illum'd  
The temple's spacious walls with radiant glory.  
A burning cloud it seem'd, like that which erst  
Attended Judah's sons, when to avoid  
The galling load of Pharaoh's iron sway,  
From Egypt's land they fled. The unnumber'd host  
Amazed at the sight, with holy awe  
Their faces veil'd, and prostrate on the ground  
In hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's name,  
To Him alone ascribing majesty  
And pow'r. Jehovah's name the vaulted roofs  
Rebound; their acclamations pierce the skies,  
And with the smoke of sacrifice ascend  
A grateful incense to the throne of God.

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# CONSCIENCE.

BY

WILLIAM GIBSON, M. A.

1772.

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**S**ILENCE, to thee, best nurse of serious thought!  
From courts, from camps, and busy faction's din,  
From trade's throng'd walks, and pleasure's gay parade  
Thy vot'rist gladly turns.—O! thither lead,  
Where far sequester'd from the frequent haunts  
Of men, thou lov'st in secret cell to live  
With Solitude thy sister: there with you,  
All absent else, along the pathless wood  
Oft let me devious range; or by the brink  
Of some lone fountain laid, from morn to eve,  
In meditation pass the peaceful day—  
In meditation, such as to the mind

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Opes her own stores exhaustless; and unfolds  
 Pow'rs so distinct, so wonderful, and vast,  
 As loudly speak her origin divine.  
 But chiefly on thy mystic properties,  
 CONSCIENCE! in solemn musing let me sit,  
 'Till the flame kindle in my raptur'd breast,  
 And from my tongue unwonted numbers glide.

Nor in such hour, thou watchful sentinel!  
 Unseen of mortal eye, that stand'st aloof  
 List'ning the busy mind, attentive still  
 To all her various workings, and on leaves  
 Firmer than flint, with silent stroke and deep,  
 Graving each secret thought: Nor in such hour,  
 With the dread outcry of remember'd ill,  
 Disturb the flowing strain, for thee which flows  
 In arless measures, haply such as these:—

Past was the reign of chaos, and of night;  
 The groves of Eden bloom'd; and man arose  
 Lord of the rich domain—of form erect,  
 Comely, majestic; and with passions fraught  
 Warning to shun, or prompting to pursue  
 The painful, or the pleasing. High o'er these,  
 A band rebellious, Reason sat supreme,  
 Skill'd to collect, arrange, compare, combine  
 Ideas, as they rise; and thence infer  
 The fitness, or the turpitude of things.

Yet lest too pow'rful passions should propel  
Headlong to acts immoral, nor allow  
Time for slow reason to deduce a rule  
To curb their mad career; CONSCIENCE kind Heav'n  
Appointed her assistant; CONSCIENCE quick  
To heed the call of duty, to discern  
'Twixt right and wrong, and bias to the best.

On man, to such a monitor consign'd,  
How first advanced iniquity? how first  
Stole in corruption? slept the sentry then,  
To whom his God had left him? Ah! not so  
She fail'd her mighty trust; but wide awake,  
And thrill'd with horror for an act, might plunge  
Each unborn age in everlasting woe,  
Ev'n when his trembling hand was stretch'd to take  
The fair forbidden fruit, Desist, she cried,  
Desist, and sin not! speechless he and pale  
Awhile stood falt'ring, 'till by Eve beguil'd,  
Rebel to CONSCIENCE he did take and eat.

There perish'd Innocence; an injury there  
CONSCIENCE sustain'd of dire event to man!  
Weaken'd she rose, and, feebler from her fall,  
With feebler efforts from the human heart  
Repell'd insurgent vice; 'till by degrees  
Her voice was scarcely heard; 'till Abel's blood  
Cried from the ground, and God condemn'd the world.

Since when, with seeming unconcern, she oft  
Sees her prime laws infrig'd; and oft observes  
Reason's frail bark by boist'rous passions driv'n  
Far from its course, nor bids the storm be still.

Ye! who abstracted from such common cares  
As catch the vulgar: Ye! who leave alike  
Folly's fantastic train, and Comus' crew  
Unwisely mirthful, to their midnight glees,  
By the pale lamp to ply your studious toil  
In some lone chamber, 'till the shrilling cock  
Warn of approaching day: ye best can tell,  
Vers'd in the hoary registers of time,  
Each ancient ill invading hence the world.  
Not Israel's race, the chosen charge of heav'n;  
Nor Aaron's self, their leader and their priest;  
Not Jesse's son, whom God approv'd, and took  
From tending on the waste the teeming ewes  
To rule His own elect, untainted 'scap'd.

If, CONSCIENCE! quickly from thy ruins rose  
Evils like these, o'er-shadowing ev'ry plant  
Pleasing to heav'n, or good for mortal man;  
And in an age too when the will divine  
By prophets oft, and oft by signs was shewn:  
Less wonder if, such warnings heard no more,  
Succeeding ages deeper sunk in sin;  
Less wonder, if Philosophy in vain

Essay'd with friendly, tho' with feeble hand,  
To raise fall'n virtue, and restore thy sway.

O ! what a list might ancient Greece, or Rome,  
Ev'n when refinement threw her brightest rays  
Around their rival states; and Wisdom's voice  
Oft by their favour'd sons along the banks  
Of cool Ilissus, and the green retreats  
Of Tusculum was heard, afford of names  
Odious to virtue still—but why recur  
To periods flown, or wake remembrance up  
Of long-forgotten guilt, when modern times  
By Heav'n's own light illum'd, and taught to aim  
At nobler ends than ancient ages knew,  
Teem with surpassing crimes; when ev'ry ill  
Which hell gave birth to, and the bad adopt,  
Thrives in our streets, and taints the passing gale.  
Lo ! where, regardless of her plighted vows,  
Her husband's peace, her hoary parent's pang,  
Her infant's future fame, in the broad sun  
The bold adulteress hastes to meet her shame.  
Leagu'd with injustice, lo ! where av'rice bursts  
Through ev'ry moral tie, and grasping still  
At treasures not her own, from pole to pole  
Braves the hoarse billow, and defies the storm——  
Not Afric's fatal heats, nor scorpion brood,  
Nor howling desarts can protect her sons  
From rapine.—See ! on Guinea's glowing coasts

She pours her greedy legions ; to their woods,  
Their rocks, their caves the frightened Ethiops flee  
Swift, but in vain—thence struggling torn, behold !  
Far from their friends, their babes, their frantic wives,  
From ev'ry fond connexion of the soul,  
To dwell with darkness in the central mine,  
And bear the iron stripes of men more fell  
Than all the monsters of their native wilds,  
She drags them——some disdainful of her chains  
Rush resolute on death ; less desp'rate some,  
Not less determin'd, scorn the proffer'd food,  
In tears dissolve, and sigh their souls away.  
See ! too, the fiend, o'er Asia's wasted plains,  
Array'd in terrors, hideous stalks along——  
From Ganges' hallow'd stream with hasty stride  
Turns the scared pilgrim, he whose pious care  
Hither his fainting dying sire had borne  
To heave his last breath on its sacred side,  
• And in its waves be wash'd of ev'ry stain——  
Whence are his fears ? see ! where the reeking flood,  
In crystal eddies curling once along,  
Now glows with human blood, the blood of those,  
His kindred haply, who to save the land  
From lawless spoilers bravely fighting fell.  
Still as he flies he casts a ling'ring look  
To Plassey's purple field, and sobbing cries——  
• Ye sons of Albion ! madly who exchange  
• Cool temp'rate airs for India's sultry gales

' In search of gold, may ev'ry ill, which gold  
 ' Genders so plenteous, vex your sordid isle—  
 ' Fast by your sea-beat shores may matrons sit,  
 ' Watching those sails they ne'er shall see again;  
 ' While thronging widows, to your chalky cliffs  
 ' Lament their absent lords, on yonder plain  
 ' Who glut the vulture, and manure the soil—  
 ' May luxury unnerve, and discord tear  
 ' Your weaken'd state, and faction threat the throne;  
 ' 'Till, no more patient of increasing crimes,  
 ' Heav'n from your hands resume the regal rod,  
 ' And bid some distant colony be Queen.'  
 Nor were his vows in vain, the pow'r who saw  
 His bleeding heart, with pity saw, and said,  
 ' None but thy last petition be delay'd.'

These, CONSCIENCE! are the crimes, and more than  
 these,  
 Which from thy fall o'er all the peopled earth,  
 Flow far and wide as o'er the Belgic plains,  
 Its bound'ries broken, flows the ocean's tide.

Yet dread, ye guilty! dread the coming hour,  
 When like a lion with his noon-tide sleep  
 Refresh'd, and rushing furious from his lair,  
 CONSCIENCE shall rouse her; when no more content  
 Silent to sit within, or whisper low  
 Her dictates, through the soul her stern rebukes

Loud she shall thunder, terrible, and fierce.  
Yes! as the plund'rer with his prey returns,  
The ewe-lamb ravish'd from the poor man's breast,  
The orphan's portion, and the widow's mite,  
Thou on the way shalt meet him—meet him then,  
When least expected, and when welcome least—  
From thy upbraidings to convivial crowds,  
To dulcet measures, and enliv'ning draughts  
Of gen'rous nectar 'tis in vain he flies ;  
Still shalt thou haunt him at the genial board,  
Still like the night-bird scream amid the song,  
And dash thy bitt'rest poisons in his bowl.  
Nor shalt thou fail when darkness o'er the world  
Draws her dun robe ; and not a sound is heard,  
Save of the beating show'r, or hollow gust,  
That groans around the roof, then pausing sinks,  
And groans again anon ; or the due beat  
Of some slow-sweeping pendulum, which marks  
The momentary march of death on man ;  
Nor shalt thou fail with sudden flash to fling  
The ruffian's curtains back——appall'd he starts,  
And glares upon the gloom ; 'till as the moon  
Gleams through the silver crevice of a cloud,  
A thousand haggard forms, at fancy's call,  
Rise round his bed, and sweep along the floor,  
And shew their yawning wounds, and yell their wrongs.

But chiefly then, when sickness plants her thorns

Beneath his pillow, and in tossings wild  
From side to side he seeks repose in vain;  
When the world's boasted pleasures to his view  
Grow less, and less, and less, and the tir'd soul  
Forth-peering from her crumbling cottage spies  
Another shore of being after death:  
Then chiefly shalt thou spring to due revenge;  
Arm'd with the mem'ry of each practis'd crime,  
Or ev'n in thought-projected, then alarm  
The slumb'ring legions of remorse, urge on  
Despair's fell band, and harrow up his soul.

Then too to vengeance horrible arous'd,  
And clad in tenfold fierceness shalt thou stand  
Beside the atheist's bed; by his who oft  
With wit profane, and poignant blasphemy,  
And specious show of argument hath scoff'd  
Each awful truth, and ridicul'd his God.—  
Not the pale trav'ller on the fleeting sands  
Of Araby, who marks the sullen shades  
Of night descend, and hears the whirlwind howl,  
And all the famish'd forest roar around,  
Feels what he feels; no, nor Prometheus' self  
Raving and shiv'ring on the frosty ridge  
Of Caucasus, as fabling bards have sung,  
While vengeful furies shake their scorpion whips  
Shrieking aloud, and gory vultures tear  
His bleeding entrails, growing to be torn,



Nor gently, CONSCIENCE ! shall thy chidings fall,  
When of omitted duties to the mind  
Thy list lies spread—in burning characters.  
Where first shall stand such charitable deeds  
As never were perform'd—the hours, the days,  
The months, the years, for noblest use design'd,  
In dull inaction lost—the talents, given  
Alike to bless their owner and mankind,  
Left unemploy'd, useless alike to both.

Timely be wise then, ye who careless drive  
With passion's rapid stream, or fondly seek  
Felicity by other paths than those  
Prescrib'd by CONSCIENCE, timely then be wise !  
Still as alluring prospects win you on  
To faults from errors, and from faults to crimes,  
Heed well your steps, and hear her whisper'd laws—  
So ever and anon around your hearts  
Such joys serene shall spring, and pleasures play,  
As for the gold and glist'ring gems of Ind,  
Grandeur's rich robe, the unfading wreath of fame,  
Or boundless empire, were unwisely sold—  
So through a world, where many a net is spread  
For virtue's foot, and harlot vice awaits  
To tempt the unwary passenger astray,  
Still shall ye safely pass—so unappall'd,  
And smiling at the dart of death, descend,  
By hope attended, to the silent grave,

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# CHARITY.

BY

CHARLES PETER LAYARD, M. A.

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*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

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1773.

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OF slaughter'd hosts, of triumphs bought with blood,  
The thund'ring chariot, or the foaming steed,  
No more; such themes demand the venal strain  
Of pompous adulation, such demand  
The callous heart, which meanly can descend  
Below the gen'rous pride of conscious virtue,  
To sooth the mighty murd'rers of mankind.  
Shall men like these, whom angry heav'n design'd  
The ministers of wrath, shall such receive  
The tribute of the lay? and shall the muse  
With impious hand th' ensanguin'd laurel twine

About their frowning brows? forbid it Heav'n!  
Forbid it justice! rather, let the voice  
Of babbling fame be mute, nor idly vaunt  
The cruelties of war, the hero's rage,  
While rapine, violence, and death conspire  
To raise his name, and consecrate his crimes;  
While proudly looking from his airy height,  
He spurns his prostrate foes, defies the force  
Of chance or fate, and thinks himself a God.  
Vain boast of senseless pride! 'tis not the sword  
Avenging, or the tyranny of pow'r  
Insulting o'er distress, which from the earth  
Can lift aspiring man; his lowly state  
To various change expos'd, far other views,  
Far other thoughts prescribes; 'tis his to smooth  
The bed of sickness, his to feel for all  
Who groan beneath misfortune, and to all,  
Far as allow his scanty pow'rs, extend  
Unwearied charity, unfeigned love.

O CHARITY! of social virtues chief!  
Offspring of love celestial! at thy name  
All nature smiles, and ev'ry grateful voice  
Joins in one gen'ral song in praise of thee!  
Nor shall my simple muse refrain her lay,  
Albeit, unus'd to theme sublime, she sing  
A wild and artless carol, such as flows  
Rude and unpolish'd from the rustic pipe

Of shepherd, when at eve returning late  
He swells the note of gratitude to Heav'n  
Nor, to inspire her song, will she invoke  
The aid of fabled deity, of old  
On sacred mount, or near prophetic stream,  
Or in the deep recess of dusky grove  
Feign'd to reside ; thy potent name alone  
Breathes inspiration, with resistless pow'r  
Calls fancy forth, while, through the heart diffus'd,  
Each bright affection, rising into thought,  
Attunes the lyre and animates the song.

When man from bliss through disobedience fell,  
Within his mind degenerate was born  
The fiend suspicion, child of conscious guilt  
And trembling fear ; she taught him to perceive,  
As if reflected back, in other minds  
The num'rous ills he nourish'd in his own,  
And with the jaundic'd eye of jealousy  
To scan another's deeds ; contracting close  
Each inlet to the heart, checking the springs  
Of brotherly affection, social love,  
The ornament and happiness of man ;  
Beneath the mask of prudence she diffus'd  
Her deadly venom, and in studied phrase  
Of feign'd attachment dealt her precepts forth,  
'Till the deluded wretch, to ev'ry sense  
Of gen'rous feeling callous, dragg'd a life

Blind to thy own advantage ! deaf to all  
The calls of Heaven indulgent.  
Hence through thy borders ruin proudly stalks  
And desolation : Where is now the pride  
Of ancient cities ? where the tow'ring state  
Of temples fam'd of old ? all fall'n and lost,  
In one confusion wrapt, sad monuments  
Of the just vengeance of offended Heav'n.

But other mis'ries call us nearer home,  
Where e'en the law of CHRIST, the law of love  
Is made the source of violence and woe.  
Deep in yon dungeon's melancholy gloom  
Behold the prostrate wretch ; one feeble hand  
Supports his head, the other to his breast  
Prest hard declares the pangs which burst his heart :  
No cheering sun for seven long tedious years,  
No wife's embrace, no children's artless smile,  
No ray of hope, no friendly intercourse  
Have varied his sad hours ! but hark the grate  
On hinge discordant turns ! is it relief ?  
Ah ! no, the ministers of torment come !  
They come to wring the life-blood from his heart,  
Drop following drop in slow-consuming pain.  
What hath he done ? hath he betray'd the state ?  
Hath he imbru'd his hands in parents' blood ?  
Hath he blasphem'd the Majesty of Heav'n ?  
None, none of these ! A citizen esteem'd,

A pious son, religion's firmest friend  
He long had liv'd, and still had liv'd in peace,  
Had not his fate to Lusitania's shore  
Borne him reluctant, where with iron fang  
Oppression, under bright religion's mask,  
To false opinions immolates alike  
The parent, brother, citizen and friend.

Blest land! where persecution draws no more  
The slaught'ring sword, where liberty resides  
Fair guardian of thy peace, where justice hold  
An equal balance, where religion smile  
In all her own simplicity array'd :  
Not in the tawdry trappings which conceal  
Beneath the glitt'ring pageantry of dress  
The tyranny of pow'r ; but rules benign,  
As Heav'n's high will demands, thy happy sons.  
Long may they know their happiness, long feel  
How vast, how infinite a debt they owe  
Of gratitude to Heav'n ; as much surpass  
In worth as in felicity mankind :  
With them, as the green tree near fertile streams,  
May ev'ry virtue flourish, ev'ry vice  
Fade as the grass upon the mountain's top,  
Which withers and its place is known no more.  
But chief, O sweetly smiling CHARITY !  
Deign from the blest abodes still to look down  
On this thy fav'rite isle, still to inspire

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Those upright sentiments, that genuine love,  
Stranger to persecution, which adorns  
Thy vot'ries, who by thee are taught to bear  
With those infirmities they cannot heal,  
Whate'er is worthy praise to hope of all,  
All good of all men gladly to believe,  
And in the light of brethren to esteem  
Each race, each sect, and ev'ry child of man.

Nor yet to speculative thought confin'd,  
Deep in the mind conceiv'd, are the rich gifts  
Of CHARITY, but, like the gen'rous fire  
Which erst the bards of ancient time inflam'd,  
Burst forth in words of import vast and high,  
Apt to express with energy divine  
The noble feelings of the heav'n-born soul:  
Hence flow the streams of wisdom and of truth,  
Friendly advice, and social intercourse;  
Hence candor, friend to injur'd innocence,  
Robs scandal of its prey, and lifts the shield  
Of justice, proof against the fiery darts  
Of envy or of malice, foes declar'd  
To virtue, and the vot'ries at her shrine:

To errors prone, and eager to pursue  
The gaudy phantoms of a summer's day,  
Bursting the galling fetters of restraint,  
The youth through pleasure's fascinating path

Ranges at will, impatient of the frown  
Of reverend reproof; him unforeseen  
Malice assaults, and from her secret place  
Where, from the light of Heav'n remov'd, she dwells  
Bloated with venom, with unerring aim  
Wounds unsuspecting: blush ye sons of men;  
In human minds shall there exist such rage,  
Such cruelty as e'en the desert-brutes  
D disdain to own? when through the gloomy night  
The murd'ring wolf ranges, keen hunger drives  
The robber from his den, no wanton lust  
Of blood; but ye, ye sons of malice, say,  
What passion prompts, what appetite commands,  
What pleasure tempts you, that with ruthless fang  
Ye sacrifice the innocent?  
Quit then the horrid trade, and learn to feel;  
Learn that superior excellence of man,  
To imitate the messengers of Heav'n,  
And warn the unthinking of the gath'ring storm;  
To guide his footsteps, from the flow'ry path  
Of vice, to virtue, happiness and peace;  
Not to depress the soul already fall'n,  
Much less unveil to the world's searching eye  
The weakness of a brother, but resist  
The tyranny of malice, and stand forth  
The champion of the injur'd and oppress'd.  
These arts are worthy man, these arts exalt  
His nature; and as all-pervading fire



Refines the silver from its earthly dross,  
From sin and sorrow purify his soul,  
A candidate for happiness and Heav'n.

Nor, though provok'd by injury and ill,  
Shall the sad curse from the unhallow'd lip  
Fall unprov'd, nor shall the voice bestow'd  
On man to sing the great Creator's praise,  
Be us'd to ban his creatures, or call down  
The stroke of vengeance on the hostile head.  
What though the tyrant, with terrific frown,  
Doom thee to death, with all its horrid train  
Of terrors, ling'ring pangs, and dire disgrace!  
Think how the holy Saviour of Mankind  
Endur'd whate'er or cruelty, or rage,  
Of torment could invent;—behold him now  
Suspended on the cross! on his pale brow  
Hang the cold drops of death; through ev'ry limb  
The piercing torture rages; ev'ry nerve,  
Stretch'd with excess of pain, trembles convuls'd.  
Now look beneath, and view the senseless crowd,  
How they deride his suff'rings, how they shake  
Their heads contemptuous, while the bitter taunt,  
More bitter than the gall they gave, insults  
The agonies of him on whom they gaze.  
But hark, he speaks! and the still-hov'ring breath  
Wafts his last pray'r to all-approving Heav'n:  
“Forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Ye, who extol the joys of social love,  
Say, can the various history of man,  
Throughout its long-drawn roll, produce one act  
To be compar'd with this? can friendship boast  
A parallel? That friend for friend should die,  
How rare! how wonderful! superior love  
Man hath not known: beyond this lofty height,  
Not all the discipline of ancient schools,  
Had taught to soar; to brave the stroke of death,  
Or, numb'd in apathy, to banish pain,  
Or, when the common good prescrib'd, to die,  
Was their's to teach; but to survive disgrace,  
Or to behold the triumph of a foe,  
They could not learn; not Cato's self endur'd  
The galling thought, but, wrapt in sullen gloom  
Of disappointment and despair, forsook  
The cause he could not save; to conquer hate,  
And in its place to cherish love unfeign'd,  
Forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrongs,  
No precepts but the perfect law of CHRIST,  
No teacher but the blessed SON of GOD,  
Could e'er instruct mankind; wherefore to Him,  
Eternal Saviour, universal King,  
In Heav'n and Earth, by angels and by men,  
Be glory, honour, majesty, and praise.

Thy salutary influence o'er the mind,  
Whether in lofty thought, or word display'd,

The muse, unequal to the arduous task,  
Too boldly hath attempted to describe ;  
And yet thy noble deeds remain unsung,  
O CHARITY ! nor shall the theme dismay.  
The Lord of Heav'n, who from his throne above  
Governs the universe, yet deigns to hear  
The praise which from the mouths of sucklings flows,  
And from the lisping babe ordaineth strength.

When the last awful trumpet shall proclaim  
The day of justice and of judgment come,  
And from the teeming earth and frighted sea,  
Shall call each trembling spirit to his fate ;  
Then, as the stars which deck the vault of Heav'n,  
The righteous shall shine forth, while dire dismay,  
And inly-wounding guilt, and endless shame  
Await the sons of wretchedness and sin ;  
These, from the just divided, shall attend  
Their angry sentence, while their angry God  
Pronounces their irrevocable doom :  
Depart ye cursed, 'midst eternal flames,  
For Satan and his rebel host prepar'd,  
In darkness, chains and wretchedness to groan :  
For when I hunger'd ye deny'd me meat,  
When I was thirsty ye refus'd the cup,  
Against my misery ye shut your door,  
When on the bed of sickness I was cast,  
When in the bonds of tyranny I lay,

To the loud cries of sorrow ye were deaf;  
From my distress ye turn'd away your eyes;  
For that relief ye impiously deny'd  
Your suff'ring brethren, ye refus'd to me.

What tongue of man or angel can express  
Those pangs, which on the sons of sin and woe  
This judgment must inflict? or what that joy,  
Which, like the morning's brightness, shall spring up  
To them, who in the paths of righteousness,  
Throughout this toilsome pilgrimage of life,  
Have, like the sun through his fixt path in Heav'n,  
Pursu'd their steady way? they only set  
To rise again more glorious, to begin  
A course which nor the stroke of death, nor time  
Shall end or interrupt; those precious seeds  
Of charity and love, which here on earth  
Were sown in sorrow, shall produce their fruit,  
An endless harvest of eternal joy.  
'Mid these shall shine, he, at whose fost'ring hand  
The orphan and the widow have receiv'd  
Th' assistance they implor'd, and he, to whom  
The feeble cry of sickness was a plea  
Too strong to be resisted; ev'ry act  
Which shun'd the trifling plaudit of mankind,  
Shall here to wond'ring millions be display'd,  
A monument of grace; no alms so small,  
Not ev'n the cup of water, if bestow'd

With charity, shall lose its just reward.  
What weight of endless glory then shall crown  
Those who from ignorance and error's thrall  
Have freed their brethren; they to distant times  
And ages yet unborn, and climes remote,  
Where yet the sun of science never rose,  
Extended their benevolence; to them  
The tongues of thousands shall ascribe that praise  
They nobly earn'd on earth; while at the shrine  
Of truth they offer'd fortune's vaunted gifts,  
Gifts truly valued only in their use.  
With these, reliev'd from labour and from care,  
Those who through purest channels taught to flow  
The streams of that benevolence, shall shine;  
For without them those streams had flow'd in vain,  
Nor own'd the glorious source from whence they sprung.

Such are the high rewards with which thy sons,  
O CHARITY! hereafter shall be crown'd:  
For without thee what is the boasted height  
To which humanity affects to soar?  
Knowledge is but an empty, useless sound,  
Science a jargon; ev'n the glorious gift  
Of prophecy, its myst'ries to unfold,  
Yea, ev'n that pow'r which chang'd fair nature's plan,  
And had the sun stand still, if not from thee  
It rise, to thee return, is void and vain.

What though to poverty's imploring voice  
I give my earthly goods; though to the pile  
I yield my body; if thy genuine love  
Inspire not, this alike is void and vain.  
Thou, mild and gentle nature! art estrang'd  
From envy, hatred, insolence or pride;  
Thou seekest not thy own, but others' weal,  
Slow to reprove, but studious to applaud,  
And from the eyes of malice to conceal  
The weakness thou lamentest to behold:  
For thou of each believ'st and hop'st the best,  
Forbearing and forgiving ev'ry ill.  
The time shall come when prophecy itself,  
And all the knowledge which exalts mankind,  
Shall lose their use; these, while the state of man  
In imperfection lies, by Heav'n are made  
To compass ends sublime; but when that state  
Imperfect for perfection shall be chang'd,  
Shall fade away, and boast that use no more.  
Thus in the dawn of life, faint is the ray  
Of reason, which in manhood brighter shines  
A guide unerring; while this nether world  
Detains us, all the knowledge we can boast  
Is but a faint resemblance of that pure,  
That all-perceiving wisdom, which adorns  
Those spirits superior, to whose ravish'd eyes  
The perfect scheme of providence appears

In brightness inconceivable display'd.  
But subject to no change, through endless time  
Shall faith, and hope, and charity endure ;  
And thou, O CHARITY ! of these the chief,  
In high preëminence shalt ever reign.

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## DUELLING.

By CHARLES PETER LAYARD, M. A.

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*Eheu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet,*

*Fratrumque:*

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 35

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1775.\*

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**W**HAT plaintive voice invokes?—the silent muse,  
From distant scenes, where fancy still supplies  
New beauties as the varying prospect fades,  
Recalls th' attention of her wand'ring thought.  
Sure 'tis the orphan's cry; the widow's shriek:  
Forbear, ye mourners! to your earnest pray'r  
Heav'n lends a willing ear; nor shall the bard,  
While warm affections glow within his breast,  
While pity claims a sigh, distress a tear,

\* There being no prize adjudged in 1774, two were given in 1775.



Be deaf to your complaint. Ah ! what avails  
The boast of pride, the rancour of revenge,  
Delight of villains ! what the bloody palm,  
Which honor on her brutal sons bestows,  
If these, sad victims to her stern decree,  
Of each soft joy bereft, of each bright hope  
Depriv'd, must wander thro' a vale of tears,  
Estrang'd from happiness, allied to woe ?

Talk not of fame ! What fame enjoy'd that wretch  
That slew his brother ? he, who cou'd not brook  
Rejection from his God, with anger fir'd,  
With envy stung, the ties of nature burst,  
And sacrific'd the guiltless to revenge.—  
But mark the punishment ! the record stands  
First outcast and assassin of mankind.  
Did honor prompt the adverse pair who fell  
Each by the sword of his antagonist ?  
When gallant Mohun, and fiercer Douglas ran  
To sharp encounter, in the horrid strife  
Disdaining little rules of art, they fought  
Like savage fiends, for nought but human blood.  
Did glory or revenge inflame their breasts  
Resolv'd on giving or receiving death ?

Away with custom ! 'tis the plea of fools,  
Where crimes enormous that debase the man  
Rise in their own defence, the long drawn roll

Where the ascent, and fall of states or men  
Stand variously pourtray'd, what is it else  
But a sad series of collective guilt,  
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill  
May draw the shameful precedent? In vain  
Reason illumines the mind, if man from truth  
Strays, like a sheep which thro' the trackless waste  
Pursues the wand'ring of the bleating flock.

Talk not of courage! in the good man's breast  
Justice and piety with valour reign;  
He, tho' the fabric\* of the shaken world  
Shou'd burst in thund'ring ruin o'er his head,  
Calm and unaw'd wou'd view the crushing wreck,  
Nor shudder at destruction; but to brave  
The wrath of Heav'n, or rashly to intrude  
Spotted with guilt into his Maker's sight;  
Or lift for mercy a rebellious hand  
Dy'd with a brother's gore, he justly fears;  
Yet, in himself collected, will defy  
The taunt of malice, or that groundless right  
The weakest, lightest of mankind assume  
To brand with infamy his injur'd name,  
And scorn the coward daring to forgive.

\* Her. Carm. Lib. III. Od. 3.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

Speak not of vengeance! 'tis the right of God.  
" Vengeance is His." Who shall usurp the bolt  
And launch it for omnipotence? shall man  
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe  
How far the line of mercy shall extend,  
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?  
In thine own cause to judge who gave thee right,  
Presumptuous worm! canst thou, frail man, correct  
Thy partial mind, which (as the needle errs  
Robb'd of it's virtue by the lightning's stroke)  
To self-approving vanity attends,  
Nor heeds the justice of an adverse plea?  
Hast thou created man, or canst thou make  
Allowance for infirmity? canst thou  
Against his reason weigh his passions' force,  
And thence pronounce his doom? by what base crime  
Can he thy equal, lose a nat'ral right,  
That thou shoul'dst rise so high above his state,  
And as a judge consign him to destruction?

But, in contempt of Him whose word call'd forth  
Creation's range, diffusing every joy  
Which gilds life's transient day: dispensing hope  
That comforts, and each virtue that exalts;  
Who with His image stamp'd imperial man  
Made heir of happiness; whose high regard  
Taught him the path of life, whose voice pronounc'd,

\*Be happy, humble, merciful, and just;  
Thou, foe to peace, apostate from thy God!  
Worship'st an idol which in borrow'd robes  
The mockery of majesty, deckt forth,  
It's servile suppliants impiously adore!  
Yet, to awake thee from th' insidious dream,  
Lest, like the fly which flutters round the blaze,  
Thou court thy own destruction, shall the muse  
From thy vain idol pluck the treacherous mask:  
What tho' the dazzling splendor of its beam,  
Afflict the weakness of thy mortal sight;  
Let but the glorious sun of truth break forth,  
That purer light which strengthens where it shines,  
As meaner stars hide their diminish'd heads,  
Asham'd it shall avoid the flood of day.

High on a rock stands honor's glittering fane  
Whose lofty tow'rs above the clouds ascend;  
Its gates stand open wide; on either hand,  
Arm'd with each mischievous device contriv'd  
For fashionable murder, see false shame  
And harden'd cruelty; within inthron'd,  
With eye suspicious and contracted brow,

\* Micah VI. ver. 8. He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good;  
and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love  
mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

The goddess\* sits; on her right hand revenge  
 With mantle dy'd in blood, and on her left  
 Pride like a skeleton in gorgeous robes  
 And royal diadem; with these a form  
 Still varying, tho' each change progressive mocks  
 The eye of observation, stands aloft,  
 And with its strength sustains the spacious dome  
 As Atlas did the world; its name on earth  
 Is Custom, such a phrase unknown in Heav'n.  
 Along the walls the living colors glow  
 Expressing hardy feats and deeds of death:  
 Here o'er the fallen mistress of the world  
 The barb'rous tribes insult, and from the hives  
 And regions of the north o'er happier climes  
 Pour forth their countless swarms of various name,  
 Lombards, and Vandals, Heruli, and Goths:  
 These, unaccustom'd to that milder law,  
 Which regulates the strife of polish'd realms,  
 By ignorance and superstition led,  
 To Heav'n's tribunal made their bold appeal,  
 And from the fortune of the fight decreed.  
 Clad in bright arms behold the champions stand,  
 And like two coursers eager for the race,

\* Nostis extra portam Collinam, ædem Honoris: et aram in eo I  
 fuisse, memoriæ proditum est. Ad eam cum lamina esset inventa, e  
 a scriptum DOMINA HONORIS; ea causa fuit ædis hujus dedicam  
 Cic. de Legibus, Lib. 2. C. 23.

Impatient wait the signal; on himself  
 Each, if for falsehood he hath drawn his sword,  
 Hath imprecated\* vengeance, but on whom  
 The lot shall fall the chance of war decides.  
 To pray'rs like these the ear of Heav'n is deaf,  
 Nor will it brook presumption, but abhors  
 That trial whose event on brutal force,  
 Or skill, or secret treachery depends;  
 Hence to his doom each champion it resigns,  
 Averse to interfere; but he, who claims  
 The style of Heav'n's vicegerent upon earth,  
 Presumes to warrant† what his God abhors,  
 And sanctifies the sword that thirsts for blood.

See, for Trinacria's fair and fertile fields,

\* There were several oaths taken previous to the judicial combat; one by the appellant, another by the defendant, and a third by them both together, in which each maintained the justice of his cause: each of them next swore in a most solemn manner that he used no incantations, sorceries, &c. Lastly they gave and took the *defiance*, calling on God to be witness of their right. See the forms in FAVINE'S Theatre of Honor.

† The several Popes, Bishops and Councils endeavoured to abolish the practice of Duelling; yet there are instances of Popes giving their permission to particular persons to engage in them under various pretexts. Alciato in his Book de Duello says, concerning the intended combat hereafter mentioned, "Questi dui havendo lungo tempo guerreggiato de l'isola di Sicilia, a l'fine con l'autorità di Papa Martino: de'l Collegio di Cardinali convennero di combattere insimè à corpo, à corpo à Burdeleu in Guascogna, &c.

Where Charles of Anjou braves th' unequal \* strife  
 And against Arragon's perfidious King†  
 Comes to maintain his right : for, regal sway  
 Hungarian brothers ‡ there, as erst for Thebes  
 The sons of incest wag'd unnat'ral war,  
 Contend with hostile arms and rankling hate.  
 Ill it becomes the ministers of peace  
 To authorize contention, but, inflam'd  
 With martial fury and the rage of zeal,  
 See, where the Papal champion || of the church  
 Against her foes defends disputed rights ;  
 While those who preach the peaceful word of CHRIST  
 Cherish that rancour which his law forbid.

\* Charles was sixty years of age, his antagonist but forty.

† Peter the Third, a monster of cruelty and perfidy, who was the Author of the cruel massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. Having himself offered the combat to Charles of Anjou, he came not to the field till after the day appointed.

‡ Fu quest' altro memorabile de dui fratelli ambidoi regi de l'Ongheria qual' è detta Pannonia inferiore. Erano questi dui con gl' eserciti in punto per far la giornata : et era à pericolo di far' ammazzare numero infinito di gente : l'uno de fratelli solo ando ne'l forte de l'altro Rà suo fratello, et con alta voce dimando d'essere dandotto à suo fratello : arrivatovi disse fratello che bisogna che l'uno de noi cerche di rimanere vittorioso co'l sangue de tanti vallorosi huomini, hor che non combattiamo nui dui : et isgridando uccise il fratello. Duello de L'Alciato.

|| Sacerdotes, Clerici, Monachi, atque hi Vicarios et Campiones dare tenebantur. Vid. Du Fresne.

Oppos'd to these behold the warlike Frank\*,  
 Who with the wreath that blooms on Hymen's brow  
 Entwin'd the laurel won in Honor's lists,  
 Where, 'mid the pomp of war and pride of love  
 In gay confusion join'd, the hardy knight  
 His vanquish'd rival robb'd of ev'ry hope  
 Which life, or love, or valor cou'd bestow,  
 And gain'd the beauteous prize; as if the fall  
 Of slaughter'd heroes cou'd in softer breasts  
 Give savage pleasure and unfeeling joy.  
 From Gallia o'er Iberia's regions spread  
 The rage of chivalry, nor cou'd the heights  
 Of Pyrenean hills or rapid Rhine  
 Restrain its progress: thro' Germania's † plains  
 And Albion's isle remote the phrenzy flew.

\* Torneamentorum nomen manare multi opinantur ab illâ equorum decursione et sciomachiâ seu imaginariâ pugnâ veterum, quam Trojam et Trojanum ludum vocabant, ab Ænea in Siciliâ ad Anchisæ patris tumultum primùm inventâ, deinde ad Romanos traductâ, de quâ Virgilius, Suetonius, et Xiphilinus. Alii probabilius censent ut a Gallis eorum usus originem accepit, nempe a verbo *torner* aut *tourner* i. e. in orbem circumduci, circumflecti. Qui enim in his militaribus decursionibus decertabant, quos insidebant, flexis in gyrum frenis, equos circumagebant.

Differabat Justa a torneamento quemadmodum species a genere.—Torneamentum plurium et turmatim congregientium, Justa singulare erat certamen.

Du Fresne ad vocem Justa et Torneamentum.

† Vid. Du Fresne.



See on his shield each bears a quaint\* device,  
 And round his arm, by fav'ring love conferr'd,  
 The silken pledge†, which as his eye beholds,  
 With brighter fire, like the swift meteor's gleam,  
 It sparkles, while his bosom pants for fight :  
 Around the lists they wheel in quick career  
 And sudden clash, as if opposing suns  
 Shou'd meet full-blazing :—from a shiver'd lance  
 The splinter thro' his vizor wounds a king,  
 And thro' his eye-ball violates the brain :  
 The monarch ‡ falls, and Gallia's grief resounds.

\* Les Chevaliers étoient distingués entre eux par les armoiries particulières, dont ils chargeoient leur ecu, leur cotte d'armes, &c. See M. De Sainte Palaye's *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, part IV. pag. 293, where he assigns the different causes of assuming particular bearings; and describes certain peculiar ones.

† A ce titre (c'est à dire de *Servants d'amour*) les Dames daignoient joindre ordinairement ce qu'on appelloit Faveur, Joyau, Noblesse, Nobloy ou Enseigne: c'étoit une echarpe, un voile, une coëffe, une manche, une mantille, en un mot quelque pièce détachée de leur habillement ou de leur parure; quelquefois un ouvrage tissé de leur mains, dont le Chevalier favorisé ornoit le haut de son heaume, ou de sa lance, son ecu, sa cotte d'armes, quelque partie de son armure et de son vêtement. Mem. Sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, part II. pag. 95. Voyez aussi les notes sur ce passage.

‡ Henry II. of France killed in a tournament at Paris by the Comte de Montgomeri. Anno 1559. M. De Sainte Palaye speaks of this event in the following manner. " Le funeste accident qui fit périr Henri II. au milieu de sa cour, et sous les yeux d'une nation à laquelle

Next these succeeded\* who in after time  
 To the stern goddess bent the slavish knee;  
 What scenes of woe, what complicated griefs  
 Swell the sad annals of her cruel reign!

Behold that aged sire, a sire no more!  
 He once cou'd boast a son; yes, hail'd him brave,  
 Just, generous, and worthy; but in vain!  
 Beneath the marble rests his breathless corse,  
 And all those virtues which once bloom'd so fair  
 Lie wither'd in the tomb; the mournful lay,  
 Preserver of his fame, renews the sigh  
 And heartfelt anguish of parental woe.

Remark that form, and if the hand of grief

il étoit cher, produisit dans les esprits une nouvelle révolution qui acheva d'abolir la Chevalerie. Le Coup mortel que reçut ce prince, éteignit dans le cœur des François l'ardeur qu'ils avoient temoignée jusque-là pour les joutes et les Tournois; on craignit de se rappeler, à la vûe de ces spectacles l'idée d'un malheur qui avoit jetté la France dans la consternation, et peut-être encore d'en attirer d'autres semblables. Part. V. pag. 40.

\* Les Tournois, ces ressorts si puissans pour faire mouvoir les Chevaliers ayant cessé presque totalement, entraînent par leur chute celle de la Chevalerie même. La valeur Française, toujours bouillante dans le sein même d'une Cour voluptueuse, n'étant plus occupée des exercices des Tournois; ni retenue dans les bornes du devoir par les sages loix de l'ancienne Chevalerie, dégénérera bientôt en une aveugle fureur pour les duels. M. De Sainte Palaye, Ibid.

Hath not the charms of beauty quite eras'd,  
As of their hue the boist'rous north wind robs  
The vernal flow'rs, remember her whom once  
Envy beheld with madness, on whose head  
The choicest blessings were by heav'n show'r'd down,  
'Till one dire moment hurl'd her from her bliss,  
And plung'd her deep in comfortless despair.  
Where now are fled the hours of soft delight ?  
Those smiling hours, which, as they flew, supplied  
Variety of happiness ? O thou,  
Whose ruthless sword each lovely scene laid waste,  
Who thro' the husband's bosom stabb'd the wife,  
Say, can the phantom Honor, can the pride  
Of conquest, or the transport of revenge ;  
Say, can the vain applause of those, whose praise  
Stamps thee unworthy of the name of man,  
Can these lull conscience in eternal sleep,  
Or bribe reflection to withhold her stings ?

Now view that monster whose ungrateful arm  
Destroys his friend, to whom he owes his life,  
And all life's worth : him oft his guardian hand  
From want, from sickness, from the yawning tomb  
Rescu'd ; what crime of more than mortal dye  
Cou'd freeze the genial current of his heart,  
Or change its native sweetness into gall ?  
One idle word let fall in thoughtless sport,  
'Ere yet reflecting reason had perceiv'd,

Or scann'd its import, but, with those who boast  
The ill-earn'd name of honourable men,  
All ties it cancels, benefits outweighs,  
And claims the rash offender's forfeit life.

Full many a theme of grief the muse cou'd urge,  
Full many a scene of misery describe,  
Which from her bosom drew the heart-felt pang ;  
But, with variety of woes oppress'd,  
From the sad prospect she recalls her eye.

But Thou, who from Thy glorious throne above  
With look benign behold'st the sons of men ;  
Whose word is peace and love, whom to obey  
Is honor, whom to serve is liberty,  
Break the malicious sword, subdue the rage  
Of pride, and curb the phrenzy of revenge ;  
Instruct th' oppressor to withhold his hand,  
And teach the injur'd bravely to forgive.



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## DUELLING.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

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*Honestius putamus quod frequentius, recti apud nos locum tenet  
error, ubi publicus factus. SENECA.*

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1775.

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**F**ROM the blest realms of everlasting day,  
Where happier angels sit enthron'd in bliss,  
Immortal bliss, O sacred Honor hear!  
Thou guide to courage, virtue's pure defence,  
Insulted truth's firm adamantine shield:  
Thou by whose flame inspir'd, th' intrepid Greek  
Repell'd the torrent of barbarian arms  
Aiming at freedom's life; by whom Fabricius,  
Richer in uncorrupted poverty,  
Disdain'd the tyrant's prostituted gold:

So in succeeding ages, when ambition  
With giant arm for Europe's trembling states  
Forg'd the despotic chain, Britannia's sons  
Unsheathe'd th' avenging sword, and stern in arms,  
From Gallia's prostrate genius snatch'd the spear,  
Blasting tyrannic pride. These were thy works,  
Fair Honor, until man apostate turn'd,  
Spurning thy voice, with interdicted blood  
The tablatore of social love defac'd!  
Thou and Astræa then, from this vile world  
Exil'd by guilt, to Heaven for refuge fled.  
O deign awhile (an earthly visitant)  
To animate the strain, instruct the muse  
To vindicate thy violated rites,  
And hurl a tyrant from thy throne usurp'd!

Lo on a rock wide op'ning to the view,  
Lav'd by the ambient deep, a temple stands,  
Bright with barbarick gold, and orient gems;  
The edifice at distance seen appears  
The work of architect divine: approach,  
Its glories lessen to the mental eye  
Of probing reason, ev'ry part is found  
The work of human skill: On the dread top  
Which seems to dart itself among the clouds,  
Form'd by the sculptor's imitative hand,  
Stand courage, reputation, glory, fame,  
The watchful guardians of the god within,

But hark the portals open, at the sound  
What num'rous tribes appear! Thro' the rough sea,  
Though in the gloomy waves each hallow'd tie  
That binds the human soul be overwhelm'd,  
On to the fane they rush, there o'er the shrine  
Grim Moloch sits; he, when the fiery bolt  
Launch'd from th' avenging arm of Nature's King  
Had hurl'd to hell's abyss the rebel crew,  
For man's destruction wove th' infernal web:  
By Lucifer commission'd, thro' the gates  
Of Erebus he wing'd his way to earth;  
O'er many a realm, swoln with destructive guile  
The Stygian agent flew; where social love  
In union sweet attun'd the tranquil mind,  
Where sacred virtue rais'd the glowing thought  
From earth's low confines to th' immortal God,  
The fiend indignant gnash'd, such human bliss  
Thro' ev'ry fibre shot distracting pangs;  
Stung with the sight imagination saw  
The heav'n ambition lost, the hell it gain'd.  
Outstretch'd at length beneath the northern sky  
He check'd his speed, and mark'd the desert scene;  
Here stormy Scandinavia's iron race,  
There Scythia's wand'ring clans, rude as the blast  
Which sweeps along th' inhospitable coasts,  
Held savage rule; no ray of science yet  
Had shed it's soft'ning pow'r, no social bond  
By laws coercive temper'd headstrong rage:



To roam the sterile waste, o'er frozen tracts  
To hunt the shaggy tenants of the heath,  
Form'd all their triumph, all their pleasure form'd.  
Here the dread dæmon stopp'd, and downward glanc'd  
A scowling eye; joy elevates his crest,  
Malignant vengeance brightens at the view.  
On earth the monster lights, nor longer bears  
The semblance of his fall'n estate; that face,  
Which erst by haughty indignation writh'd,  
Mark'd the keen tortures of desponding pride,  
Now wore another form; thy graceful mien,  
Fair Honor, thy majestic port, the fiend  
Externally assum'd; within his breast  
No change was wrought, the same vindictive fire,  
The same Tartarean guile, unalter'd there  
In characters of adamant remain'd.  
Forth 'midst the North's unletter'd tribes he stalk'd,  
Scatt'ring fell poison thro' the rankling heart:  
Like blasting vapor's pestilential breath  
Shot from infectious Eurus, when the sun  
Darting disastrous rays in Leo rides,  
The venom taints the mind, with madd'ning rage  
Thro' every fibre sweeps, and fires the soul:  
Nor ended here the wound; from realm to realm  
Th' apostate roam'd and sow'd the fatal seed.  
As the rude stream swoln with descending rains  
Foams o'er its banks, and with tyrannic sweep  
Pours inundation o'er th' adjacent lands,

So from the frozen desarts of the north  
Rush the impetuous clans; imperial Rome  
Whelm'd in the conflict, totters to her base;  
Infected Europe bleeds, thro' all her states  
Despotic riots the rude law of arms,  
Marring domestic peace, and social joys.

What tho' emerging from this gulf the mind  
With heav'n born vigour fraught, pierces the gloom  
Where ign'rance reign'd, and o'er th' enlighten'd sense  
Darts the bright beams of scientific day,  
Thou still, Europa, 'midst each rising art,  
And all the treasures science hath disclos'd,  
Behold'st thy sons, in frantic error lost,  
With rash hand cancel ev'ry hallow'd tie:  
In vain the voice of bleeding nature calls;  
Tho' that supernal Judge enshrin'd above,  
Whose laws by everlasting wisdom fram'd,  
Thro' all eternity will stand supreme,  
Tho' He doom torment on th' offender's head,  
All cannot counteract th' award of man;  
Infernal Moloch on his vengeful throne  
Stands up sole monarch of the prostrate world;  
And pleas'd with blood, that dearly purchas'd blood,  
Whose current stopp'd, the vital springs in vain  
Their functions keep in many a wretched sire,  
In agonizing widows, orphan sons,  
The tyrant smiles amidst the general wreck.

O whither then can virtue fly! O where,  
When calumny impels the venom'd shaft,  
And brawling malice tells the damned tale,  
Shall martyr'd innocence a refuge find!  
Despotic custom, error's sov'reign gloss,  
Whose magic lustre can irradiate guilt,  
And beam forth glory on the foulest deeds,  
Points to the sword—there lies thy sole appeal,  
Let courage stand the hazard of the die!  
But if thy coward spirit chill'd by fear  
Reject the test, if scandal's vip'rous tongue,  
Though hourly pointed at thy head, can't force  
Thee to such tryal of thy wounded worth,  
Hence interdicted live, a prey to scorn  
And galling shame; drag on an abject life,  
Stripp'd of the jewel honor, 'till the tale  
Be told to ev'ry ear, 'till thou thyself,  
Who beyond virtue, worth, and ev'ry name  
Which open honesty holds dear, could'st prize  
Existence vile, be made the public mark  
For scorn to move her pointed finger at.  
O sentence dreadful to the gen'rous man,  
Who deems the vital breath no longer worth  
A wish, than while unsullied probity  
Can guard the mansion pure from foul reproach!  
Hence to the field at Honor's stern behests  
The daring spirit flies; corrosive darts  
Launch'd from detraction's arm with deadly aim,

Poison internal peace; the wounded heart  
Distracted by the raging flame within,  
Awake alone to ignominious shame,  
Yields to the conflict, ne'er transmits a thought  
Beyond the narrow boundaries of earth,  
But prodigal of life burns for revenge.  
Dost thou, deluded slave, for vengeance burn?  
And how to be obtain'd? By seizing that,  
The right of which alone to him belongs  
Who gave the precious gift—

“ But Honor calls,

“ That tutelary pow'r which sways the brave,  
“ Commands that he who violates my fame,  
“ Should thus in arms maintain th' opprobrious charge.”  
Shall Honor then, that visionary term  
Fram'd but to authorize infernal crimes,  
Which, the false meteor of a troubled sky,  
To ruin's yawning precipice allures  
With unsubstantial light the devious step,  
Shall that subvert the high decree of Heav'n,  
And cancel ev'ry bond 'twixt man and man?  
This deity (whose altars reek with blood)  
Though millions bend the prostituted knee  
Before the radiant shrine, though millions own  
His pow'r vindictive just, and call him Honor,  
All cannot sanctify what public good,  
What Nature's moral dictates disavow,  
And Heav'n's almighty mandate impious deems.

Or dost thou hither come with naked point,  
 (Poor semblance of internal fortitude)  
 To vindicate thy courage from the wounds  
 Which tongue licentious may inflict?

“ Shall I,  
 “ When foul detraction aims her shaft at me,  
 “ Submissive bend, and by submission vile  
 “ Confirm the accusation? Thus at once  
 “ Give up the dearest jewel in the crown  
 “ Of human life, and for the mean desertion  
 “ Be mark’d a coward in the public eye;  
 “ And all for what? Because I basely choose,  
 “ Chain’d to the oar of wretched life, to live  
 “ A dastard slave, at whose ignoble head  
 “ Each puny villain may discharge his dart,  
 “ Nor feel the point recoil—detested thought—  
 “ Vengeance be thou my guide, my sinews brace,  
 “ Drive from my brain each low and mean idea  
 “ Which strives to warp my soul. Opposing fate  
 “ May to the grave sink this devoted frame,  
 “ Surviving malice then will blunt her edge,  
 “ And Honor twine his laurels round my tomb.”  
 Delusive pageantry of specious words!  
 True manly courage spurns such idle warmth;  
 That man alone is truly brave, whose soul  
 By virtue tutor’d, by religion sway’d,  
 At their tribunal ev’ry impulse scans.  
 Think’st thou ’twas rage like this which warm’d the Greek

And Roman breast, which bade th' immortal muse  
In glory's temple register their names,  
And consecrate their deeds thro' ev'ry age?  
Heroick spirits soar a loftier flight;  
'Tis their's the bleeding captive to redress,  
In arms to check ambition's crested pride,  
On tyrants' necks to fix fair freedom's throne,  
And for the public shed their dearest blood.  
Go haunt the desert, in the forest's tracts  
View the proud tenants of the drear domains,  
Th' imperial lion, tow'ring elephant,  
The spotted tyger smear'd with well-earn'd blood;  
View these, then in the converse see thyself!  
By instinct led they seize the sylvan spoil,  
And thou by passion maddened aim'st at man;  
The lion wars not with the lion, tygers  
On tygers prey not: as instinctive heat  
Impels, each nobler beast pursues his game.  
Shall man then, in the image of his god  
With form erect created, Heav'n-inspir'd  
Thither to raise his thoughts, apostate turn  
From Nature's laws, and by a deed of death  
Give his own race to the destructive sword?  
Nay more, suppose thy utmost wish possess'd,  
The foul detractor welt'ring at thy feet,  
What hath the conquest gain'd? That probing pow'r  
Lodg'd in the human breast, conscience will tell;  
Her scorpion sting pervades each deep recess,

Her awful voice will tell thee, what the conquest,  
And what the purchase is; the triumph here,  
Is over nature, justice, Heav'n's high laws;  
The fruits, heart-rending anguish, keen remorse,  
Th' avenging horrors of a guilty mind.  
The bosom of a friend perhaps thine hand  
Hath pierc'd; perhaps, O complicated woe!  
That friend, a son and father; one, on whose  
Benignant care, a rev'rend sire bow'd down  
By the bleak winter of unshelter'd age,  
His sole support had rested; one, on whom  
A virtuous wife had plac'd her all; to whom,  
Unable to redress their own hard lot,  
An infant race in life ow'd all support.  
See what a chain of comfort thy rash hand  
At once hath sever'd—dost thou now repent?  
Can penitential tears renew the spark  
Of life? can they, O agonizing thought!  
Can they give back the husband, son and father?

Here let the muse (nor thou, O letter'd pride,  
Deem the digression vain) by moral tale  
Enforce her precepts! To the frantic crowd  
Poets of old on noblest purpose bent  
Have thus arraign'd aspiring vice, have thus,  
By fiction's magic wand torn off the film  
From self-love's partial eye confounding guilt,  
By holding up to the enlighten'd sense,

The counterfeit presentment of itself.—  
Honorius and Aspasia join'd by love,  
In marriage blest, had now eight happy years  
Together liv'd; no comfort either knew  
Save what was mutual, no contracted wish  
Ruffled the current of domestic peace:  
Four infant pledges (the fair op'ning buds  
Of future blessings) grac'd their blissful seat.  
One common friend they had, worthy the name  
Of friend, not such as they whose sordid sense  
To opulence alone its service binds,  
But firm, prepar'd at friendship's hallow'd voice,  
To stem all perils fortune might oppose.  
Thus happy pass'd their hours in bliss serene,  
Bliss too serene to last thro' chequer'd life;  
Malignant envy, tortur'd at the worth  
She cannot reach, which ever pines to see  
The smiles of fortune in a virtuous train,  
With haggard eye beheld the constant pair,  
Nor ceas'd the fury thus; an artful tale  
To ev'ry ear she told, an husband's wrongs,  
The friend, the wife, to infamy consign'd:  
Honorius doubted first, perplexing doubts,  
Like serpent's eggs expos'd to Indian suns,  
Kindled by jealousy's hot breath, were soon  
Matur'd to dreadful birth; the jaundic'd eye  
Distemper'd by the poison at the heart,



Makes trifles light as air substantial proofs,  
In ev'ry action sees the friend Alphonso  
Master of false Aspasia's wanton charms.

O where is now that sympathetic chord,  
Whose sweet vibration sooth'd the placid soul!  
In opposition bloody see the friend  
To friendship's stifled impulse dead—in vain  
Alphonso disavow'd the charge, in vain  
To innocence and holy truth appeal'd;  
" 'Tis timid guilt (Honorius cry'd) black guilt  
" Which can inflict, but dares not vindicate  
" The wound it gives, makes such a mean appeal.  
" Had'st thou, a vile apostate from thy faith,  
" By treach'rous malice to the lowest gulf  
" Of abject penury consign'd this head,  
" My constant heart had brav'd the ruthless storm—  
" But there to point the desolating shaft,  
" Where raptur'd fancy garner'd up its all,  
" And fondly call'd the precious gem its own,  
" To dispossess the sacred seat of that—  
" Discarded love to fiery anger turn'd  
" Unsheaths the sword, and consecrates revenge.  
" Be now that open man my soul once thought thee,  
" With resolution firm give answer thus."  
" Hence with thy sword, (Alphonso said) think not  
" The conscience self-approv'd shrinks back appall'd!

“ When justice calls to arms, the truly brave  
“ Obedient to her call, are ready found,  
“ Nor ever start from danger’s honest face:  
“ But here to meet one arm’d against himself,  
“ And for a madman’s rage, with desp’rate thrust  
“ Urge on fell murder—Earth and Heav’n forbid!  
“ Arrest thy frantic hand—a moment stay!  
“ And let the solemn pause be well employ’d;  
“ ’Tis now an awful crisis, which exacts  
“ Attention due; thou stand’st upon the edge  
“ Of an unfathomable precipice,  
“ Eternity’s drear gulf, and dar’st thou plunge  
“ Nor fix one thought on what futurity  
“ May cause to thine immortal nobler part?  
“ O if thou can’st turn thy bewilder’d sense  
“ Back to the world thou fly’st from! Are there left  
“ No claims behind to check vindictive rage?  
“ There are—all-pow’rful nature speaks in me,  
“ And will have audience ’ere the die be thrown.  
“ Lo an indulgent wife, in ev’ry grace,  
“ In purest virtue rich, looks up to thee  
“ Her sole support, the object sole lov’d:  
“ And wilt thou leave her on a dang’rous sea  
“ Where rending storms from ev’ry quarter blow;  
“ Here quit your hallow’d trust, where ev’ry hour  
“ Destruction in the mask of solemn love,  
“ With subtle poison tempts the female breast?

" O think, while yet reflection may avail ;  
" If still that love survive, which at the shrine  
" Of Heav'n's high Majesty, thy mystic hand  
" Proffer'd, do not for prostituted terms  
" Of human honor abrogate the bond!  
" Thy children too, as yet in infancy,  
" Must they fall victims to a father's phrenzy?  
" Assert the man! Through Nature's ample range,  
" Benignant instinct animates the sense;  
" The savage parent, though her body smart  
" Pierc'd by the hunter's spear, and life's dear drops  
" Course one another down her crimson'd side,  
" Fir'd at the cries of her defenceless young,  
" Calls up her strength, and with expiring pang  
" Full at the hunter aims the guardian blow.  
" Wilt thou be deaf to such a voice? O think,  
" Poor naked wand'ers in this thorny vale,  
" What perils may oppress them! Who will guide  
" Their trembling steps thro' life's perplexing maze?  
" Misfortune's edge, sharp poverty's chill hand,  
" May, like the fury of the icy north,  
" Lay waste those buds, which thy parental care  
" Had cherish'd into virtue's blossoms."—

" Hold,

(Honorius cry'd,) " nor by mean parley hope  
" To counteract my vengeance."—At the word  
He rush'd: when lo (O passion's fev'rous heat,

How dost thou weaken man!) his eager foot  
False to his hopes, betray'd its trust; he fell,  
And in his breast receiv'd Alphonso's point,  
Which nature had unsheath'd for self-defence.

Quick to Aspasia flew the dire event  
On envy's eagle wing—But O what words  
Can paint the deep distress?—At the dread sound  
Her tongue its functions lost, to Heav'n she rais'd  
In silent anguish her distracted eye,  
And like a wretch by sudden lightning struck,  
Who lives unconscious of the vital breath,  
She stood transfix'd, a monument of woe.  
Her infant train, with sympathetic grasp,  
Their tender arms around Aspasia threw,  
And, ign'rant of the cause for which they wept,  
Pour'd forth their little souls in gushing tears.  
Here turn thine eye, deluded man; behold  
The widow'd mother and the orphan child,  
Objects so late with ev'ry comfort blest,  
By a distemper'd idiot's rage at once  
Cut off from husband, father, and protector!  
Let not the striking picture speak in vain:—  
Should'st thou perchance be like Honorius urg'd,  
Let reason, nature, and parental love  
Be arbiters between thy rage and thee.  
Does foul detraction persecute thy fame?

If inward conscience ratify the tale,  
Why should thy frantic hand in deeper guilt  
Whelm thy polluted soul? By virtuous deeds  
Confront the charge, 'till re-establish'd worth,  
Like noon-day sun, disperse the low'ring clouds.  
If conscience stamp the accusation false,  
What need of other test to set thee free?  
Be conscious innocence thine only shield:  
As the firm rock, against whose tow'ring strength  
Th' indignant surge in sounding billows chafes,  
Defies the torrent's iterated war,  
So virtue on her own celestial base  
Secure, though calumny's infernal fury  
Empty whole quivers on her injur'd head,  
Braves the malignant storm, and while the world,  
That tyrant idol of the heated brain,  
Arraigns her actions, to the sacred goal  
Where justice and religion point, serene  
Amid the beating tempest holds her course.

Rouse from the listless trance; thy mental sight  
Is dimm'd by passion, thy distemper'd soul  
Is alienated from all moral ties  
By mean subjection to ideal nothings.

Lo, on the everlasting stone engrav'd,  
"No murder shalt thou do." From God to man

The solemn law came down: By specious gloss  
Of subtle learning think not to evade  
The great command; 'twas ratify'd on earth;  
The mountain rock'd round Sinai's trembling sides;  
In gloomy spires the dreadful smoke arose;  
Angelic trumpets pierc'd th' ethereal vault;  
Wide-echoing thunder rent the conscious air;  
Fierce lightning shot its terrors thro' the sky;  
All nature spake, and with convulsive shock  
Gave awful proof of the descending God.  
O, if a spark of heav'nly fire remain,  
Lift up thy soul, which to the narrow verge  
Of ebbing life thus fixes every wish;  
Break thro' the servile bonds false honour frames,  
Nature and heav'n will consecrate the breach.  
Behold the founder of the Christian faith;  
Contemplate him whose ev'ry word was pure,  
Whose life was all beneficence and love!  
Though arm'd with pow'r to call avenging fire  
From heav'n, or cause the conscious earth to burst,  
And open wide her subterraneous womb,  
He yields his patient head, 'midst tortures calm,  
He breathes a pray'r for those, (transcendent goodness!)  
For those who bound him to th' opprobrious tree.  
And wilt thou then, to such example blind,  
Dare violate with blood that blessed peace  
Thus sanctify'd on earth? Let millions rail,

Detraction's venom'd fury brand thy name;  
Hence warn'd, 'tis better far to suffer all  
The canker'd tooth of malice can inflict,  
Than with rude insult break the sacred law,  
Though shouting millions authorize the deed.

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THE  
*DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

*Written for Mr. SEATON'S Prize, but rejected.*

1757.

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**F**OE to each strain which soothes th' unhallow'd ear,  
And violates the dignity of song,  
The Christian Muse exults to catch her flame  
From altars of the living God, to drink  
Her inspiration from the fount of truth.  
Glorious her theme and solemn! fit to swell  
The raptures of a seraph, when with hymn  
Ecstatic, to his golden harp attun'd,  
He makes the throne of Deity resound.

Deign, Holy Spirit, in thy Sibyl's breast,  
If pure the shrine, and for th' illapse prepar'd,  
To plant a ray of thy celestial light,  
VOL. I. Y



That so the visionary maid, enlarg'd  
Her tone and feature, may with awful sound  
Utter immortal mysteries, may sing  
The glories of thy kingdom: how, transfixt  
With his own arrows, death shall yield his prey,  
And groan in sullen agonies his last:  
How time shall join eternity's abyss,  
And mingling sink ingulf'd: how earth shall tremble  
With fruitful throes, and heave with quicken'd dust,  
Man bursting from the prison of his tomb  
(By shocks without, by fears within appall'd)  
To meet the dread award; to see his God,  
In all the splendors of judicial pomp  
Array'd, descending from the empyreal skies.

When siren Pleasure spreads her guilty charms,  
And summons all her blandishments to melt  
Thy manhood into softness, and debase  
The heav'n-stamp'd image to a grov'ling brute;  
Or when ambition waves her plummy crest,  
And with the gaudy pageant fires thy blood;  
Prompts to break moral ties, as chains that bind  
Heroic worth, and check fair fame's career;  
Heir of eternal life, reflect, O man,  
What to thyself thou ow'st, whose endless doom  
Hangs on this squander'd moment, or the next.  
To specious phantoms, by thy passions drest  
In pleasing gloss, let fancy's magic glance  
Oppose the final and tremendous scene:  
Think that thou see'st the veil etherial rent



The Omniscient Judge disclos'd, begirt with pow'r  
 Paternal: shudder at th' imagin'd sound  
 Of the loud-pealing trump, which Nature hears  
 Shook from her pristine functions, and convuls'd:  
 Rapt in sad trance behold the teeming graves  
 Yawn and unhouse their tenants, trooping all  
 Where the bright standard of th' ensanguin'd cross  
 Waves o'er the throne imperial, in mid air:  
 Image thyself from subterranean cell  
 Thrust into light, and summon'd to the bar,  
 Pallid, aghast, and trembling for thy doom,  
 Heav'n op'ning all her joys, her torments Hell.  
 If to thy mind this picture were display'd  
 In all its heighten'd colourings of awe,  
 Deep wou'd th' impression sink: no worldly lure  
 Wou'd tempt the risque of an immortal soul.  
 Superior to the glitter of a crown,  
 To India's wealth, or beauty's roseate smile,  
 Touch'd by religion's ray, thy kindling spirit  
 Wou'd soar on adoration's eagle wing  
 To the Triune all-glorious Sun: there drink  
 Large draughts insatiate from the blissful fount,  
 In ecstasies ineffable dissolv'd.

In that portentous hour, when ev'ry heart  
 Shall groan, and sympathize with Nature's pang,  
 When the world, unsubstantial as its joys,  
 Shall like a fleeting shadow melt away,  
 What shall sustain the soul? What shoot a beam  
 Of consolation thro' the solid gloom?

What? but a retrospection of the past,  
If, brighten'd with good deeds, the prospect shew  
No darker spots than errors of surprize :  
If, listed in the service of thy God,  
Tenacious of thine oath thou stood'st the siege  
Of Satan, unsoldu'd, tho' all his wiles  
Combin'd with direful enginery assail'd  
The more than stoic fortress of thy heart :  
Or if, seduc'd, and yielding to his snares,  
Thy soul, with deep contrition smit, bewail'd  
Her base defection, and with fervent pray'r,  
And vow'd amendment to the throne of grace,  
Suppliant return'd, and struggled for the boon.  
Then conscience, flame implanted from above  
To guide thro' life's dark wild our devious steps,  
(That smiles an angel, or a dæmon frowns)  
Will sing her soothing requiem to thy breast.  
Much will it cheer thee, if amidst the crowd  
An orphan or a widow meet thine eye,  
Whose lighten'd woes confess'd thy fost'ring hand:  
If mild forgiveness in thy bosom glow'd,  
Thy friends embracing, nor excluding foes.  
This thy blest Saviour, unexhausted source  
Of love and mercy ! when He deign'd to shroud  
The Godhead in mortality's frail robe,  
Enjoin'd and practis'd. Heaven is bound to pay  
What man's benevolence expends on man.  
Than Charity no fairer sweeter flow'r  
The Christian chaplet weaves. All other virtues,  
Their end attain'd, shall cease for ever. Hope

Shall in fruition's ocean be absorpt,  
And Faith in certainty's meridian blaze.  
But this sweet bud, transplanted from the bleak  
Ungential nursery below, shall bloom  
Immortal in ambrosial Eden's bow'rs,  
And with diffusive odours glad all heaven.

Thus taught to shun the perils of that storm,  
Which shall the wicked wreck, but waft the good,  
Propitious, to calm ports of endless joy ;  
The muse embolden'd will her task pursue,  
And all the dread amazing scene unfold :  
Reckless, tho' man condemn her frigid strain,  
If Heav'n her modulated life applaud,  
The better song ! and in that solemn day,  
Which trembling now she meditates to sing,  
Deign to bestow the bright unwith'ring wreath.

Time's most stupendous birth, by glaring types  
Prefigur'd, by the dark mysterious voice  
Of holy seers announc'd, by God himself  
(Empty'd of glory, and in flesh reveal'd)  
Foreshewn in noontide lustre, now disclos'd  
Frowns horrible on earth's awaken'd sons.  
Yet (so insensate, and obdur'd his guilt)  
Tho' the most awful ensigns of dismay,  
Dark'ning the face of Nature, had proclaim'd  
The world's approaching obsequies, yet man  
Grasps sublunary shadows, pictur'd clouds,  
And anchors on the tossing wave his hope.

So in the days of Noah, tho' forewarn'd,  
'Ere the flood burst, and whelm'd their impious heads,  
The playful votaries of Belial gorg'd  
Their rav'ning palate, and in all the luxe  
Of lawless joys and wild intemp'rance rag'd.  
But now, like centinels asleep, by those  
They dread surpriz'd, they start, they stare, they groan,  
And read their woeful sentence in their fears.

For lo! the Judge, with myriads in his train,  
Angelic cohorts, hierarchal pow'rs,  
And all the thron'd dominions of the sky,  
Proud to adorn the triumphs of this day,  
From the bright empyréan bends to earth  
His radiant progress. Earth to th' inmost center  
Shakes to and fro astounded. Hark! the trump  
Ætherial pours the sleep-dispelling blast,  
And bellows in the concave of her womb  
Parturient of life, and big with man.  
Nature reverst her Lord's behest obeys,  
Her dead with breath inspir'd, her quick transform'd.  
The vaulted tombs, the cloud-capt pyramids,  
Hear the loud-echo'd summons, and refund  
The treasur'd reliques, faithful to their trust.  
Nor only labours monumental earth  
With human births. Each element throughout  
Glows in this work; and feels the seeds of man  
Unravel from its complicated mass.  
From the four winds, by voice divine compell'd,  
Thick swarming atoms thro' the clouded air

Precipitate their flight, to build anew  
The moulder'd frame; no more to be dissolv'd!  
And now its pristine tenement renew'd,  
The soul long exil'd, which perhaps had roam'd,  
A restless fugitive, the blue expanse,  
Or, wheeling nearer to lov'd earth her flight  
Hover'd impatient o'er th' imprison'd corse;  
Or, couching on the confines of her doom,  
Had wish'd, or fear'd the grand decisive day;  
True to its nuptial tie, this soul returns,  
And weds a partner, which shall live for ever.

O rapture to the just! to think that they,  
When ev'ry planet, stricken from its orb,  
Shall fade, and o'er a ruin'd universe  
Darkness incumbent spread her raven wing,  
That they, emerging from the wreck, shall shine,  
Like clust'ring stars around the sun of glory,  
In firmaments unconscious of decay!  
See! how their brighten'd cheek with transport glows,  
As, rising from their dank and wormy bed,  
They moult corruption! All on wing they dart  
Their wishes, and anticipate the skies.  
Ah! how unlike the wicked! The scar'd muse  
Starts at the conjur'd spectres. Grant, O Lord,  
The poet may not in that group be seen;  
But shun those terrors, which in fancy chill  
His blood, and with a stygian vapour blot  
Each fair idea dawning on his mind!  
Slow and reluctant from their dungeon's gloom

They rise unjoyous. Happier, if they ne'er  
Had risen from death's dark oblivious vale!  
On their dim faded brow sits pale dismay,  
And from their haggard eyes, shockt with each sight,  
Each sound that meets their ear, wild horror glares :  
And desperation, that internal hell,  
Their mien with sorrow's darkest shade imbrowns.

But, hark ! again the trumpet's direful clang,  
Mixt with triumphal shouts of banner'd hosts  
Rushing from high, th' affrighted welkin rends,  
And to a congregated world proclaims  
The Deity's approach. On radiant clouds  
From purest æther spun, as on a car,  
Borne thro' the yielding air He comes, and earth,  
Unable to sustain th' effulgent beam  
Of Godhead, with her adamantine hills  
Shrinks at His presence, and like wax dissolves,  
Lo ! thro' the vast extensive cope of Heaven  
Swells an immeasurable arch, with all  
The gay diversities of light distinct,  
The dread tribunal of our Judge. Imblaz'd  
With glory's richest vesture, there He sits  
Obvious to ev'ry eye. Stars confluent crowd  
Into a wreath imperial for their King.  
His glance outshines the sun ; and, when He waves  
Th' ambrosial beamy tresses of His head,  
Tremble the skies, and all creation shakes.

Transcendent majesty of CHRIST ! sublim'd

To splendor from contempt, to highest bliss  
From depths of woe for us sustain'd ! how chang'd  
From him, whose sacred temples bled beneath  
Th' insulting pressure of a thorny crown !  
From him, who judg'd, condemn'd by vassal man,  
Death's deadliest pang endur'd ; and, to the sun  
Expos'd, who fled the spectacle abhorr'd,  
Shook Calvary's dire top, and Salem's tow'rs  
With groans of agonizing Deity !  
Look up, affrighted Israel, and confess  
Amazingly convinc'd, thy sad mistake.  
See there th' anointed Lord ; the same who press'd  
Thee with endearing call beneath the wings  
Of healing mercy to repose, when erst  
He sojourn'd in thy tents ; a God unown'd ;  
Tho' Nature thunder'd to each sense the truth,  
Suspended at his beck her pow'rs, or chang'd !  
How this his glorious advent, grac'd with pomp  
Brighter than that thy carnal hope presag'd  
Of the first advent, fatally o'erlook'd,  
Harrows thy soul ! how all thy elders mourn !  
How droops thy Sanhedrim, abasht to view  
The flaming banner, and the sentenc'd Judge !

Yet mercy in that bosom sits enthron'd,  
E'en for his foes an advocate, and melts  
The wrathful flashes of that awful brow  
Into soft beams of tenderness. The blest  
Redeemer mitigates the Judge's frown.  
Else who so pure, and incorrupt of heart,



As with unshaken hope to fix his eye  
On Majesty's insufferable blaze,  
In terrors dreadfulest array reveal'd?

And now th' Archangel's trumpet thro' the vast  
Expanse of universe, which trembling swells  
The lengthen'd peal, the dire citation sounds.  
High, o'er the judgment-seat, triumphant floats,  
The dread of infidels, the christian's boast,  
Th' ennobled Cross. Where'er its glories stream,  
Eternal crimson paints the blushing scene.  
The sword of justice, by a seraph wav'd,  
Illumines the wide air, and hung aloft  
Th' eventful righteous balance flames with gold.  
Hither, in one diffusive area's space,  
By sweeping whirlwinds levell'd to a plain,  
Adam's collective progeny conven'd,  
Myriads on myriads crowd ; in number more  
Than billowing sands, by winds tempestuous driven  
Thro' Libya's treach'rous soil. How undistinguish'd  
Thy armies here, proud Xerxes, at whose touch  
Rivers exhausted shrunk ! What but a drop  
To ocean added, and in ocean lost !

See ! how earth's cedars bow their with'ring head,  
Scath'd with the lightnings, which incessant break  
From yon tremendous throne ! How quake her Cæsars,  
Her Nimrods and her Bourbons, lawless chiefs,  
Beneath whose wasteful sword unpeopled realms,  
Ambition's victim, bled ! whose laurels bloom'd,

And wanton'd in the widow's flowing tears,  
Their guilty joys bought with mankind's distress !  
Curst the vain triumph, and the trophy'd arc,  
And all the proud memorials of their rage,  
The stricken heroes mourn, and wish atchiev'd  
Those victories, to which th' angelic host  
Thro' Heav'n's glad courts applausive pæans sing,  
Immortal victories, and worthy man,  
O'er passions conquer'd, and o'er self subdu'd.  
Not so the potentate, whose spotless life,  
Pure as his ermine, shone; who ne'er the sword  
Unsheath'd, but when religion ask'd its aid,  
Or his lov'd country, groaning under wrongs,  
Bade him oppression's insolence chastise:  
Flush'd with gay hopes, and panting for the palm,  
He views th' unfading crown, for which he toil'd,  
Amidst the soft allurements of a throne  
Firm and unshaken, when earth saw him shed  
Balm from his sceptre o'er a foster'd realm.  
Ye virtuous Alfreds, Georges, Annes, Elizas,  
Protectors of your country and mankind,  
Lift up the brow of confidence, assume  
Th' unblushing mien of grandeur, and behold  
Th' exceeding weight of glory, which your King  
Awards to all who made the throne a step  
To mount their blest ambition to the skies.

The world's distinctions, and its glossy plumes  
Are vanish'd. Here the goodness of the heart,  
Exuberant in fruits of holy life,

Gives man the just pre-eminence o'er man.  
The monarch, if, to ev'ry lust a slave,  
He bruis'd his subjects with an iron rod,  
And issuing from th' imperial den, on blood  
And rapine bent, with ruin mark'd his way,  
Outcast from light, and to congenial fiends  
Consign'd, reverse deplorable ! surveys  
The beggar diadem'd, and thron'd in bliss.  
All greatness, but what aggrandizes man,  
Diminisht shrinks. Pale beauty hides her face  
Once prais'd, than loath'd deformity more foul,  
Unless fair virtue, beaming from within,  
Sheds a celestial radiance o'er the mien.  
Proud boastful science, o'er the midnight lamp  
So oft in vain researches poring, droops  
To see the sage now dwindle to a fool,  
Who ne'er in Zeno's porch, or Plato's grove,  
Explor'd the path to happiness and God.

None more exult, or with more heighten'd bloom  
Impurpled, on the dread tribunal fix  
The eye serene uprais'd, than those whose breast  
Glow'd with extensive charity, and bade  
The stream benign in widen'd channels run,  
To distant ages circulating joy,  
And solace as it flow'd. Lo ! Henry leads  
Th' illustrious band. The clouds which here o'ercast  
His pensive brow, the storms which vex'd his reign,  
Are dissipated all. Immortal hope  
Distends his heart, and glitters in his eye.

Blood-stain'd usurper, how the scorpion whip  
Of conscience ulcerates thy bleeding soul!  
How dost thou wish Bosworth's less dreaded plain  
Had giv'n the last decision to thy fate!  
Hail, pious prince! and to thy virtues due  
A crown receive, which no rapacious hand  
Shall ravish : view a moment's woes outweigh'd  
By an eternity of solid bliss.

Now palsy'd fear the whole assembly shakes,  
And bursting sighs o'er all the void resound :  
Now e'en the good misgivings feel. For lo  
The seal of adamant is broke, and open'd,  
Big with the fate of man, th' eternal book.  
The angels, anxious for this hour which clears  
The mazes of the moral plan, unveils  
Mysterious depths, which erst intent to scan  
They stoop'd, and of their wand'ring found no end,  
Throng round the Judge unnumber'd, and behold,  
Astonisht, ev'ry dark enigma solv'd,  
And Providence asserted in His ways.  
The marshal'd world, obedient to command,  
Forms a two-fold division ; on the right  
The just, the wicked on the left are rang'd.  
So when the genial spring the turgid gems  
Unlocks, and breathes a verdure o'er the meads,  
The shepherd, sedulous to pour his flock  
O'er the fresh pasture, the mixt troop surveys,  
And bids the fetid and lascivious herd  
Graze from the bleating innocents disjoin'd.

Suspense awhile, and dread amazement holds  
The still creation motionless : when lo !  
The sounding Alchymy, by breath inspir'd  
Of Archangelic Herald, rings a peal  
Of summons to the righteous, to attend  
The Judge, and hear enounc'd their final doom.  
Thin shades of doubt amidst the conscious gleams  
Bright'ning their front are interpos'd. As when  
A Roman chief, from the well-foughten field  
Returning, felt alternate passions sway  
His breast, now hoping, fearing now lest all  
His labours might disparag'd sink below  
The envy'd prize of triumph's festal pomp.

With placid brow, at which the æther smiles  
Flush'd with redundancy of light, the Judge  
Surveys the chosen flock, and sheds abroad  
Peace o'er their hearts, and lustre o'er their mien.  
Meek dove-ey'd innocence, with slander's darts  
Of here transpierc'd, and in the shuffled crowd  
Of accidents with guilt confounded, pure  
And spotless as the recent snow, appears.  
Her stern accusers wither at the sight,  
While cherubs, with benevolence o'erflowing,  
Clap their exulting wings, rejoic'd to view  
Effulgence of their sanctitude, and long  
To waft their sister spirit to the skies.  
Omniscience pleas'd the honest heart inspects,  
His noblest work ; and bears the deep recess,  
Where charity and virtue sit enshrin'd.

Each unambitious grace, which, like the rose  
That paints th' untrodden wild, in secret bloom'd,  
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath  
Of worldly praise, now beams in open day,  
And its unfolded beauties spreads before  
Applauding angels, and a smiling God.  
The stains, which to the best below adhere,  
Moles in a well-shap'd body thinly sown,  
Are by the candid Judge, without a frown,  
From Heav'n's memorial books eras'd for ever.

O glorious trial! where the just, like gold  
By friendly fire refin'd, with added weight  
And splendor shine conspicuous, on the stage  
Of an assembled world proclaim'd aloud  
Their merit, and by list'ning saints extoll'd!  
See suff'ring worth exult, her utmost wish  
Now more than gratify'd! the weighty meed  
O'er pays her woes, and with a boundless tide  
Perennial pleasures burst upon her soul.  
How glow religion's chiefs, whom threats nor flames  
Could e'er subdue; nor all the study'd pains  
Which witty malice forg'd, could ever shake  
From the firm basis of their high resolve!  
Their gracious God inclines his head, and nods  
His approbation, in their sorrows pleas'd  
To recognize his own: the heav'nly band  
The victors greet with pæans, and rejoice  
To add the steady phalanx to their roll.

Hush'd be ye, winds ! and earth and æther, wrapt  
In silence, listen to your Maker's voice  
Mellifluous, which aloud the mild award  
Enounces thro' your regions. " Come, ye blest,  
" Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,  
" Coheirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons."  
Rapt at the sound, the just, a shining train,  
The yielding clouds divide, by angel wings  
Convoy'd in triumph thro' th' aerial space,  
With hallelujahs, and the dulcet strain  
Of harps resounding. Round His throne the Judge  
The gather'd faithful ranks in several files  
Proportion'd to their worth, all stars ordain'd  
Orbs to relume, by Satan and his crew  
Rebellious voided, but in glory each  
From each now diff'ring, as on earth their deeds.  
How vast the rapture, infinite the joy  
From breast to breast rebounding ! how inflam'd  
With love ineffable the bridegroom burns,  
To meet the pure unspotted spouse, in all  
The heighten'd charms of piety array'd !  
How the Redeemer with complacence hails,  
The glorious ransom of his precious blood,  
His saints, from ev'ry quarter of the globe  
Conven'd, assessors of his throne, to hear  
Guilt sentenc'd, and applaud her righteous doom !

See ! on the left what consternation broods  
O'er all the lowering prospect ! how desponds  
The miscreant throng ! how frantic ev'ry look,

And speaking gesture ! what a burst of groans  
Declares the direful bodings of their soul !  
For now the wicked, like a rushing sea  
Turbid with stormy gusts, their cited numbers  
Pour round the bar, and deluge all the plain.  
Lust, murder, avarice, and rancour'd hate,  
And persecution, varnisht o'er with zeal,  
And foul hypocrisy, beneath the veil  
Of fair religion lurking, grisly forms,  
Touch'd by a ray, quick flashing from the throne,  
Start up in native ghastliness reveal'd.  
How vain the caitiff's artifice, which oft  
O'er baffled justice triumph'd, now the Judge  
Omniscient scans his life, and brings to light  
Each hidden purpose, each unwitness'd deed !  
Th' invenom'd heart, its mazy folds evolv'd,  
And every cell disclos'd, where malice sate  
Hatching dire treasons, massacres, and ills,  
Trembles beneath a searching God. Appall'd  
Heav'n's habitants look down, with horror viewing  
Humanity degraded to a fiend.

Ah ! how they writhe their limbs, and gnash their teeth,  
With tortures inly rackt, ashamed to view  
Blazon'd their crimson spots, afraid to meet  
The glances of Omnipotence enrag'd,  
Th' offended JESUS to confront, whose laws  
They trampled under foot, whose name they mock'd,  
And glorying in their scandal, still rebell'd,  
By all his gracious offers unreclaim'd !



In vain to rocks they call, in yawning depths  
To whelm their heads abasht. Alas! the rocks  
Soon will their fuel'd entrails scatter wide,  
And nought remain a monument of wrath  
Divine, but man, apostate man, condemn'd  
To feed th' undying worm, to howl in fire,  
His torments coextended with his being.

And now with aspect, kindled into rage  
Tenfold, at which earth, air, and sea around  
Float with redundant flames, with voice, at which  
Trembles Heaven's wide circumference, the Judge  
The stern award enounces. "Go, ye curst,  
"To fire, as everlasting as your souls,  
"For Satan and his impious host prepar'd."

Strait at the sound destroying angels pour  
Their wrathful vials o'er a world proscib'd,  
A guilty world! which saw its Maker bleed.  
Incessant thunders thro' th' aerial vault  
Roll the big mutt'ring peal, and lightnings glare  
Terrific thro' the gloom. The sun, the moon,  
With blood discolour'd, o'er the darken'd scene  
Scowl horror and amaze: stars from their sphere  
With hideous ruin and combustion rush.  
Convulsive tremors rock the reeling earth,  
And from her riven womb, where prison'd slept  
'Till now, in min'ral or metallic beds,  
The vengeful ministers, embody'd flames  
Shoot the long spiry trail, and billowing push -

O'er many a spacious realm and region wide  
The ruddy torrent. Ah! what havock reigns!  
How Desolation o'er the prostrate globe  
Furious her scythe-arm'd chariot drives, and all  
Its boasted splendor levels with the dust!  
Where are the giant-sons of Earth, the Alps,  
And Appenines, the Pyrenean cliffs,  
Proud boundaries of kingdoms? Where huge Atlas,  
Who frown'd tremendous o'er the subject surge?  
All, like the snow which glitter'd on their tops,  
Melted before the presence of the LORD,  
Are perish'd, and no vestige left behind.  
Ah! vanish'd is that spot, for justice fam'd,  
Of injur'd states th' asylum, Queen of Isles,  
Britannia. Oh! my country! there she sinks  
Whelm'd in the fiery flood, and ambient seas,  
Once her strong bulwark, but augment the blaze.  
Empires renown'd, where erst contention rag'd  
To add fresh laurels to the victor's brow,  
Join'd in one fate, an undistinguish'd mass  
Of ruin lie, a monument to shew  
How vain ambition's most successful toil.  
The raging tumult thickens, and uproar,  
'Midst Nature's groans, and crush of elements,  
Holds her licentious anarchy. The pow'rs  
Of Heaven are shaken, and yon unpillar'd arch,  
Earth's gorgeous canopy, with fervent heat  
Melts, like a scroll convolv'd, to viewless air.  
Th' august assize now finish'd 'midst the loud  
Plaudits of wond'ring angels, darkness drops

The curtain o'er creation. Oh ! what plaints,  
What yells resound, while rolling in the surge  
Sulphureous, kindled by the Almighty's blast,  
Th' eternal Tophet, myriads howl and wish  
They in the gen'ral wreck cou'd lose their being !

His ways asserted, and unerring right  
In each proportion'd recompence display'd,  
The Judge all-glorious rises from His throne,  
And with His bright retinue wings His car  
Triumphal thro' the skies, to heavenly Sion  
In radiant pomp ascending. Angels strike  
Their golden chords, and melody divine  
Exulting thro' the ætherial region floats.  
On their gay foreheads amaranthine crowns  
Of joy, immortal praises in their mouths,  
The ransom'd saints their Saviour hail, and loud  
Hosannas from unnumber'd voices pour'd  
Swell the glad jubilee. Heav'n's op'ning portals  
Shook with the festive acclamations ring.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THE* Reader need not be told that the following Poem was written for SEATON'S PRIZE, and rejected. It is not now published as an appeal to the public from the sentence of the Judges; but as it may afford half an hour's innocent entertainment to the reader.

The Author chose this contracted plan for two reasons: one was, that he might keep clear of arguments pro and con, which if unskilfully handled are as ridiculous in poetry, as wooden swords in skirmishes at a puppet-show; and the other, that he might not trespass upon the reader's patience by entering too prolixly into a subject, which is better suited for a large volume, than a small pamphlet.

The poetical reader need not be told that the Metre is an imitation of that which Milton hath used in his Lycidas.



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THE  
*R E D E M P T I O N.*  
A  
*M O N O D Y.*

By JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

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Τον οὐκ παῖλιν Κυρίον γενικαῖαλον,  
Και παῖρα, τέλει διατελεῖ τιμάν, μορον  
Αγαθὸν τοιούτων ευρετὴν κτισορα.

Frag Menand.

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1763.

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**D**AUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye maids,  
Whose visionary forms have met my eye;  
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong steep,  
Or by the fabled haunts of Castaly,  
Or where Cephissus joins the billowy deep;  
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven shades,

And all the fury of the madding skies !  
See how each nerve and vein  
Trembles and throbs with torture ! how His eyes  
Start from their seat with anguish and despair !  
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain  
From His fair limbs ! " O Father, O remove  
" If possible this cup ; yet not my will,  
" But thine be done !" O agonizing love !  
O grace beyond compare !  
Swift thro' the yielding air  
The words upflew to heav'n, and all the quire  
Of blessed angels stood in speechless trance ;  
Aside they flung their harps of golden wire,  
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine shade  
For one short moment stay'd  
Their ardent songs of rapture and of praise,  
While wonder-struck they gaze,  
O King of Sufferings, on thy conflicts dire !

But soft ! Am I deceiv'd, or doth a ray  
Of light ethereal burst thro' yonder cloud,  
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam ?  
Lo, down the lucid stream  
An angel glides ! he leaves his chrystal sphere,  
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way  
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air ;  
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breast  
To drive away the horrors of despair,  
And give thy sorrow-sick'ning soul to rest.

And hark, while swiftly from th' ethereal height  
This harbinger of light  
Descends, what awful silence reigns around !  
No more their rustling heads the cedars wave,  
And each ærial sound  
Creeps softly to its cave :  
The dark clouds slumber on the mountain's brow,  
And Nature stands absorb'd in dread suspense ;  
While thus the angel cheers his drooping sense,  
And bids full streams of heav'nly music flow.

#### THE HYMN.

Hail \* Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray  
Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night ;  
Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,  
Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height ;  
And beaming with celestial love,  
Destroy the † covering, and the veil remove,  
And guide the nations with thy friendly light,  
To the blest regions of eternal day.  
Then, O ye hosts on high,  
Cherubs and seraphs, that excel in might,  
Ye that encircling guard the sapphire throne,  
And sing hosannas to the great THREEONE,  
O praise him, praise him everlastingly !

\* Malachi iv. 2.

† Isaiah xxv. 7.



When man rebell'd, and from th' abyss profound  
Those miscreated monsters, Sin and Death,  
A way to Eden found,  
There blasting, with their pestilential breath,  
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,  
Of Eve's \* delicious bow'r ;  
Thou saw'st the havoc, saw'st with melting eye  
† The sad earth labour under the horrid doom  
Of guilt, and misery ;  
Saw'st all her beauty, all her vernal bloom  
Like flow'rs frost-smitten die ;  
While heaving with convulsive pangs, and groans,  
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb  
Of her once happy, once immortal sons !  
At that dread hour, when statue-struck with woe  
Stood the primæval pair,  
And wept, and loaded with their sighs the air,  
We ‡ look'd around—but lo  
Not one to pity them, not one to know !  
No son of light, no angel dar'd to plead,  
No seraph intercede :  
'Till Thou, the high priest, heard'st the wretches moan,  
And off'ring up their incense-breathing pray'r  
In golden censer at th' eternal throne,

\* Paradise Lost, iv. 680.

† The Author purposely left this line thus unharmonious, that the sound might be in accord with the sense.

‡ Psalm lxi. 20, and Isaiah lix. 16,

" On me their shepherd, me Thy wrath employ,  
 " But spare these hapless sheep, O Father, spare,  
 " Let me with agonies their grief atone,  
 " And all their sins, and all their sorrows bear."  
 Then sang the morning stars their hymns of joy,  
 When thou, the Father's uncreated son,  
 The promis'd \* Shilo, quitting thy abode,  
 That heaven of heav'ns, the bosom of thy God,  
 And stript of all thy bliss, and all thy glory,  
 Began'st, O wondrous story,  
 The task of love, and voluntary woe.  
 Hail Word Eternal! Hail Creating Mind!  
 Then did the hills, then did the vales resound;  
 The vale of Arnon, and the purple brow  
 Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,  
 And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,  
 When Thou, in fleshly † tabernacle shrin'd,  
 'Gan'st pour the stream of blessings all around,  
 And brooding over teach thy helpless care,  
 As the fond eagle doth her young, to try  
 Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air  
 Assert the mansions in their native sky.  
 ‡ O goodly vine, beneath whose clustring boughs  
 The weary flocks repose!  
 O § Rose of Sharon! O || enclosure sweet  
 Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare!

\* Gen. xlix. 10.

† 2 Cor. v. 1.

‡ John xv. 1.

§ Solomon's Song, ii. 1.

|| Solomon's Song, iii. 12. &amp; infra.

Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the garden blow,  
That all the soul-delighting scents may flow ;  
And ye, O spirits of air,  
Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,  
That angels may dissolve in raptures meet !  
O \* Phosphor ! O effulgent son of morn !  
But ah how fallen, fall'n ! how chang'd from Him,  
Who led to war th' embattled seraphim,  
And all the youth of heav'n ; whose flaming hand,  
With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal sky  
The arch apostate and his rebel band,  
Hurl'd them with ruin, and combustion dire,  
To bottomless perdition, there to lie  
Weltring in lakes of everliving fire !  
Yet, spotless Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine  
Thou feel'st thy adamant soul oppress ;  
Tho' Adam's sins are by adoption thine,  
And crush with heavy load thy lab'ring breast ;  
Yet quickly shall the mortal coil be o'er,  
And grief, and pain, and anguish be no more ;  
Soon shall the brightness of thy Godhead shine :  
Ev'n now methinks thy † robes with sanguine red  
Are stain'd, like those that in the winefat tread ;  
I see, I see thee rise,  
How bright, how glorious, o'er the starry skies,  
And Sin and Death are led  
Chain'd to thy chariot wheels ! Hark, hark the song

\* Rev. xxii. 16.

† Isai. lxiii. 2.

Begins, the song of triumph and delight,  
Which erst we sung, when from the dreadful fight  
Returning victor all the rapturous throng  
Of saints and angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,  
Almighty Lord, Heav'n's sole eternal heir :  
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and O prepare,  
Ye living orbs, your everlasting doors,  
The King of Glory comes!  
What King of Glory?—He, whose puissant might  
Subdu'd \* Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs  
Of darkness bound in adamant chains :  
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns  
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite !

The angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed  
The God-redeemer rose :  
Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inspir'd repose,  
And his sick soul with airs ethereal fed :  
Content he rose, O Father, to fulfil  
Thy fixt eternal will.  
And now the madding crew their Saviour led  
Mild as a lamb to slaughter, like a sheep  
Before her shearers dumb—But, O my muse,  
Forbear !—Ev'n gnarled oaks for grief would weep,  
And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuse,  
Should'st thou to Calvary's cleft summit rise,

\* The angel of the bottomless pit is so called in Rev. ix. 11.

And there, in colours suited to thy woe,  
The torments and stupendous sorrows paint  
Of the great suff'ring Saint.—  
Oh stop, and from the humble base below  
Cast up thy tearful eyes  
To where thy Lord and \* Love was crucify'd ;  
So shall the world and all its vanities  
Appear like dross—Ambition, lust, and pride  
Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,  
And in the pure unspotted mind  
Nothing remain behind,  
But adoration, ecstasy, and love.

\* Cyp. Εφης ἡμῶς ἐσταυρωται.

END OF VOL. I.

*F. Hodson, Printer, Cambridge.*]









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